# The NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE

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OCTOBER 1930

LORETTA YOUNG

Starting in this issue

## EVANGELINE ADAMS

The World's Greatest Astrologer

## The HIGH HAT GIRL of HOLLYWOOD

# They gave a *new* Thrill

## THAT'S WHY THEY GOT THERE....SO QUICKLY

*"Mar'lyn, chile, shake yo' feet!"*

Grandmother's kinky-haired old furnaceman was the first to educate Marilyn Miller's feet. At those same feet, just a few years later, old New York laid its heart.

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### MARILYN MILLER

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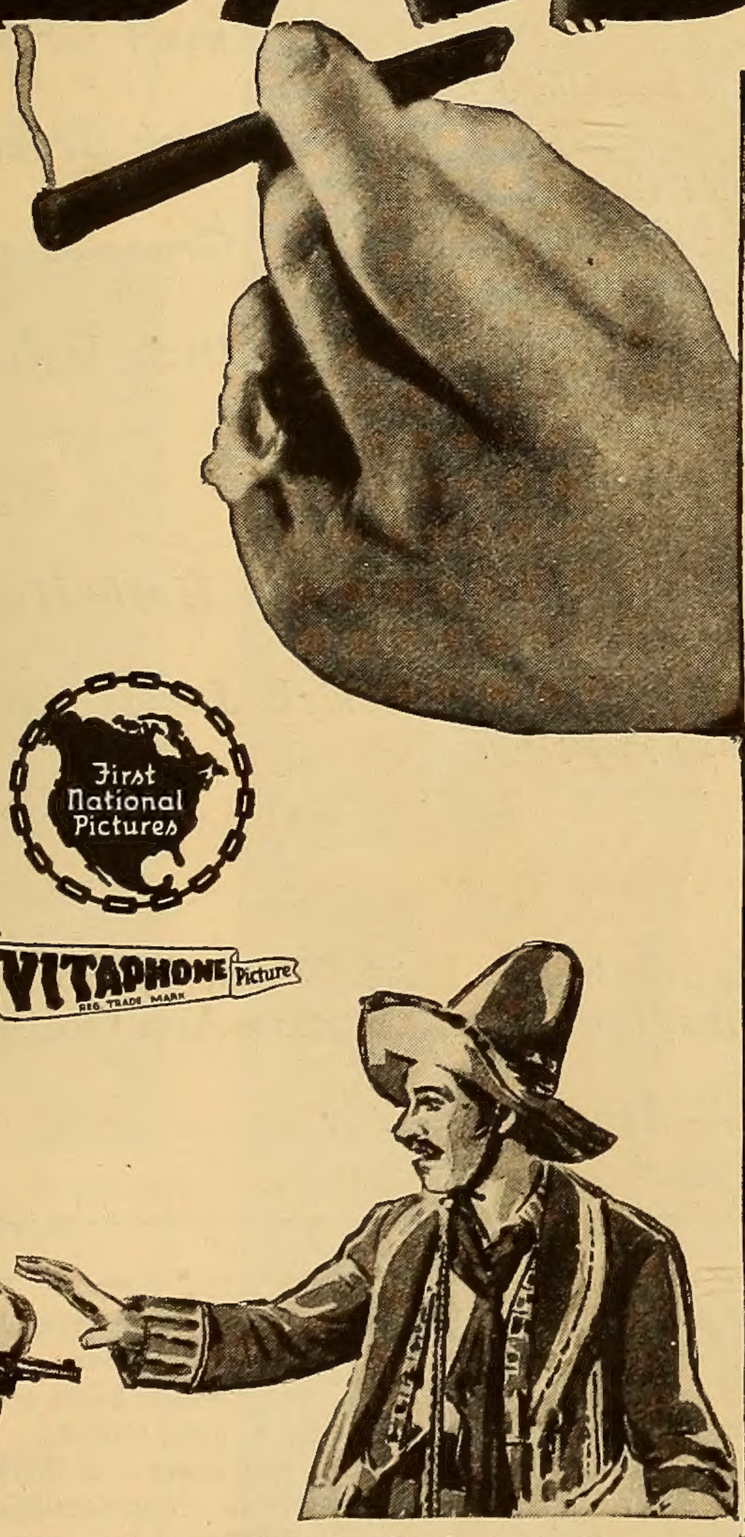
Ridin' in on a thrilly furore
and a roarin' riot comes

# "The BAD MAN"



*"I make ze love to you myself—personal . . . What? Because you are marry you do not wish to spik of love! Leesen Lady — eef Pancho Lopez want woman, he take her, dam queek!"*

* * *

**Listen to him! The perfect lover with a broken accent to mend broken hearts! — L'il old Cupid with a six shooter—the Robin Hood of the deserts—The greatest character ever brought to the talking screen by**

## Walter HUSTON

**Assisted by Dorothy Revier, Sidney Blackmer, James Rennie**

**DIRECTED BY CLARENCE BADGER from Porter Emerson Browne's melodramatic uproar.**

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# The New Movie Magazine

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Hugh Weir—Editorial Director

Vol. II, No. 4 October, 1930

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**Frederick James Smith—Managing Editor**

**Dick Hyland—Western Editorial Representative**

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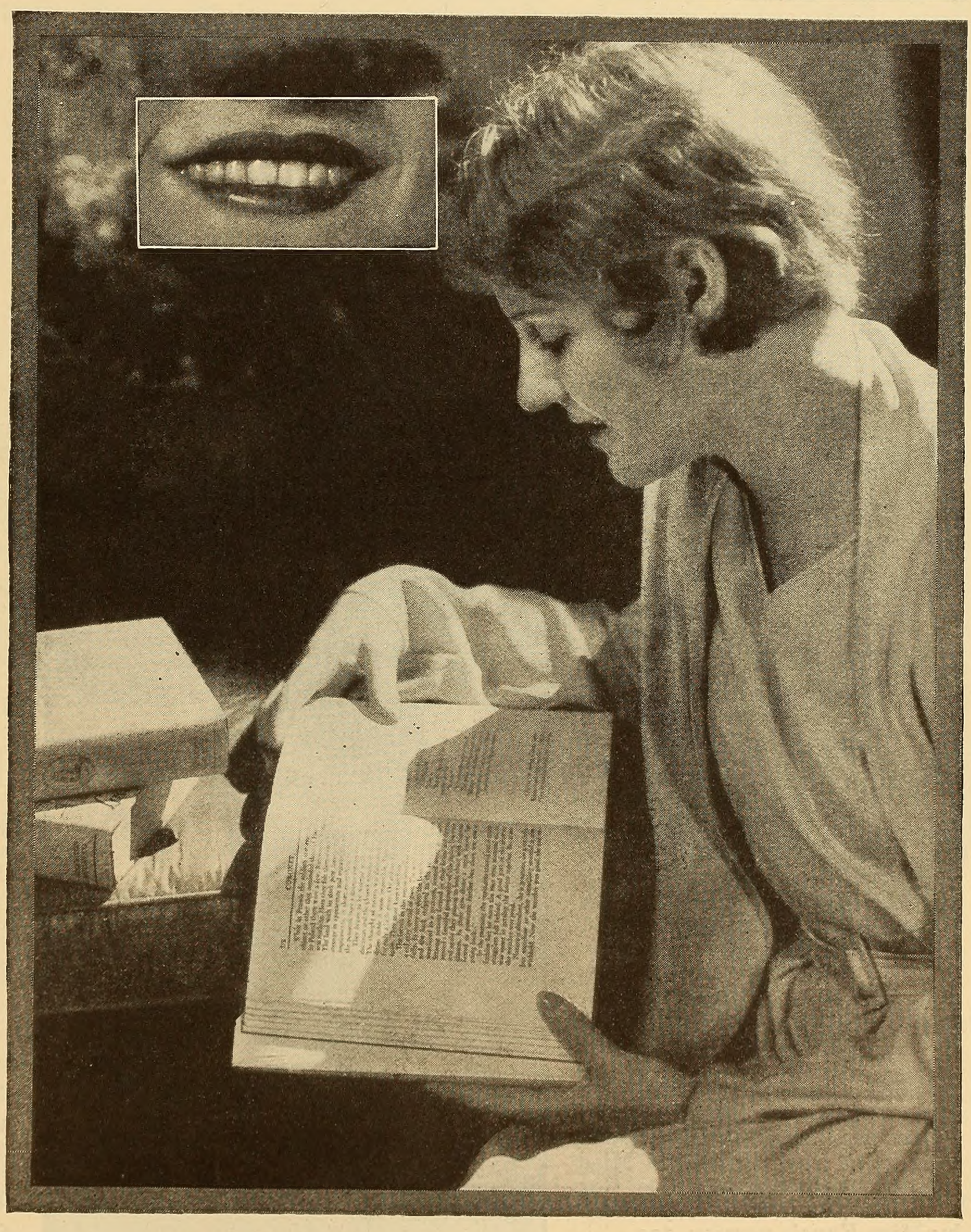

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# MUSIC of the Sound Screen

## The New Movie's Service Department, Reviewing the Newest Phonograph Records of Film Musical Hits

**RECOMMENDED RECORDS**

**"The Kiss Waltz"**
**George Olsen Orchestra (Victor)**
**"Dixiana"**
**Nat Shilkret Orchestra (Victor)**
**"Singing a Song to the Stars"**
**Ukulele Ike (Columbia)**

AS this issue of NEW MOVIE goes to press, the usual Summer lull in production is on. The big new films are awaiting Autumn release. Hence the month in the world of film musical hits is, perhaps, a little less interesting than usual.

The new RKO production, "The Cuckoos," is getting a heavy play from the record makers. One of the best of the new Victor records was made by Nat Shilkret and the Victor Orchestra, and offers fox-trot adaptations of "Mr. and Mrs. Sippi" and "Dixiana," from this new picture. For both these renditions Frank Luther furnishes the vocal refrain. We especially recommend "Dixiana," which seems headed for unusual popularity.

For Columbia Eddie Walters sings "I Love You So Much," also from "The Cuckoos." On the reverse of this appealing record is "It Must Be Love," from Tiffany's "Sunny Skies." The California Ramblers also offer "I Love You So Much" in fox-trot form on a new Columbia record. This record also carries the current fox-trot, "F'r Instance."

Aileen Stanley, the comedienne, has a new Victor record, also presenting "I Love You So Much." The reverse of this record carries "Swingin' in a Hammock," a topical hit of the day.

FOLLOWERS of Rudy Vallee —and they are legion, judging from the hundreds of letters received by NEW MOVIE as a result of Rudy's recent home town story—will be interested to know he is represented by a new Victor record. This is a corking disc and carries Rudy's own new song hit, "Betty Co-Ed." On the opposite side of this record are two Sigma Alpha Epsilon songs.

Helen Kane, the boop-a-doop girl, has a new Victor record, too, carrying "I've Got IT But It Don't Do Me No Good," which Ginger Rogers sang in "Young Man of Manhattan," and "My Man Is on the Make," from Paramount's new film, "Heads Up." You may have liked Miss Rogers' rendition of "I've Got IT," but you will be captivated by Miss Kane's version, too.

Ukulele Ike contributes two new numbers to his latest Columbia record. One is a delightful rendition of "Singing a Song to the Stars," from Metro-Goldwyn's "Way Out West," and the other is "Sing," from "Forward March," also a Metro-Goldwyn talkie-singie. Probably you are an admirer of Ukulele Ike; so further comment is unnecessary.

The Green Brothers' Marimba Orchestra plays "Lo-Lo," the song hit of Metro-Goldwyn's "The Sea Bat," for Victor. The reverse of this disc presents the currently popular waltz, "Somewhere in Old Wyoming."

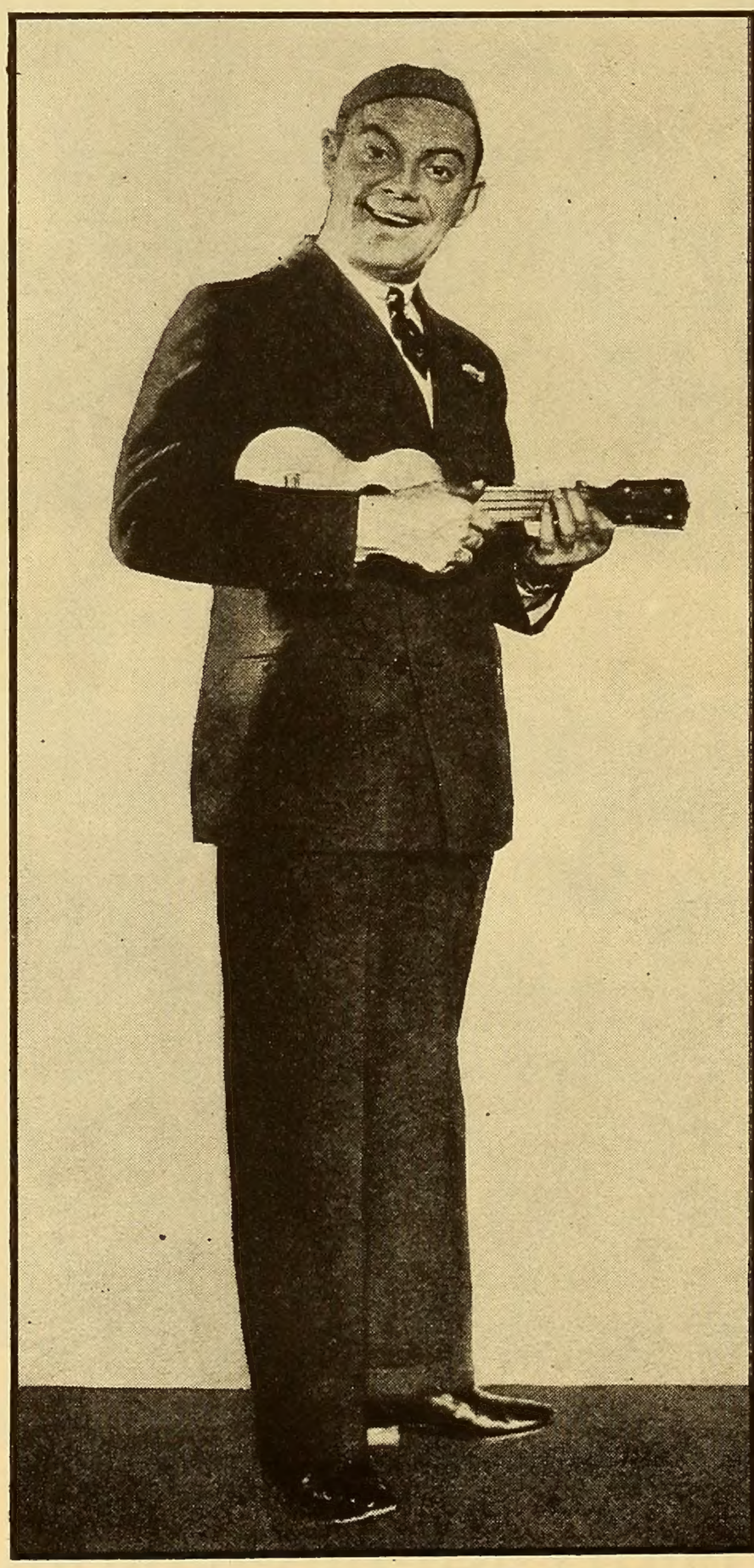
If you like "Lo Lo" you will want the Ben Selvin Orchestra version. This is a splendid record for dancing, also carrying "Lonely," in fox-trot form, from Metro-Goldwyn's "The Singer of Seville."

FOR Columbia the Knickerbockers play "Where Can You Be?" from the Fox film, "Cheer Up and Smile." "Wonder" is on the opposite side of this disc.

Another pleasant rendition of "Where Can You Be?" comes to Victor via Leonard Joy and his All String Orchestra. This record also offers the fox-trot, "I'm Needin' You."

One of the best Victor records of the month carries "The Kiss Waltz," the hit of First National's "Dancing Sweeties," played in waltz tempo by George Olsen and his Music Makers. This has a vocal refrain by Bob Borger. The reverse of this record presents "Nobody Cares If I'm Blue," from the Warner Brothers' "Show of Shows," played by Johnny Hamp's Kentucky Serenaders. The vocal refrain of this number is by Frank Luther.

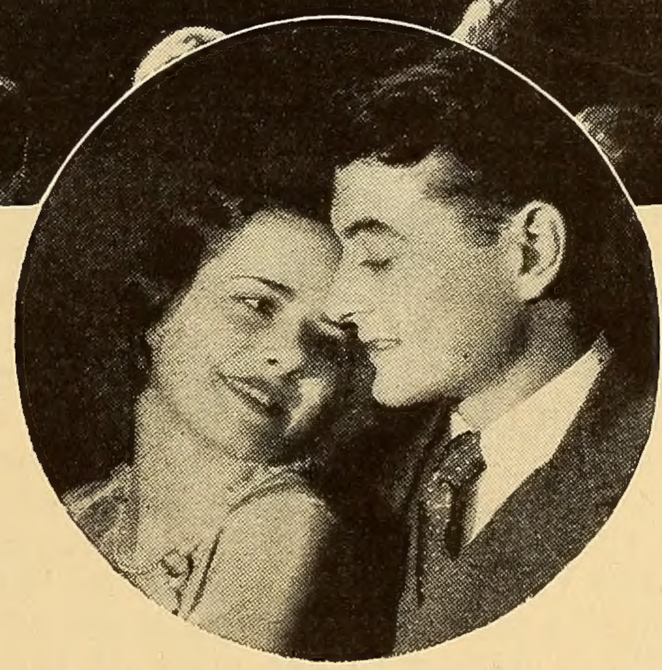
Another swell Victor record offers "It Must Be Spring," from Paramount's "Let's Go Native," played by Waring's Pennsylvanians. This disc also carries "I've Gotta Yen For You," from the same Paramount film. This is played by Gus Arnheim and his Orchestra.



Ukulele Ike (Cliff Edwards) is making quite a name for himself in the talkies at Metro-Goldwyn. This is aside from his success as a maker of records, via Columbia. One of his newest records is recommended this month.

# *They meet their* CLOSE-UP TEST *Triumphantly —*

## *Do You meet yours ?*



YOU must face eager eyes close to your skin. This is YOUR close-up test.

**Above:** 1. Dorothy Mackaill 2. Mary Brian, Para. 3. Evelyn Brent, Col. 4. Olive Borden, RKO. 5. Clara Bow, Para. 6. Alice White, FN. 7. Janet Gaynor, Fox. 8. Bebe Daniels, RKO. 9. Marion Davies, MGM. 10. Armida, Warner. 11. Ruth Chatterton, Para. 12. Anita Page, MGM. 13. Joan Crawford, MGM. 14. Nancy Carroll, Para.

NOW . . . the close-up! Eager eyes admiring . . . pulses quickening . . . hearts irresistibly *won* . . . The acid test of beauty, 45 Hollywood directors declare, is the close-up—taken under a cruel, revealing blaze of light. A test, they have found, which only the girl with flawless skin can pass!

That is why complexion beauty is all-important to the stars whose beauty thrills thousands . . and to *you*.

For you, too, have a close-up test to pass! Admiring eyes close to you must find *your* skin radiantly, softly smooth. You will want to guard skin beauty just as the lovely stars do!

In Hollywood, of the 521 important actresses, 511 use Lux Toilet Soap! On Broadway, too, and even in Europe the stars are devoted to this fragrant white soap.

*98% of the lovely complexions you see on the screen and radiant skin of lovely girls everywhere are kept exquisite with* . . . . . .

# LUX Toilet Soap — 10¢

# GUIDE to the BEST FILMS

Ann Harding gives a superb performance in Philip Barry's "Holiday." In the scene above Monroe Owsley appears with Miss Harding, playing her dissolute brother. "Holiday" is one of the best acted films of the year

## Brief Comments Upon the Leading Motion Pictures of the Last Six Months

## Group A

**Holiday.** The screen version of Philip Barry's stage success. A great story, an able cast, including Ann Harding and Mary Astor. Admirable direction by Edward Griffith puts this picture in the "first-rate" class. *Pathe.*

**Journey's End.** One of the best war pictures yet produced. Splendidly acted by Colin Clive and Ian MacLaren. Plenty of emotional effectiveness, punch and action. *Tiffany Production.*

**All Quiet on the Western Front.** Here is a gruesome and bloody picturization of Remarque's detailed reaction to the World War. It is ghastly in its truth and is an everlasting sermon against war and its futility. *Universal.*

**Sarah and Son.** Ruth Chatterton in another "Madame X" of mother love. This will surely get your tears and hold your interest, *Paramount.*

**Song O' My Heart.** John McCormack makes his début in this charming drama, in which his glorious lyric tenor is superbly recorded. He does eleven songs. The story is expertly contrived to fit the world-popular Mr. McCormack. *Fox.*

**The Vagabond King.** Based on "If I Were King," this is a picturesque musical set telling of François Villon's career in the days of Louis XI. Dennis King and Jeanette MacDonald sing the principal rôles, but O. P. Heggie steals the film as Louis XI. *Paramount.*

**Street of Chance.** The best melodrama of the year. The story of Natural Davis, kingpin of the underworld and Broadway's greatest gambler. Corking performance by William Powell, ably aided by Kay Francis and Regis Toomey. *Paramount.*

**The Rogue Song.** A great big hit for Lawrence Tibbett, character baritone of the Metropolitan Opera House. The tragic romance of a dashing brigand of the Caucasus, told principally in song. Based on a Lehar operetta. *Metro-Goldwyn.*

**The Green Goddess.** Another fine performance by George Arliss, this time as the suave and sinister Rajah of Rokh, who presides over a tiny empire in the lofty Himalayas. You'll like this. *Warners.*

**Anna Christie.** This is the unveiling of Greta Garbo's voice. 'Nough said. It's great. We mean Greta's voice. Be sure to hear it. *Metro-Goldwyn.*

**Devil May Care.** A musical romance of Napoleonic days, with Ramon Novarro at his best in a delightful light comedy performance. Novarro sings charmingly. This is well worth seeing. *Metro-Goldwyn.*

**Lummox.** Herbert Brenon's (*Continued on page* 94)

Wallace Beery runs away with a big performance as Butch, in the prison thriller, "The Big House." Right Chester Morris appears with him.

# TODAY'S . . . HOUSEKEEPER

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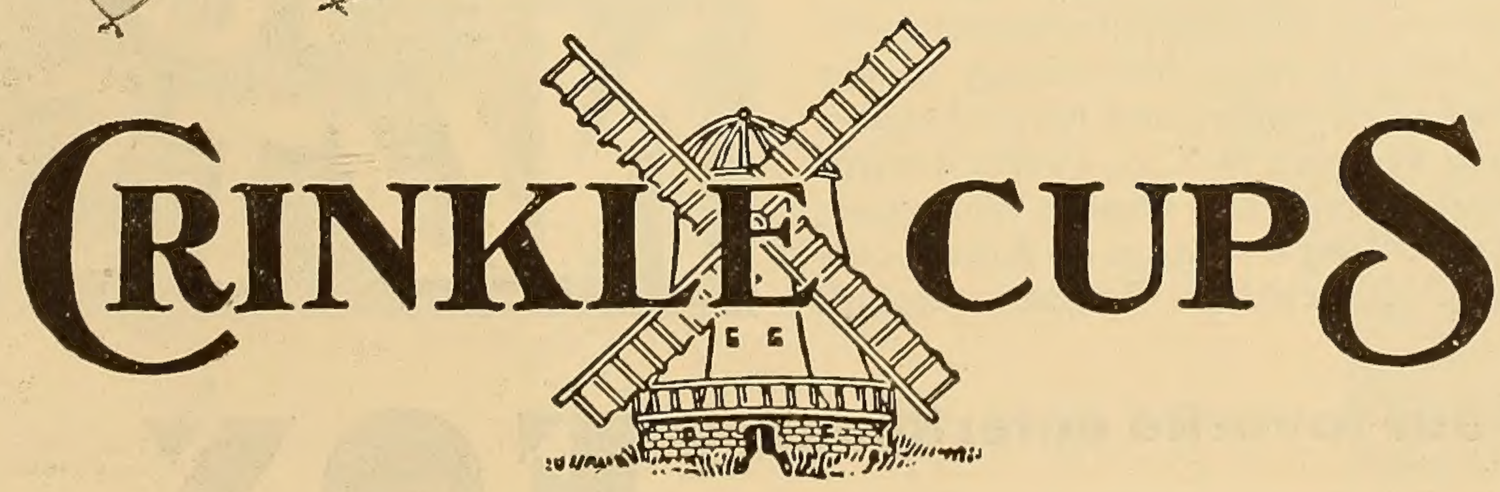
| 1 cupful sweet cream | 1½ cupfuls sugar |
| 3 egg-whites | 2 cupfuls pastry flour |
| ½ teaspoonful salt | ½ cupful water |
| 3 teaspoonfuls baking powder | 1 teaspoon vanilla |

Whip the cupful of cream until stiff; beat the egg-whites stiff and mix them together lightly. Add the water and vanilla. Then add a little at a time the dry ingredients which have been sifted together twice. Bake in Crinkle Cups at 375° F. for thirty minutes.

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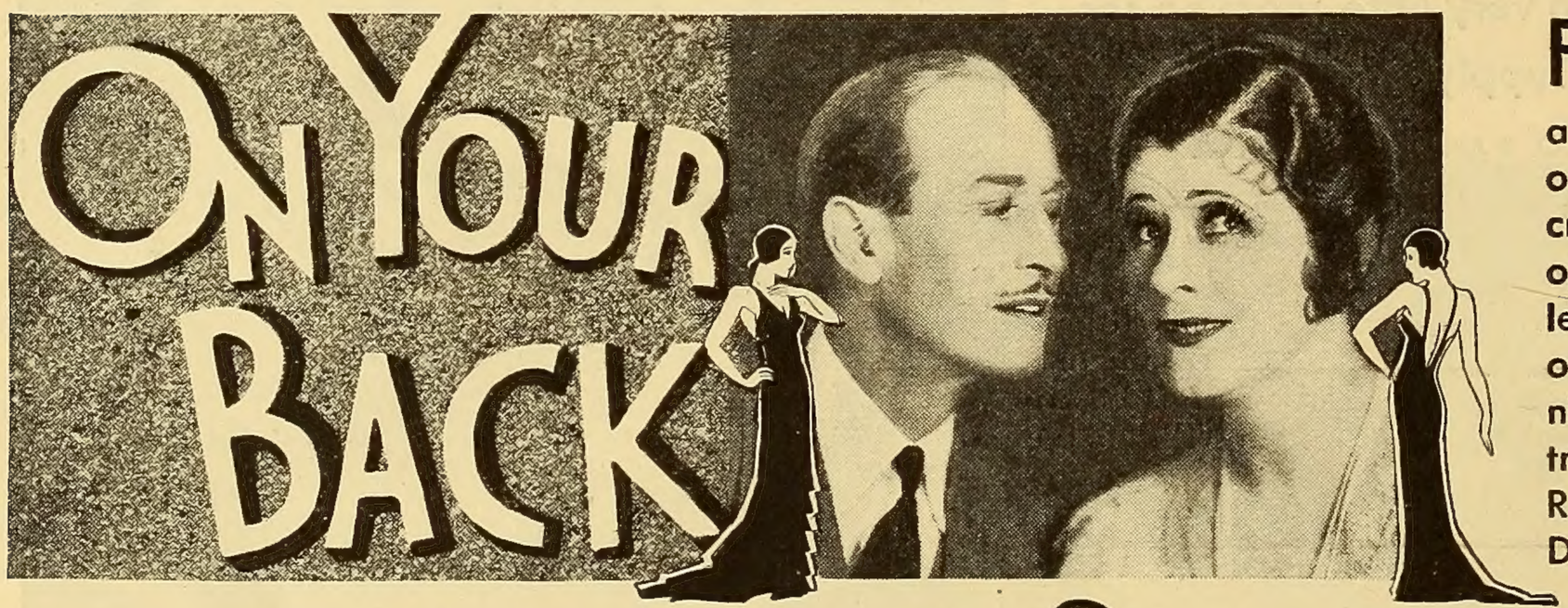
# THE FALL SEASON STARTS WITH 3 OUTSTANDING FOX TALKING PICTURES

## THE SEA WOLF

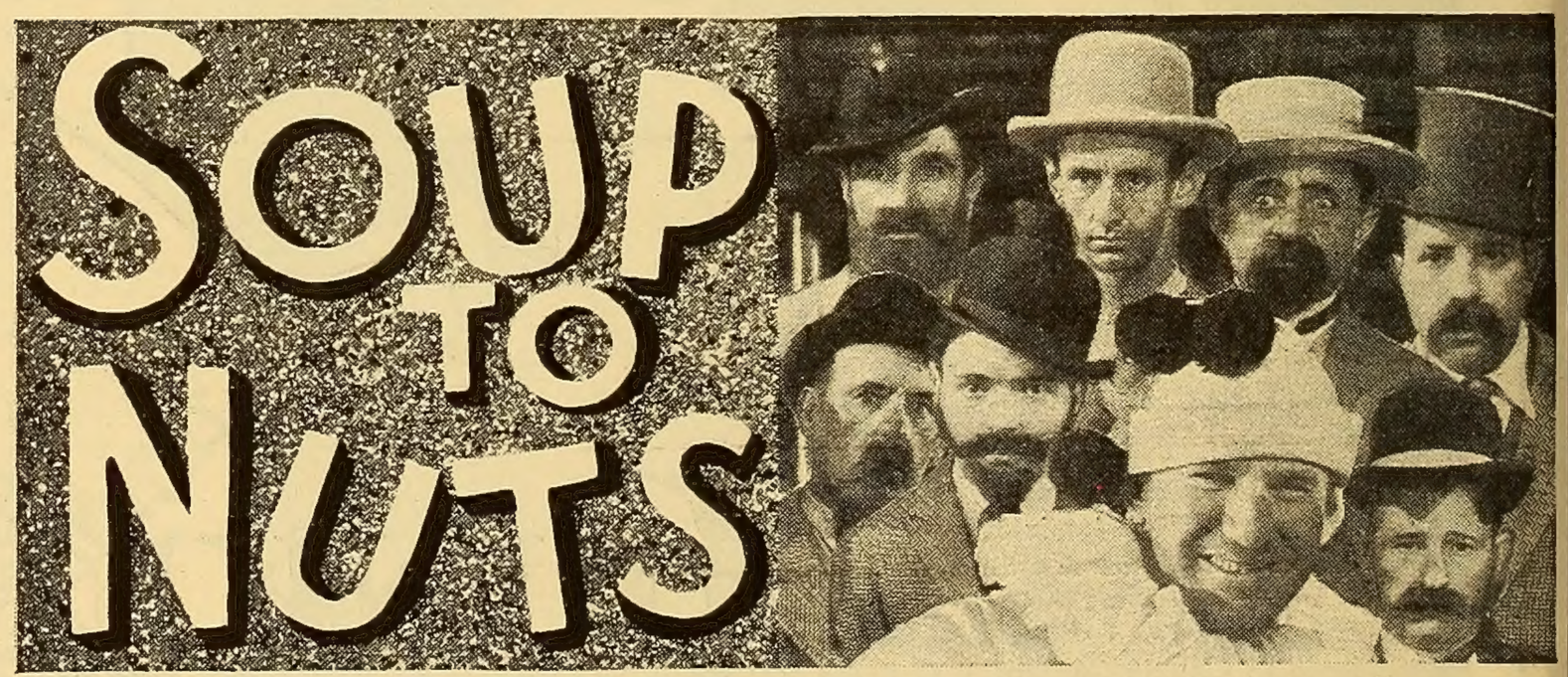
JACK LONDON'S greatest story given life and voice. Human passions in the raw battling to a stupendous climax as a brave boy, a wayward girl and a demon sea-captain meet their destiny on a sealing ship where man-made laws are laughed to scorn! An outstanding cast including MILTON SILLS, Jane Keith and Raymond Hackett. Directed by ALFRED SANTELL.

## ON YOUR BACK



FROM a shabby shop on the East Side she fought her way to power and luxury as the greatest modiste on Fifth Avenue. Calculating and crafty, she was never beaten till she opposed her son's love for a penniless girl. IRENE RICH in the great role of her career; H. B. WARNER magnificent as the suave financier who tries to buy the son's sweetheart; RAYMOND HACKETT as the boy. Directed by Guthrie McClintic.

## SOUP TO NUTS



RUBE GOLDBERG—you know Rube—comedy cartoonist specializing in nutty inventions—has turned his talents to the talking screen with riotous results. Stay away from Soup to Nuts if you can't stand mirthquakes. Here's a new kind of flesh and blood comedy—seven reels of goofy entertainment with a dash of song. Introducing to the screen Ted Healey and his racketeers. Also Frances McCoy, Lucile Brown, Stanley Smith and Charles Winninger. Story, dialog and gags by Rube Goldberg. Directed by Benjamin Stoloff.

**Your favorite entertainment** **FOX** **MOVIETONE PICTURES**

Photograph by Richee

CLIVE BROOK

Photograph by Elmer Fryer

DOROTHY MACKAILL

Photograph by Richee

GEORGE BANCROFT

Photograph by Elmer Fryer

BEN LYON

Photograph by Elmer Fryer

BERNICE CLAIRE

Photograph by Otto Dyar

KAY FRANCIS

# The New Movie Magazine

VOL. II OCTOBER, 1930 No. 4

## Gossip of the Studios

TO William Haines must go the prize for giving the most beautiful dinner party ever seen in Hollywood. In fact it seems hardly possible that anyone has ever given a more exquisitely well arranged dinner anywhere. The affair was in honor of Mrs. Ben Lyon, Jr. (Bebe Daniels) and Lady Peel (Beatrice Lillie.) Mrs. Lyon is a bride, as you know, and Lady Peel was saying farewell to her many friends before leaving for a vacation in London.

Lila Lee: Happy and cheerful, resting in an Arizona sanitarium and fast recovering from a breakdown.

At the back of Bill's beautiful home in Hollywood is a terraced garden surrounded by a high, white brick wall. Olive and magnolia trees grow through the brick flooring and there is a decorative fountain with water lilies floating in the basin. This terrace back of the house was covered with a big canvas top, from which were suspended fairy-like lanterns in all delicate colors.

Long narrow tables to seat seventy-five guests were laid about the garden, lighted with candles glowing in enormous Georgian silver candlesticks. On each table were big silver bowls of orchids and ropes of gardenias were laid along the center of the tables. Over a thousand orchids and two thousand gardenias were used to make beautiful the tables.

In a bower of trees and flowers a stringed orchestra played soft music throughout the dinner.

Bebe Daniels wore a frock of champagne colored lace and Beatrice Lillie was in emerald green charmeuse. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. King Vidor (Eleanor Boardman), who was out for the first time since the arrival of her baby daughter. She wore black chiffon. Aileen Pringle was in ivory satin. Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Lowe were present, Miss Tashman wearing a frock of black chiffon with a print pattern in old rose and blue. Mrs. Hugh Murray and Miss Anita Murray (in ruffled white satin), Mr. and Mrs. Hoot Gibson (Sally Eilers in a trousseau frock of pale green print), Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Colleen Moore (in beige lace), Mr. Carey Wilson and Carmelita Geraghty. Buster Collier and Marie Prevost (Miss Prevost was in pale green chiffon with a silver girdle), Mr. and Mrs. Barney Glazer, Mr. and Mrs. Charlie McArthur (Helen Hayes), with their house guest, Ruth Gordon, Mrs. Phyllis Daniels, Mrs. Ben Lyon, Sr., Mrs. Peg Talmadge, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hornblow, Wallace Davis, Mrs. Mae Sunday (in a gorgeous gown of all-over black lace), Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd (Mrs. Lloyd exquisitely gowned in shell pink satin), Geneva Mitchell (in powder blue taffeta), Mr. and Mrs. George Fitzmaurice, John Gilbert, Lloyd Pantages and Carmen Pantages (in brilliant green chiffon with a gold girdle).

Ronald Colman: Back in Hollywood for new talkies after a vacation with Bill Powell in England, France and Holland.

* * *

IN Bakersfield, a hundred miles north of Hollywood, a woman celebrated her ninety-fifth birthday anniversary during July. She was Lawrence Tibbet's grandmother, Rebecca Tibbett, and she came to California across the plains in 1853. She is the lone surviving member of the party which originally settled in Bakersfield, now one of the richest oil towns in the world.

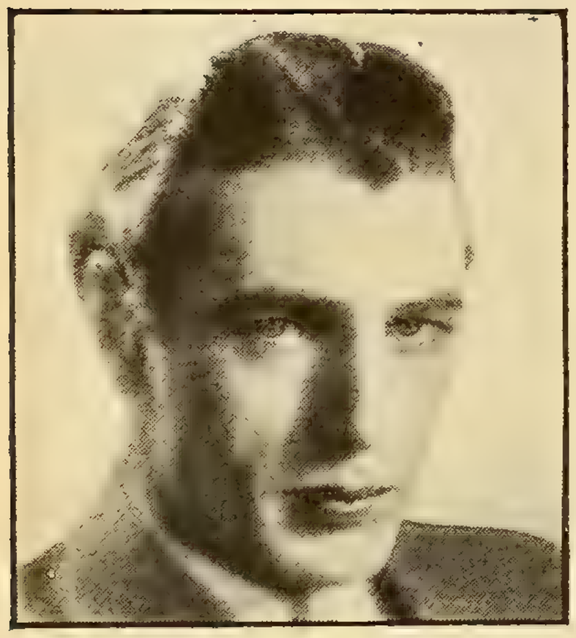
* * *

THE talkies sent Emil Jannings back to Europe. They almost sent him into retirement. But he has studied up on his English and now is on his way back to Hollywood to make two talking pictures for Warner Brothers. Which is great news for the many fans Jannings had in America in the days of the silent pictures.

* * *

*There is a rumor around Hollywood that Purdue University, football champions of the Big Ten in the Middle West, is going to sue Helen Kane.*

# All the News of the Famous Motion Picture



Gary Cooper: Annoyed by reports that he isn't as devoted to Lupe Velez as he was.

*Purdue claims she has been going around for a couple of years saying, "Poopoo Purdue."*

* * *

THE Los Angeles opening of "Dixiana," Bebe Daniels' new picture, was a big success. The Orpheum Theater, in which it was held, is right in the heart of Los Angeles and the street crowds blocked traffic for a long time. The biggest hand went to Amos 'n' Andy, both outside and when they made their bow later on the stage. Nils Asther got a rousing welcome from the feminine fans present. Miss Daniels herself wore a gown of pink Alencon lace and had in her party her grandmother, Mrs. George Butler Griffen, her mother, Mrs. Phyllis Daniels, and her husband, Ben Lyon. Dorothy Lee, the ingenue of the picture, arrived with a party of friends, including Mr. and Mrs. Nick Stuart (Sue Carol). Everett Marshall was also present and we saw Betty Compson and Hugh Trevor.

* * *

RONALD COLMAN is back in Hollywood after a vacation in England, France and Holland. He says it was a lot of fun in London but he is glad to be home again. Bill Powell was over with him and remained when Ronney returned. Ernest Torrence and his wife returned with Colman.

* * *

*Norma Shearer says she isn't going to retire after the birth of her baby. That's good news.*

* * *

THE John Barrymores have been on a yachting and fishing trip in Alaska, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cawthorne.

* * *

RICHARD BARTHELMESS and his wife and their two children have gone to the Canadian woods for several months. Later in the Fall they will make a tour of the Orient.

* * *

ERIC VON STROHEIM, Hollywood's bad boy director, has gone to Europe. His mother is ill and he hasn't seen her in twenty years, since he first came to America. A few days before he left he spent a week-end at Malibu and was occupied all one day building sand castles and forts for his small son, both being equally well amused. His wife and boy accompanied him to Austria.

* * *

*Ruth Chatterton's great ambition is to do George Bernard Shaw's, "Saint Joan" on the screen.*

* * *

PREVIEWS of Ernst Lubitsch's new picture, "Monte Carlo," have been received with much enthusiasm both in and out of the "profession." And those who have seen this declare that Jack Buchanan, playing opposite Jeanette MacDonald, is going to be a sensation. He is an English stage and musical comedy star—best remembered here perhaps for his work in the Charlot Revues—and report has it that he may be another Chevalier.

* * *

EVELYN LAYE, famous English musical comedy star, who made a hit in New York last season in "Bitter Sweet," is in Hollywood preparing to start a picture for Sam Goldwyn. Nacio Herb Brown has written her some lovely songs for her first screen appearance. Miss Laye is blonde and beautiful and can sing.

Mr. and Mrs. David Selznick (Irene Mayer) entertained in her honor with a dinner party soon after her arrival in the West and invited six or seven of Hollywood's most eligible bachelors to meet her. Miss Laye got a divorce from her English husband just before coming to this country.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Goldwyn also gave a lovely party at their home to present their Hollywood friends to the new English star.

* * *

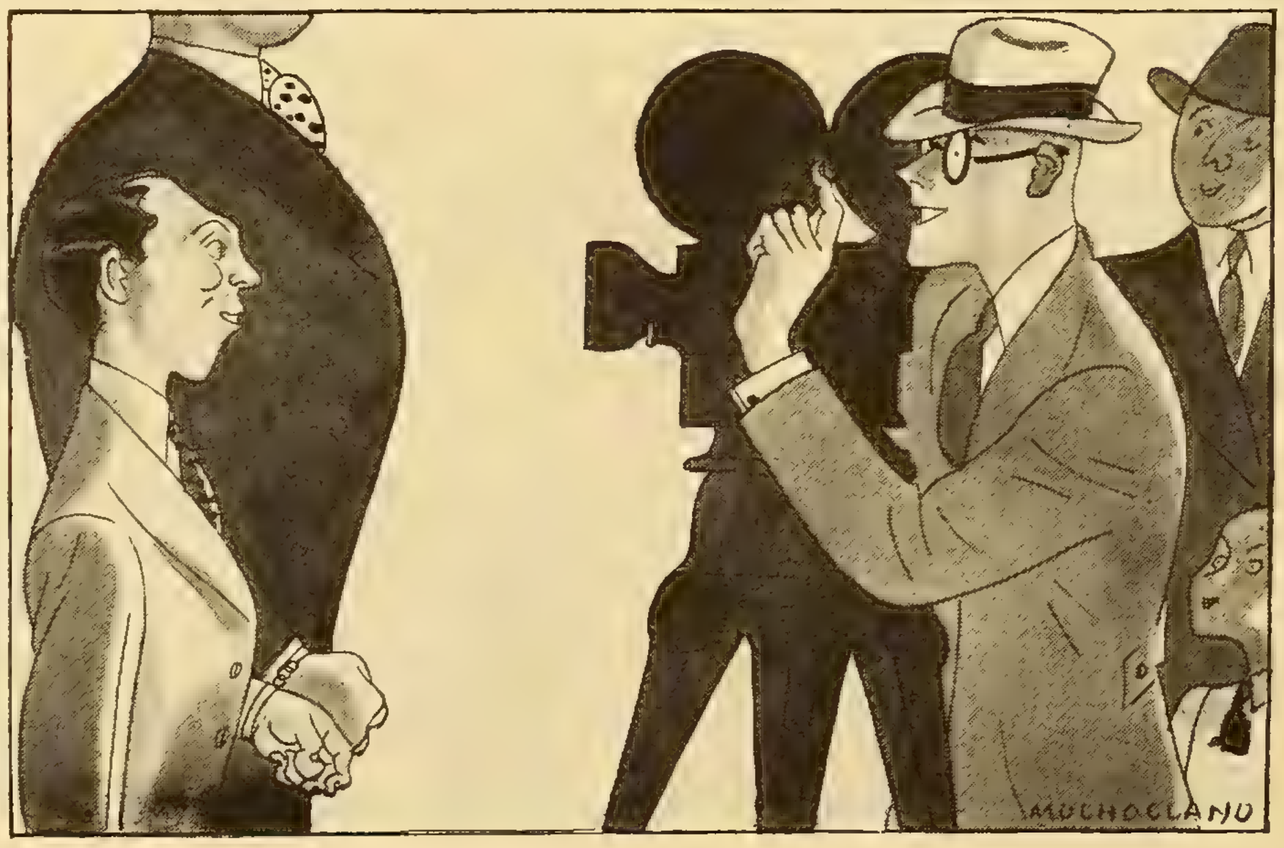
DIRECTOR DAVE BUTLER has a sign outside his Malibu Beach home which says, "Butler's Pantry." And an arrow points to the house.

* * *

ANNA Q. NILSSON is getting better and better. Now they let her go out in a chair every day and even recently have allowed her to go into the swimming pool at the hospital. It will be a great day when Anna Q. gets on a studio lot once more.

* * *

LETTERS from Lila Lee, who is in an Arizona sanitarium resting and recuperating from overwork, are cheerful and full of laughs. She says she's doing a lot of heavy thinking and enjoying it hugely. "I'll be back at work before long and this rest will do me a lot of good," she says in one letter.




* * *

RENEE ADOREE is home from the hillside sanitarium where she spent several months recently, but she isn't yet well enough to go to work. Doctors' orders are that she keep quiet for several months' yet. However, she's on the

# Stars and Their Hollywood Activities

road to recovery, which is indeed splendid news.

* * *

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN, the nineteen-year-old Irish girl whom Frank Borzage discovered in Dublin and brought back for John McCormack's picture, is probably the most carefully chaperoned girl anywhere in the United States. Maureen is under contract to Fox, and Winnie Sheehan hired a chaperon to take entire charge of her in Hollywood.

* * *

*Milton Sills is an accomplished pianist, besides being director of two Los Angeles Banks.*

* * *

KAY FRANCIS took over the charming Castellemare Beach Club on the Roosevelt Highway for a dinner dance. The balconies of the clubhouse are right over the ocean and, on a warm night, it made a delightful place in which to entertain. She had about seventy-five guests.

* * *

A LOVELY background for a party is the Harold Lloyd estate in Beverly Hills. There is a swimming pool, with terraces around it where the guests who don't care for the water may sit and watch the aquatic feats of the athletic. Two beautiful tennis courts set in a wilderness of lovely trees. A nine-hole golf course where Bobby Jones and Walter Hagen have matched their prowess. A delightful little stream running by an old mill, with canoes available. And wonderful walks through the beautiful grounds.

One Sunday recently Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd entertained with a Sunday afternoon and dinner party for Mrs. Ben Lyon, Jr., (Miss Bebe Daniels), Everyone came early and enjoyed the beauty of the afternoon in this perfect setting. Buster Keaton spent most of his time attempting to master the golf course and declares he holds the record now—twenty-two balls lost. Colleen Moore was being paddled up the beautiful stream in a canoe by Willis Goldbeck, who is one of her devoted suitors. She looked lovely in a soft pink dress with a big pink picture hat to match. Jack Gilbert and Bill Haines and Jimmy Shields had a great time in the swimming pool, with a deep sea-diver's helmet which Harold has attached to a regular air line. Sally Blane was swimming, too. Eileen Percy and Carmelita Geraghty, with Carey Wilson and Billy Emmerick had some hot sets of tennis. Supper was served outdoors at a little Mexican house arranged for barbecues and overlooking the old mill and miles of lawn and gardens.

The guest of honor wore a sport dress of pale yellow, with a yellow felt hat. Mrs. Lloyd was in white silk, a very simple little dress which made her look younger than ever. Among the other guests were Blanche Sweet, Mr. and Mrs. Townsend Netcher (Constance Talmadge), Mr. and Mrs. Buster Keaton, Mr. and Mrs. Maury Cleary (May McAvoy), Anne Pennington, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Mulhall, Wallace Davis, Mrs. Mae Sunday, and Carmen Pantages.

Kay Francis: Took over a California beach club to entertain at a dinner dance.

* * *

THE marriage of Dolores Del Rio and Cedric Gibbons, the distinguished art director of Metro-Goldwyn, took place at the historic old Santa Barbara Mission on Aug. 6. Cedric was born in Dublin and is famous as an artist.

* * *

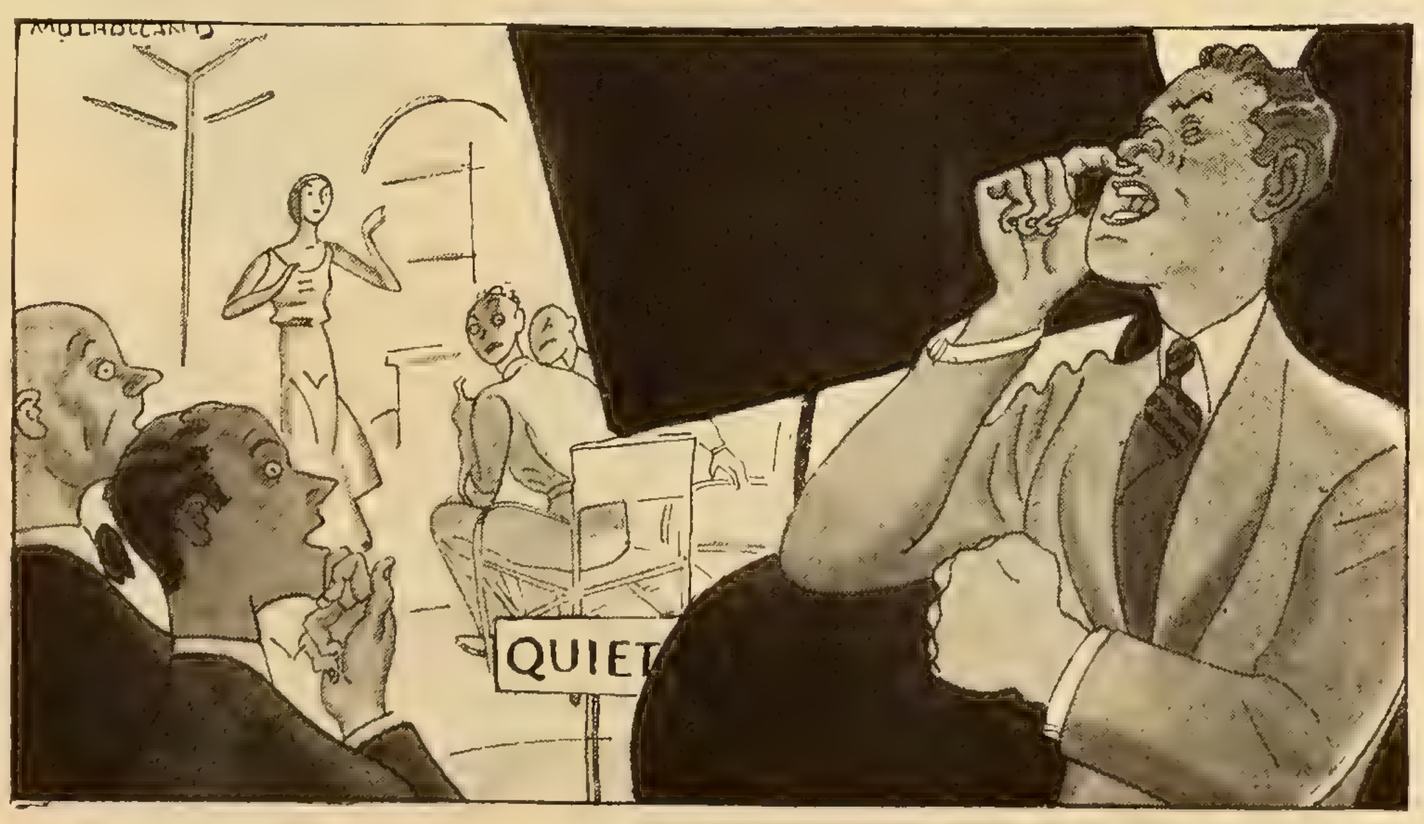
*Warner Brothers are paying Barbara Stanwyck* $25,000 *for one picture.*

* * *

HONORING some friends from the city of Mexico who were visitors in Hollywood, Dolores Del Rio entertained with a charming dinner party recently. Dolores lives in the hills back of Hollywood and has a delightful Spanish house which is perfect for entertaining. In her front yard is a giant sycamore tree, which was used in the early days as a place to hang bandits. This lends a picturesque background to a Hollywood party. Supper was served in the house and garden and the Spanish food was marvelous.

The guests included Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks (Mary Pickford wore the prettiest frock of pure white chiffon, with a little winged cape), William Haines, Colleen Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd, Constance Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. Don Alvarado, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Lowe (Lilyan Tashman), Mr. and Mrs. Barney Glazer, Ernst Lubitsch, Leatrice Joy (looking lovelier than ever in a Chanel frock of powder blue), Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Chevalier, James Shields, Lloyd Pantages and Carmen Pantages, Cedric Gibbons, Charles Farrell and Virginia Valli.

Right here we must pause to tell one on Charlie Farrell. Living at Malibu, he decided to stop at the Foxhill Studio to put on his dinner clothes, rather than go all the way to his house at Toluca Lake. He thought he had all the necessary habilments in his dressing room. Arriving there at seven he found he lacked a dress shirt, dress socks and a dress tie. So he came to the



# The Hollywood Who's Who—and what the

Helen Kane: Still boop-a-dooping with success in the talkies and out of them.

party, much embarrassed, in dinner clothes with a white every-day shirt, an ordinary black tie, and red and black socks.

* * *

MARIE DRESSLER cut short her stay in New York and Europe because of the weather. Too hot. On the day she arrived home in Hollywood the thermometer read 97 in the shade.

* * *

LUPE VELEZ was getting $2,500 a week from Universal. She got them to change that and give her $20,000 a picture. Under this arrangement she can make pictures for other producers—and get extra pin money—when she is not working at U.

* * *

*Will Rogers's parents wanted him to be a Methodist minister.*

* * *

GEORGE BANCROFT travels everywhere with a bodyguard, which seems paradoxical, George Bancroft being the great big he-man of the films and the last gent you would think needed a bodyguard.

* * *

BUSTER KEATON and his wife, *nee* Natalie Talmadge, are in Europe on a three months' tour and vacation. They are going to buy a small auto and go to all the places Buster saw when he was in the army during the war.

* * *

THE stars at Malibu were thrown into a bit of excitement during the latter part of July. Reason the grunion were running. These are little fish about the size of sardines which travel in great schools, have no bones, swim right out of the water onto the beach by the thousands, and make delicious eating when fried in bread crumbs. They come out of the water at night and you look for them with the aid of a flashlight, scooping them off the beach in buckets or any other handy receptacle.

* * *

*John Gilbert is one of the fastest walkers in Hollywood. Most people have to dog-trot to keep up with him on a stroll over the hills in back of Jack's home.*

* * *

JEAN HARLOW, vamp de luxe of "Hell's Angels," has secured a divorce from a hubby few people in Hollywood knew she had. He lives in Chicago.

* * *

A WOMAN died in Hollywood who had five pets; three beautiful dogs and two prize cats. And she left orders that they be killed as soon as she was dead. Said she, "they have souls maybe and I want them with me. So kill 'em the day I die." Dog lovers stepped in, cables came from all over the world, a court order was demanded restraining the execution of the pets, and lawyers are still fighting it out.

* * *

GARY Cooper was socked $5 for speeding on Sunset Boulevard in Hollywood; James Kirkwood had to pay $5 for traveling 40 miles an hour on the same street. Stars get no privileges in Hollywood.

* * *

GLORIA SWANSON cannot swim. But she shows her gameness by going into the surf daily at Malibu—and getting knocked feet over ears by the hard rolling surf. She came up the other day after being under longer than was comfortable. Her bathing cap had been lost, her long hair (it is almost to her waist) was full of sand and sopping wet with the salt water.

* * *

*Louis Wolheim was mayor of Ketchikan, Alaska, for one day. During the time the "Silver Horde" troupe were filming their story the mayor turned over his job to Louis for one day as a token of honor. Louis did not get paid for it and the mayor got a day's fishing in, so everyone was happy.*

* * *

PRODUCERS are not always so smart, as Hollywood well knows; lamp this list they turned loose:

Bebe Daniels; when talkies came to Paramount did not bother to give her a test. Allowed *RKO* to take her and make one of talkies' best bets out of her.

Fox had George Bancroft working as a heavy in Tom Mix pictures. Saw nothing in him, let him go. Paramount made millions with him.

Lew Ayres was at Pathe but got nowhere. Universal made him the hero of the year in "All Quiet on the Western Front," in a big part.

But Pathe took Helen Twelvetrees after Fox cast her aside.

Pathe let Jeanette Loff go, to be picked up, as was Ayres, by Universal.

Fox let go or refused to take, Nancy Carroll, Jack Oakie, Joe E. Brown, Stuart Erwin. Paramount took 'em all except Brown, who is a star for Warner Brothers.

And Warner Brothers let Charlie Farrell go when they had him under contract for $100 a week.

# film famous are doing in the Movie Capital

CHARLIE FARRELL is the best sailing-boat yachtsman in Hollywood. His racing sailboat under full sail can be seen tacking all over the Pacific Ocean any day Charlie is not in the studio—and he carries no crew, does the work himself. Which, if you have ever done any sailing, you know to be quite a trick.

* * *

ALLAN DWAN issued programs for his Fourth of July party. One of the events was a fireworks display which Allan had listed as "The Wheel of Life: From the cradle to the grave. Spinning to eternity amidst a swirl of fire. This amazing reproduction required the human sacrifice of four beautiful Follies girls, six song writers and three supervisors."

"After this event there will be a tennis exhibition by the world's foremost rank players," the program announced.

* * *

*Beverly Hills—often called the home of the stars—is going to get a new post office costing Uncle Sam* $250,000.

* * *

HAROLD LLOYD is quite a miniature golf fan. So is Bill Haines. You are apt to see them put-putting on one of the small courses near Bel Air or Beverly Hills of an evening.

* * *

COLLEEN MOORE and Mrs. B. P. Schulberg were hostesses at a very entertaining tea sponsored by the Progressive School, on North Highland Avenue in Hollywood. The tea was held at Miss Moore's home in Bel Air and during the early afternoon speeches on education and educational methods were made by some of the distinguished guests of honor. The Progressive School is an advanced method of education and one which Miss Moore and Mrs. Schulberg have been interested in.

The honored guests for the afternoon were Robert G. Sproul, president of the University of California; Dr. James Huntley Sinclair, head of the education department at Occidental College; Dr. William B. Munroe, professor of history and government, California Institute of Technology; Dr. Frederic Woellner, professor of education, University of California; Dr. Benjamin Lehman, Professor of English literature, University of California; Miss Barbara Greenwood, supervisor of nursery school training, University of California; Dr. Mirian Van Waters, consultant to Mr. Wickersham, Hoover Crime Commission; Hugh Lofting, writer of children's stories; Senator Charles W. Lyon, Judge Ben Lindsey, and Alfred Hertz, famous conductor.

* * *

WILLIAM HAINES is to do a gangster picture with lots of guns and gore, according to the latest announcement. It has been written for him by Charlie McArthur, the author of "The Front Page." Bill has wanted to do something besides straight comedy for a long time and this is his chance.

* * *

*Maureen O'Sullivan has light blue Irish eyes that always seem to have a laugh in them.*

* * *

Jean Harlow: Vamp of "Hell's Angels" getting a divorce from a Chicago husband.

ELSIE FERGUSON has temporarily gone back to the stage. With Tom Douglas, an English actor, she is playing Ernest Vadja's "Fata Morgana" at the Hollywood Playhouse.

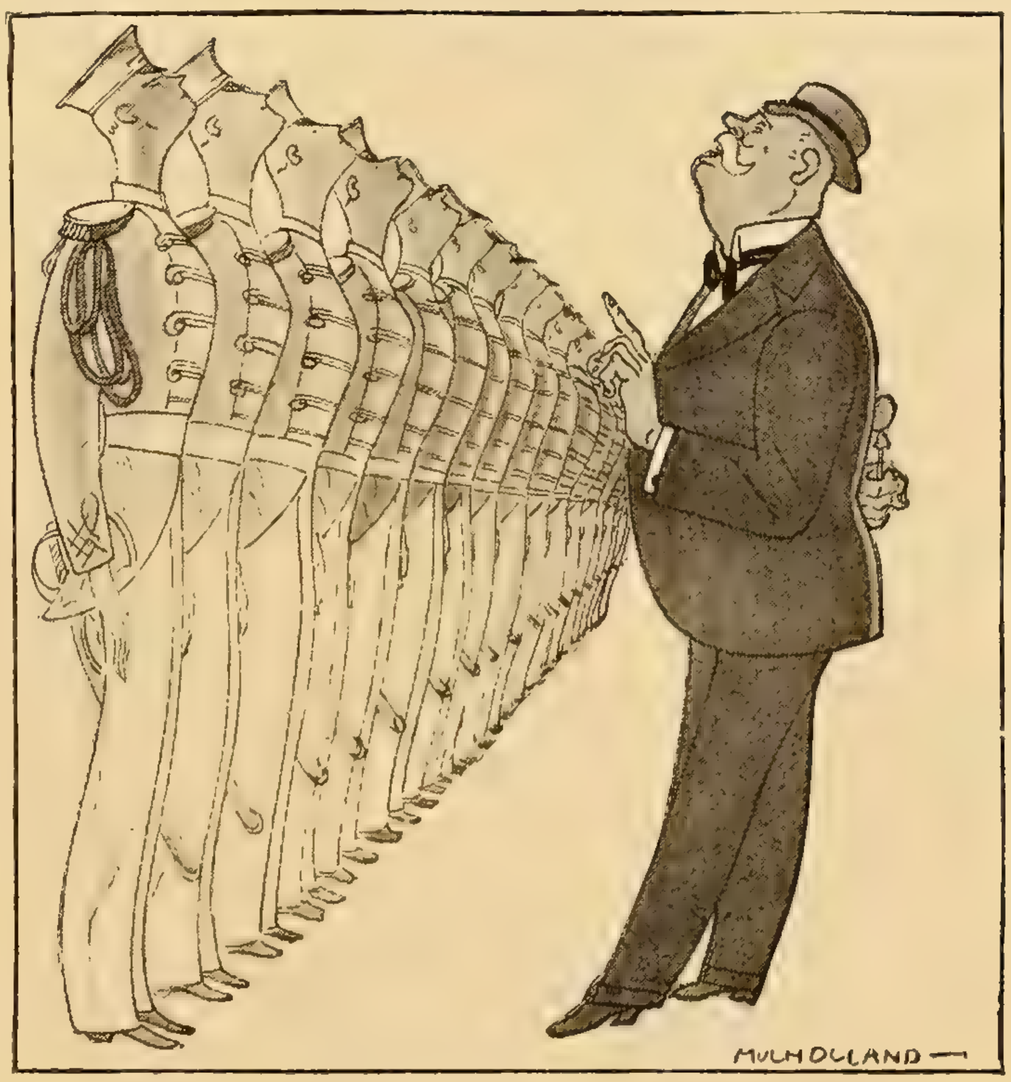
* * *

BUCK JONES, who makes Western films, went into bankruptcy last month. He said his liabilties were $135,852.90, while his assets were $500 worth of household furniture and two horses worth $75 per each. Some of the people he said he owed money to were, Joe Bear Robe, Alex Long Punkin, Jake Black Crow, Afraid Eagle, Walking Crow, Joe Standing Crow, Jim Shot At, and Lucel Shot At. They had worked for him in a picture and he had been unable to pay them.

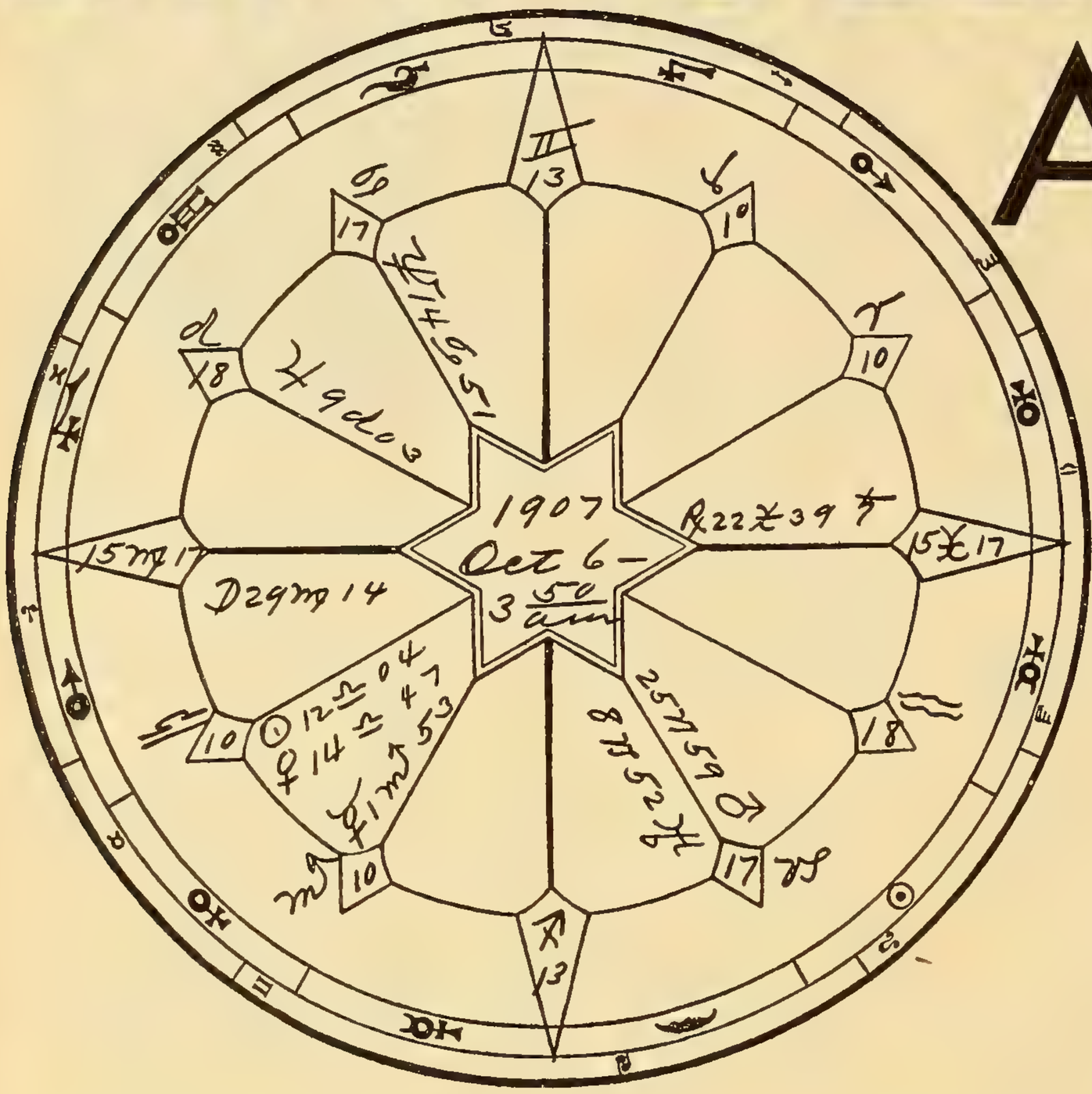
* * *

IN honor of Mr. Lowe's aunt, Mrs. Kate Murphy, who was their house guest, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Lowe (Lilyan Tashman), gave a moonlight supper party in the gardens of their Beverly Hills home. Lilyan is one of those hostesses whose parties are always a great success. She has a gaiety herself which seems to spread to her guests and she always has such an interesting group of people at her home. Tables were set for this occasion in the gardens, around the pool and in the patio. Afterwards there was dancing and bridge. Among the guests were Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Bromfield, Mr. and Mrs Ben Lyon (Bebe Daniels), Mr. and Mrs. King Vidor (Eleanor Boardman), Mr. and Mrs. Florenz Ziegfeld (Billie Burke), Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Barrymore, Mr. and Mrs. Buddy de Sylva, Mrs. Phyllis Daniels, Aileen Pringle, Mary Duncan, Colleen Moore, Ilka Chase, Mrs. Hugh Murray, Miss Anita Murray, Kay Francis, Carmelita Geraghty, Ernst Lubitsch, Charles Farrell, Carey Wilson, William Haines, James Shields, Wallace Davis, Mrs. Mae Sunday, Sidney Howard, Willis Goldbeck, Kenneth McKenna, Mr. and Mrs.

(*Continued on page* 104)



# EVANGELINE ADAMS




Evangeline Adams' horoscope of Janet Gaynor, discussed in detail this month. Miss Gaynor was born in Philadelphia on Oct. 6, 1907, at 3:50 A. M.

*EVANGELINE ADAMS will be a regular monthly contributor to* NEW MOVIE. *Next month she will discuss November—and the motion picture favorites born during that month. She will tell you exactly what it means to be born under the sign of Scorpio, that is, in the period between October 22nd and November 21st.*

NEW MOVIE *readers will find the radio broadcasts of Miss Adams to be of great interest. Miss Adams' radio appearances are given over a national Columbia tie-up from Station WABC in New York and forty-three associated stations in Baltimore, Buffalo, Philadelphia, Detroit, Syracuse, Washington, Pittsburgh and other cities. Watch your local radio programs for this striking feature.*

*Letters may be addressed to Miss Evangeline Adams, in care of* NEW MOVIE, 55 *Fifth Avenue, New York.*

THE other night, when I was broadcasting, I happened to speak of Buddy Rogers. I didn't know Mr. Rogers personally any more than I know Miss Gaynor. But I did know his horoscope. And —such is the power of astrology—I was able to tell several things about him that were not known to his closest friends, and a few that weren't even suspected by Buddy, himself. I had hardly finished my talk when the studio telephone rang. It was Buddy.

I did not know what he might say. So I said it first.

"Was what I said true?"

"True?" he laughed. "It was as true as it was embarrassing."

Well, Miss Gaynor, I hope what I am going to say about you won't be embarrassing. And I don't see why it should be. I told Mr. Rogers that he might be pursued by married women—and I certainly won't tell that to you! Instead, I will say that you were born under Venus, and for that fact you should be profoundly grateful. I don't mean what you mean! You, with your romantic soul, are thinking of Venus as the Goddess of Love. And although it is true that no young girl with Venus so prominent in her horoscope could help being attractive to men, Venus in your case has a more individual and significant meaning.

VENUS rules many things besides love. It rules cooks, confectioners, maid-servants and butlers. It rules silk mercers, embroiderers, clothiers, and makers of hats and gloves. It rules those who deal in scents, flowers, ornaments and toilet accessories. It rules musicians, painters, singers, poets *and* actors. And it is in the latter capacity, as Goddess of Entertainment, that Venus entered your destiny, rescued you from the six-day grind of a commercial office, and bore you in her loving arms to Fame.

It could not be otherwise. You were born in the sensitive sign, Libra. And the natives of this sign are almost always beautiful. Libra stands for balance, symmetry, beauty; and it imparts these qualities to its children. Venus is the ruling planet of this sign. It also happened to be in the sign Libra when you were born. The combination was bound to take your beauty and convert it to esthetic and artistic ends. Venus also was friendly to the powerful planet Jupiter in your astrological heavens. Both planets govern success and wealth; Jupiter governs position and honor. Venus is called the Lesser Fortune. Jupiter is called the Greater Fortune. Both were smiling on you, Janet Gaynor,

## SAYS EVANGELINE ADAMS

**If you were born under the sign Libra, between Sept. 24 and Oct. 24, the chances are that:**

**You are artistic by nature. You have a fine sense of harmony and proportion. You have fine sensibilities. You are affable, agreeable and very good company. You see both sides of a question. That is your strength and your weakness.**

**Your powers of endurance and recuperation are great. Your planetary colors are indigo, light blue and white; yellow and dove grey. Your flowers are violets, foxgloves, daisies and lilies of the valley. Your stones are pearl, opal, sapphire, beryl, green jasper, lapis-lazuli, coral and carnelian.**

# READS THE STARS

## The World's Most Famous Astrologer Interprets the Stars and Their Influences

### By EVANGELINE ADAMS

with your Libra beauty and your Venus gift for the stage. And the inevitable result, in this age when Hollywood is the theatrical capital of the world, was California and fortune.

But your Success was not destined to be an easy one. Saturn, the Celestial Schoolmaster, was prominent in the heavens during that part of the sign Libra in which you were born. Saturn sometimes means trial and tribulation. It almost always means delay. This may account for the failure of your early efforts to succeed in a strictly commercial career. The erratic planet Uranus was in that part of the heavens which rules the early part of your life: a condition which indicates that you will be more successful the farther you get from your home and early environment. Well, you were born in Philadelphia; and you didn't succeed in a big way until you got to California—so through trial and tribulation, over long journeys and in a far country, you fulfilled your horoscope.

ONCE started on your career, however, in the right line and in the right place, another invaluable factor in your astrological chart helped you toward success. The critical, mental sign Virgo was rising in the heavens at the time you were born; and Virgo is ruled by Mercury, the God of the Intellect. This was the last straw that broke the Hollywood back. The town is full of Venus girls, of Libra beauties. But most of them have no brains. But you, you fortunate Janet Gaynor, you could look like Venus and think like Mercury—so what could the poor men do? Well, it is obvious what they did do: they made you a star!

So much for the chief factors which have been at work in shaping your remarkable career. I am not going too far into what the stars tell me of your private life, especially your life of the heart. That is your secret—and, now that I have read your horoscope, mine. But I will say that you have the power to stir men greatly, and that you are yourself seldom stirred. Venus in Libra develops the esthetic rather than the amatory side of your nature. The Sun being in unfriendly aspect to Uranus indicates that you may have many strange and seemingly unaccountable attachments, but that they will end capriciously and unexpectedly. I don't believe that the conventional, ceremonious side of your marriage appeals to you very strongly. You have it in you to be a devoted, loyal wife—but even before you were a wife you were an artist. Your art is your love. Your public is your lover.

Personally, you have two distinct sides to your nature; and it depends on the people with whom you are thrown as to which is dominant at any one time. When your affable, sympathetic, cheerful side is brought to the front, you may then find it difficult to say "No." When your aggressive and independent side is stirred, you can say it with capital letters, and do. You have

This is a crisis year for Janet Gaynor, says Evangeline Adams. She is under disorganizing conditions of a kind that frequently cause people to make changes. Miss Gaynor possesses an elusive magnetism and peculiar influence over people. She will experience the unexpected all through her life. Her mistakes, says Miss Adams, will be those of temperament.

a highly strung nervous system, which causes you to see, hear and feel things which do not register with the less sensitively organized. This gives you an elusive magnetism and peculiar influence over people which is at times disorganizing. You will experience the unexpected all through your life. You should cultivate an intelligent non-resistance to the inevitable. The mistakes you make will be due to temperament. Your Jupiter assures you that you will make money. Assure yourself that you save it. Don't be too exacting; don't carry a chip on your shoulder; don't waste time, money and your great gifts on empty pleasure.

This is a crisis year for you, Miss Gaynor. Right now, as I write, I should be very much surprised if you weren't undergoing some sort of revolution in either your personal or professional life, possibly both.

# ADVICE FROM THE WORLD'S GREATEST ASTROLOGER

Anyhow, you are under hectic, disorganizing conditions of a kind that frequently cause people to make a change of some sort. I believe that you should pursue a course of intelligent non-resistance, not trying to force matters, and taking plenty of time to investigate every proposition that is made to you.

Just as these words reach the public you may be feeling discouraged and depressed; and beginning with September 28th and extending to October 6th, conditions will be very disorganizing. Avoid extravagance and taking undue chances, especially with money, during October. Beginning with November, you will be under more beneficent influences. In fact, during the final months of 1930 and the early months of 1931, you will be under so many conflicting planets that almost anything could happen. It is up to you, with your Libra gifts of balance, to weigh conditions carefully, think well before you act, and accept only such opportunities as come to you naturally. Under no conditions force matters. Your happiness does not lie that way.

Evangeline Adams is the world's most famous astrologer. She has been in active practice for more than thirty-five years and has been consulted in person in her New York studio by approximately a hundred thousand people and by mail from every corner of the earth.

Miss Adams is a descendant of John Adams and of John Quincy Adams. She first became interested in the occult through her early association with Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, and the latter's father, Professor Phelps. She later studied the science under Dr. J. Heber Smith, professor of materia medica at Boston University and one of the greatest physicians of his time. Her investigations have been profound, including thorough consideration of Eastern lore.

Miss Adams foretold the deaths of King Edward, Caruso, and Valentino, and prophesied the World War.

A good many of the things I have said about Miss Gaynor apply with varying force to all of us who were born in her sign, Libra—between September 24th and October 24th. If you were born at this time, the chances are that you are artistic by nature; that you have a fine sense of harmony and proportion; that you have fine sensibilities which are easily shocked by crudity and vulgarity; that you are affable and agreeable and very good company. You see both sides of every question. This is your strength and your weakness. Don't spend your life weighing this and that fine point with that excellent critical faculty of yours. Don't cogitate and wobble. Decide and act.

Though not necessarily robust in appearance—Miss Gaynor, for example, is only five feet tall and weighs scarcely a hundred pounds—yet you are by nature of an extremely sound constitution. Your powers of endurance and recuperation are great. Should ill health come upon you, guard against diseases of the kidneys and the lumbar region. Avoid violent exercises and straining the back. Not all Libra people can be picture stars, though a good many are: Alice Joyce, Joseph Schildkraut, Constance Bennett, Jack Mulhall, Jeanette Loff, Ina Claire, Lilyan Tashman, Jackie Coogan, Jean Arthur, Lloyd Hughes and John Boles. Those who do not follow an artistic career usually do well as bankers, brokers, judges, architects, diplomats or engineers. If you are a girl, you should try to follow some professional career. And as for marriage—although a good deal depends on the position of the various planets in your individual horoscope—you are most likely to find congenial life partners among people born under Aquarius (January 21st to February 20th) and Gemini (May 22d to June 22d).

YOUR planetary colors are indigo, light blue and white; yellow and dove gray. Your flowers are violets, foxgloves, daisies and lilies of the valley. Your stones are the pearl, the opal, the sapphire, the beryl, the green jasper, the lapis-lazuli, the coral and the carnelian. And some of the most famous people born under your sign, in addition to Miss Gaynor and other heroes and heroines of the screen, are — and were — Isadora Duncan, Ramsay MacDonald, Von Hindenburg, Beau Brummell, Annie Besant, Carmen Sylva, Pasteur, Oscar Wilde, Lily Langtry, Edward Bok, Jenny Lind, Sarah Bernhardt, the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria and Aimee Semple McPherson!

There is room, as you see, for considerable variety within the one sign Libra. But it is interesting to note that all of the men and women, separated as they are by time and space and race and calling, were born with more than ordinary good looks and exercized at one time or another during their lives a strong influence on the public imagination. Even among people born under Libra and engaged in the same calling—for example, that list of talkie celebrities—there will be found these contrasting characteristics of variety and sameness.

Take Janet Gaynor and Alice Joyce. Could any two girls be more unlike in appearance, manner, method and appeal? And there are excellent astrological reasons for these differences. Although Miss Joyce, like Miss Gaynor, was born in Libra and under Venus as the ruler of that sign, Venus was not in the sign Libra at the moment of her birth, and therefore does not exercise the same dominant influence in her life; and Jupiter, ruling success, position, honor and wealth, instead of being placed as it was in Miss Gaynor's chart, so that it would just naturally attract people of wealth and influence who would benefit her, was in the impersonal sign Aquarius which was rising when Miss Joyce was born: indicating that whereas she might have plenty of money, it would mean little to her, and that in a business way she might prove more fortunate to others than to herself. On the strictly personal side, the differences in the girls' horoscopes are just as marked, with the (*Continued on page* 129)

Among the famous people born under the October sign of Libra, between Sept. 24 and Oct. 24, are Isadora Duncan, Ramsay MacDonald, Von Hindenburg, Jenny Lind, Sarah Bernhardt, the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria and Aimee Semple McPherson.

Photograph by Richee

Miss Roth, ex-blues singer of Broadway, has established herself as a definite talking screen personality. Her work in "The Love Parade" revealed her promise. Miss Roth is now appearing opposite Jack Oakie in his new comedy of the French navy.

LILLIAN ROTH

Photograph by John Miehle

Dolores Del Rio is different from any other girl in Hollywood. Her background, her experience, her education, her philosophy are all different. When she was five, she was placed in a strict Mexican convent. For ten years she lived and moved in the rigid paths laid down by the nuns. At fifteen she left the convent to marry a man older than herself whom she scarcely knew. Finally, when her marriage became unendurable to her she broke away.

# "I WANT to be HAPPY"

"For the first time in my life, I am myself," says Dolores Del Rio. "I intend to seek out all the laughter, all the joy, all the amusement."

Photograph by John Miehle

The contrast between Dolores Del Rio's physical appearance and her actual character is surprising. She looks orchidaceous. One imagines her in stately ballrooms, exquisite boudoirs, softly lighted drawing rooms. But that is only one side of Miss Del Rio, the most exploited side, and it is relatively unimportant to her.

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

ANNE ALVARADO, who knows her better than anyone else, says that Dolores Del Rio is the most misunderstood woman in Hollywood.

I rather think she is right.

The hot but heartless Mexican siren suggested by Del Rio's dark beauty vanishes into thin air upon close acquaintance. The luxurious orchid, a lady who loves diamonds and sables and exotic perfumes, presents only one side—and a rather unimportant side—of this lady of quality.

Dolores is different from any other girl now in electric lights. Her background, her experience, her education, her philosophy are all different. Her viewpoint cannot be the same as theirs for these reasons.

When she was five, she was placed in a strict Mexican convent. For ten years she lived and moved in the rigid paths laid down by the most aristocratic nuns.

At fifteen she left the convent to marry a man much older than herself whom she scarcely knew.

Until she was five, Dolores did as her mother said. Until she was fifteen, she obeyed the sisters. After her marriage, she obeyed her husband. She knows what discipline means.

Finally, when her marriage of convenience became unendurable to her, when residence in the United States had convinced her that unhappy marriages need not be borne forever, she broke away, determined to have and do the things she valued and which she had missed.

"Marriage is not for the woman who makes her own living. It is too great a demand." —DOLORES DEL RIO

"AND now, for the first time in my life," she said, "I am myself. I do what I want to do. I get the joy from life. I have the fun I never had when I was a young girl, because so soon I was married—two weeks out of the convent. I have romance, I go to parties, I laugh and talk. All these things most girls have done when they are not yet twenty. Me—I am then the wife to a man much too old, who allows not these things for his wife. Now—I make up for lost time, no? Every person who is human will do so. It is a law of nature. If not one time, then another time.

"But I have been trained, always, to control myself. It is good. Then one does not—run wild, eh? It is possible to stand back and judge of what things are worth, of what is their value to us. It is better.

"For myself, I will be happy all the time, because the world is so full of so many beautiful things. And I make my life, I carve it, with care. Is that not wisdom? I am ambitious for my work. I will do nothing to injure it. But—from life now I get everything I can, every joy, every sensation, all the laughter, all the amusement. Else I starve to death and become an old woman before it is time."

Of Del Rio I would say that she is a woman of charm. The woman of charm must above all things be many-sided in character.

Next, she must be interested in many things and in all people.

There is one thing about Del Rio that is absolutely different from any other motion picture star I have ever

# The Story of Hollywood's Most Misunderstood Woman

met—with the exception of Marion Davies. Self seems missing from Del Rio's actions and her vocabulary.

IN a land where personality is the chief commodity and where the battle for success is violent and continuous, it is but natural that the majority of people should be self-centered. To some extent they must be. Many are quite frank about it, not a few are actually so interesting that nobody minds, some take it out in an inferiority complex, which is more self-centered than most things. But almost all of them concentrate upon self.

Dolores Del Rio is different. Not from any great unselfishness of character, such as controls Miss Davies, but simply from sureness, from confidence. She knows what she wants. She knows exactly how to get it. She knows what she can do. Therefore, she can afford to ignore it all. She need not be either on the offensive or the defensive. She can be herself—and be charming. Her mind and her time are free for other and broader views.

Dolores Del Rio in the Louis XV room of her beautiful Hollywood residence. Standing on the chinoiserie dresser beside her is a portrait of her mother.

Altogether she is the most satisfying person I have met in the newer generations of Hollywood.

Her sophistication isn't superficial. It is a civilized understanding of the world, its ideals and its faults, its vice and its virtue. She can discuss such things in all their phases without prudery but also without vulgarity.

Del Rio is Mexican and fiery—when she wants to be. But it never runs away with her. The cross current of aristocratic Indian blood—she and Ramon Novarro are distant cousins and claim proudly a heritage from the great and wise Aztec chieftains—tempers the Mexican.

It gives her a cold, strong streak that is fascinating and creates the slightly haughty poise which makes her stand out.

Perhaps the misunderstanding—or rather the lack of understanding — comes from the contrast between her physical appearance and her actual character. I've never known anyone whose appearance was so deceptive.

DEL RIO looks orchidaceous. One imagines her in stately ballrooms, exquisite boudoirs, softly lighted drawing rooms. And in ballrooms and boudoirs she does very well. The way she wears her clothes, her many beautiful jewels, suggest that her being is centered in these feminine idols. You think of perfumes, bath salts, filmy négligées, French maids. True, she has all those things and loves them.

They are part of her charm, they are so feminine.

But they are only one side of Del Rio. And though the best known side, the most exploited, relatively unimportant to her and to any true understanding of her.

The things she loves best are all outdoors.

I have seen her lie for hours on the beach at Malibu, with nothing on but an old, faded bathing suit. The sun and the sand she revels in, doesn't care in the least how she looks. Dripping with sea water, she comes out of the ocean, her hair plastered like black patent leather, and races up and down the beach, as un-self-conscious as a child. Often she comes to her beach house alone and spends three or four days in the sun, reading, resting, thinking.

Last year she and her dear friend, Mrs. Don Alvarado, camped for weeks alone in the high Sierras. They did their own cooking, made their own beds, tramped the trails all day and at night sat silent and happy beside their little campfire.

Few women care for the high Sierras, even with plenty of company. They are beautiful, the most beautiful places in the world are in the Sierras near Yosemite, but they are big and lonely. Beneath the purple grandeur of those sky-reaching peaks, among the majestic, wise old trees, beside the murmured, ageless poetry of the winds and the splendid waterfalls, the human soul faces something of eternity and all there is of immensity.

I have known many, many people to run away from those mountains. They become depressed, unhappy. They feel small and insignificant.

But the strong, free soul expands and thrills before this testimony of God's artistry. On wings, it goes to meet a new beauty.

TOM MIX once said to me: "It takes a big man to live in big places. Little men can't stand the contrast. They are afraid."

In my opinion it is a rare woman who, with only one woman companion, seeks the lofty loneliness of the Sierras for weeks at a time.

Hiking those mountain trails is no easy thing for any woman. It takes wind and muscles in perfect condition. It takes heart and stamina.

Del Rio has that sort of hardness, mentally and physically.

Thus you have two sides—the orchid, and the woman who loves big and strong things of the outdoors.

But there are other sides.

Not so long ago Colleen Moore and Leatrice Joy and Dolores Del Rio and I occupied a table for four at Diana Fitzmaurice's shower for Bebe Daniels.

We got so uproarious that it was disgraceful. I never saw anyone laugh with such gusto as Dolores. There was the warm, emotional Latin, taking her merriment like a child. (*Continued on page* 122)

Four of the closest friends in Hollywood: Doug and Mary, Yvonne and Maurice Chevalier.

# A Matinee Idol's Wife

## An Actress Herself, Madame Chevalier Is Both an Old-Fashioned Wife and a Philosopher

By JACK BEVERLY

EVERYONE always wants to know about the wife of a great matinee idol. They go to see Maurice Chevalier on the screen, they find him irresistibly charming, a polished lover, a delightful personality. The embodiment of their own romantic dreams.

They are filled with a mixture of curiosity and envy concerning the woman who is fortunate enough to have so glamorous a person for a husband.

The first question is, "Is he married?" Yes, Monsieur Chevalier is married.

Then, "What's his wife like? Are they happy?"

So—enter madame.

A FRENCHWOMAN. A philosopher (are the two perhaps synonymous?). Herself an artist. But above all, a really old-fashioned wife, who believes in the sanctity of marriage, the obligations of wifehood, and the need of intelligence to carry out both.

From the mere viewpoint of the average man this Frenchman Chevalier is a very, very lucky man. I agree with those who consider Chevalier a boon and a blessing to the American screen. Long before he ever came to America I used to haunt the Palace in Paris to be cheered by that unequaled smile. I can understand why women think Chevalier fascinating.

I still say he's lucky.

Madame Chevalier is a person herself and a very distinctive one. If you met the two of them at a party anywhere, as we sometimes do, you'd notice Yvonne Chevalier and remember her much more distinctly than you would Maurice.

Madame Chevalier is appearing opposite her husband, the famous Maurice, in the French version of "The Little Café." She is well known on the Parisian stage.

In fact, the first time I ever saw her was at a party. Across the crowded drawing-room where Anita Murray, one of our younger beauties, had gathered half the celebrities in Hollywood, I noticed a little woman who stood out from all the rest, for two things. The amazing vivacity of her manner and the—how shall I say?—the un-Hollywood look of her face. It is sad, but true, that many of the beautiful girls of Hollywood have a peculiar sameness about them that occasionally palls.

The woman, gowned very simply in a soft blue, without any jewels, wore her black hair smooth over the brow and fluffed charmingly over her ears. Her black eyes were sparkling with life and laughter, her red mouth was smiling, pouting, talking, her gestures were swift and varied.

(*Continued on page* 111)

Photograph by Otto Dyar

Besides being a charming singer, Jeanette MacDonald is a ballet dancer of considerable ability. She has never danced on the screen but she did in several Broadway musical shows. You next will see Miss MacDonald in Ernst Lubitsch's newest effort, "Monte Carlo."

Swanky Palm Drive, Beverly Hills. Spiralling up into the hills, each drive is gemmed with a distinct tree species: the palm, the jacaranda, the eucalyptus, the magnolia, the pepper, the elm and the acacia.

# There's Gold in Them Thar BEVERLY HILLS

By
HERBERT HOWE

## Once a Cow Pasture, Beverly Is Now the Fastidious Home Town of the Stars

Special Photographs for NEW MOVIE by Stagg

RELAX your hold on drab life for a moment. Place yourself in the hypnotist's power. You are about to realize the Olympian ecstasy of taking a census of Beverly Hills. . . .

There now: You are knocking at the palaces of the stars, pronouncing *sesame* before the gates of Spanish castles, French chateaux and Aztec wigwams, swooning mid seraglios and swimming pools. Giddily you make your rounds counting stars and delving into their fair bosoms (with authority of Uncle Sam) to unlock such heart secrets as true age and actual marital condition.

Now ope the orbs and try to walk across the floor in a straight line. Doesn't the bean swim a little?

HE who has the imagination to endure this cruel ecstasy will feel only tolerance for the census-taker who this year became so intoxicated in a purely rhapsodical way that he quite forgot to count the mayor and his family.

The first count revealed Beverly to be the speediest town in the United States with a gain of 2500 per cent. in ten years and a population of 17,500. After repeated whoops from Mayor Will Rogers, the star enumerator pulled himself together sufficiently to go forth and inventory the Rogers' tribe. On his return he reported the population well over the 18,000 mark. Apart from Will's personal contribution, much of the growth should be credited to him, for it was made under his administration. This combined with the fact that there is not a poor man in the town makes Will the logical presidential candidate for prosperity in 1932.

Pickfair, the home of Doug and Mary. Pickfair, says Herb Howe, is regarded abroad as the most important American residence, next to the White House.

**First Cows, Then Stars**—Beverly Hills was originally a cow pasture. That's why Will Rogers was attracted to it some ten years ago. He's an old cow hand whose pastime still is ropin'. When it was decided to turn the pasture into a town Will

Golden Beverly Hills with some of Its Stars: ↑Harold Lloyd Estate ↑ Home of John Gilbert ↑ Home of John Barrymore

was elected mayor by unanimous vote of the cattle. His success later on in roping in the movie stars only goes to prove that they too are human and want to be contented.

Beverly originally was a Mexican land grant, the Rancho de las Aguas, which in Spanish means "the Ranch of Water." This name was used to attract the cattle. You'll note the realtors changed it when they set out to attract the movie stars. "Beverly" suggests a contraction of the old English "beverage," which now flows more freely than the agua.

The deed which Harold Lloyd received to his baronial estate shows the original Mexican grant in operation. Only one owner intervenes between Harold and the first don. Water still trickles through Harold's estate but Harold doesn't keep cows and so it is used for land-scaping and to make the golf course a little more intricate.

**Beverly vs. Hollywood**—A city by herself Beverly lies a gem on the panting bosom of Los Angeles. Time after time she has tilted her chin at an invitation to join the civic circus surrounding her. Hollywood, on the other hand, is merely a suburb studding the Los Angeles diadem. Hollywood is Broadway. Beverly is Fifth Avenue. People work in Hollywood; they live in Beverly. No overalled laborer is ever seen beneath the trees of Beverly's perfumed boulevards, no extras flashily attired in imitation of the stars, no tourist Fords with flying buttresses of beds and camping outfits. Beverly is fastidious. Beverly is elegant. Beverly has the languor and the luxury of Miss Corinne Griffith, who owns large hunks of it.

Even the air differs from that of Hollywood. There isn't the gas. The aristocratic monogrammed motors with chauffeurs liveried are too polite to belch carbon monoxide. Then, too, the sea air comes to Beverly, but refuses to proceed the few miles further to plebeian Hollywood. This wine in the atmosphere, combined with the genteel quietude, the scented shade and the recurrent melody of church bells, makes you think of Cannes and other sybaritic spots of the French Riviera. All Beverly needs is a few sidewalk cafés and she can compete with any European resort, wine included.

**Why Birds Like Beverly**—C. A. Canfield, father of Daisy (Mrs. Tony) Moreno, created Beverly Hills in collaboration with H. E. Huntington. Being very rich these gentlemen were able to be gay about it, which, of course, is the only way to be in creating anything. Most towns just grow, but Beverly was a favored child.

Disregarding the mathematical pattern of other cities, Papas Canfield and Huntington twined their streets together like strands of a woman's hair. Spiralling up into the hills each drive is gemmed with a distinct tree species—the jacaranda that is a delicate violet cloud in springtime, the eucalyptus that grows a ruby fire a little later, the magnolia pearled with blossoms of heady perfume,

The Church of the Good Shepherd, at Bedford and Santa Monica Boulevards. Here took place the royal wedding of Rod La Rocque and Vilma Banky, a social triumph that changed the style to court trains, starry retinues and batteries of movie cameras.

The Sweep of Beverly Hills with some of the Stellar Homes: Home of Tom Mix ↑ Home of Buster Keaton ↑ Home of Marion Davies ↑

the swooning pepper with pungent clusters, the aloof majestic palm, the dignified elm, the sweetly seducing acacia, all two by two in a rhythmic weaving go marching up to the undulant hills.

Even the business streets are gendarmed with poplars and camphor trees. This makes shopping pleasant. But merchants protest that the birds who nest in the trees are not desirable citizens for exclusive Beverly. Lady shoppers complain, they say. It is about their hats. Nevertheless I am sure that if it were put to a popular vote the roguish birds would win over the ladies' hats.

**Heart of Movie World**—Beverly Hills is nine miles from the business center of Los Angeles, fifteen minutes by car from Santa Monica and the ocean. An imaginary line divides her from Hollywood. Toward the ocean on the West is Westwood, with the great Fox Movietone studios. To the South a few miles lies Culver City with the Metro-Goldwyn studios, Pathé and Hal Roach. Over the range of hills that forms the Beverly background is San Fernando valley where Mack Sennett, the Christies, Universal and First National have their haciendas. Beverly, rather than Hollywood, is the geographic heart of the movie world. Yet she is isolated from the honky-tonk spirit of moviedom.

Hollywood Boulevard already has begun to fray a little with blowsy lunch-rooms and clothing stores that bid for the Filipino servant boy trade. Beverly offers no such haunts. Her shops deal in diamonds and tweeds. They are gleaming new in modern and period designs. A vegetable and fruit market is done in black and silver in the latest mode. A few doors away there is an arcade with dreamy palm-centered patio that has the illusion of antiquity.

**Home of Hymen** — The hotels are the finest. The old Beverly Hills—old and yet in its 'teens—is of Mission architecture set in a park of voluptuous gardens with bungalows scattered carelessly about. The new Beverly-Wilshire on Wilshire Boulevard is as magnificent as any hotel of Paris. Of French and Italian renaissance its apartments are individually decorated and furnished with hand-carved French furniture. Its crystal dining-room is a particularly fascinating rendezvous for the movie four hundred, its walls being made of mirror. The gold ballroom has become the parade ground for the local Hymen. Here several orchestras and spotlights played for the nuptial pageant of Ben Bard and Ruth Roland. Lowell Sherman and Helene Costello likewise received their conjugal blessing here.

Stars party in Hollywood and marry in Beverly. Elopement used to be the fashion in the early days of Hollywood romance. However, the royal wedding of Rod La Rocque and Vilma Banky in the Church of the Good Shepherd was a social triumph that changed the style. Now stars are wedded like other folk, only more so, with organ music, court trains, starry retinues and many cameras.

**Industry of Beverly**—Beverly Hills is surrounded by nine golf courses. This gives you some idea of its

Photograph by Gene Kornman

Harold Lloyd in front of his baronial estate. Harold's deed shows the original Mexican grant in operation. Only one owner intervenes between the comedian and the first don.

The Moreno home on Moreno Heights, with its beautiful vista. Mrs. Moreno's father, C. A. Canfield, created Beverly Hills in collaboration with H. E. Huntington. Being exceedingly rich these gentlemen were able to be very gay about their plans, says Herb Howe. Most towns just grow, but Beverly was a favored child.

leading industry. There are several polo fields near by, including Mayor Will Rogers', but I'm told Lil Tashman's drawing-room is the polo boys' favorite field.

The horse show is the annual event. There is a bridle path serpenting for two miles through the heart of Beverly. Here you may always see a star or two performing on horseback without aid of double.

Then, of course, there are the private swimming pools, and tennis courts. A house in Beverly without is rated a hovel.

"For hundreds of years, the most homeless and irresponsible gypsy in the world was the actor. Perhaps he has been waiting for just such a community as this."—Conrad Nagel.

The new University of California spreads its campus over the hills just west of Beverly. There are also military academies and girls' schools to which the kiddies may be sent while mammas and papas are golfing, swimming, racketing and high-balling.

**Architectural Variety** — A steamship pamphlet advertising a round-the-world tour features among the promised sights a picture of the "Witch's House" in Beverly Hills. A strange Mother Goose creation of broken roof lines and eerie windows, this house was the studio of Irwin Willat. When he abandoned picture production, the structure was moved to Beverly Hills where it is now the residence of Ward Lascelles, another picture executive.

Everyone planning a home should visit Beverly Hills for it offers every conceivable style of residence. The Spanish type with stucco walls, red-tile roof and patio steeped in flowers is the favorite. But there are also colonial mansions with pillars and balconies, square Italian villas, English cottages, Tudor castles, low, thick-walled Mexican ranch houses, California bungalows, chateaux that have been copied from those of Touraine, and casas more Moorish than the Baron D'Erlanger's in Tunis.

If I were being paid by the word I would list the stars who live in Beverly and then retire to a life of luxury in one of the castles. But all the residents are not movie-famous. E. L. Doheny, the oil magnate, has a million-dollar estate which is perhaps the most palatial of all, though personally I prefer Harold Lloyd's.

**Why Stars Live in Beverly**—"Nowhere in America can the man or woman desirous of the best and finest in life find more than Beverly Hills has to offer," declares Conrad Nagel, a leading citizen. "For hundreds of years the most homeless and irresponsible gypsy in the world has been the professional actor. Perhaps for hundreds of years he has been waiting for just such a community as this in which to settle down and prove he can be a good citizen."

Mary Pickford, always practical, says, "In the first place, of course, we live in Beverly Hills because it is near our studio. Of all the garden spots within motoring distance of our work Beverly is the most beautiful. It is concentrated California offering everything for which our

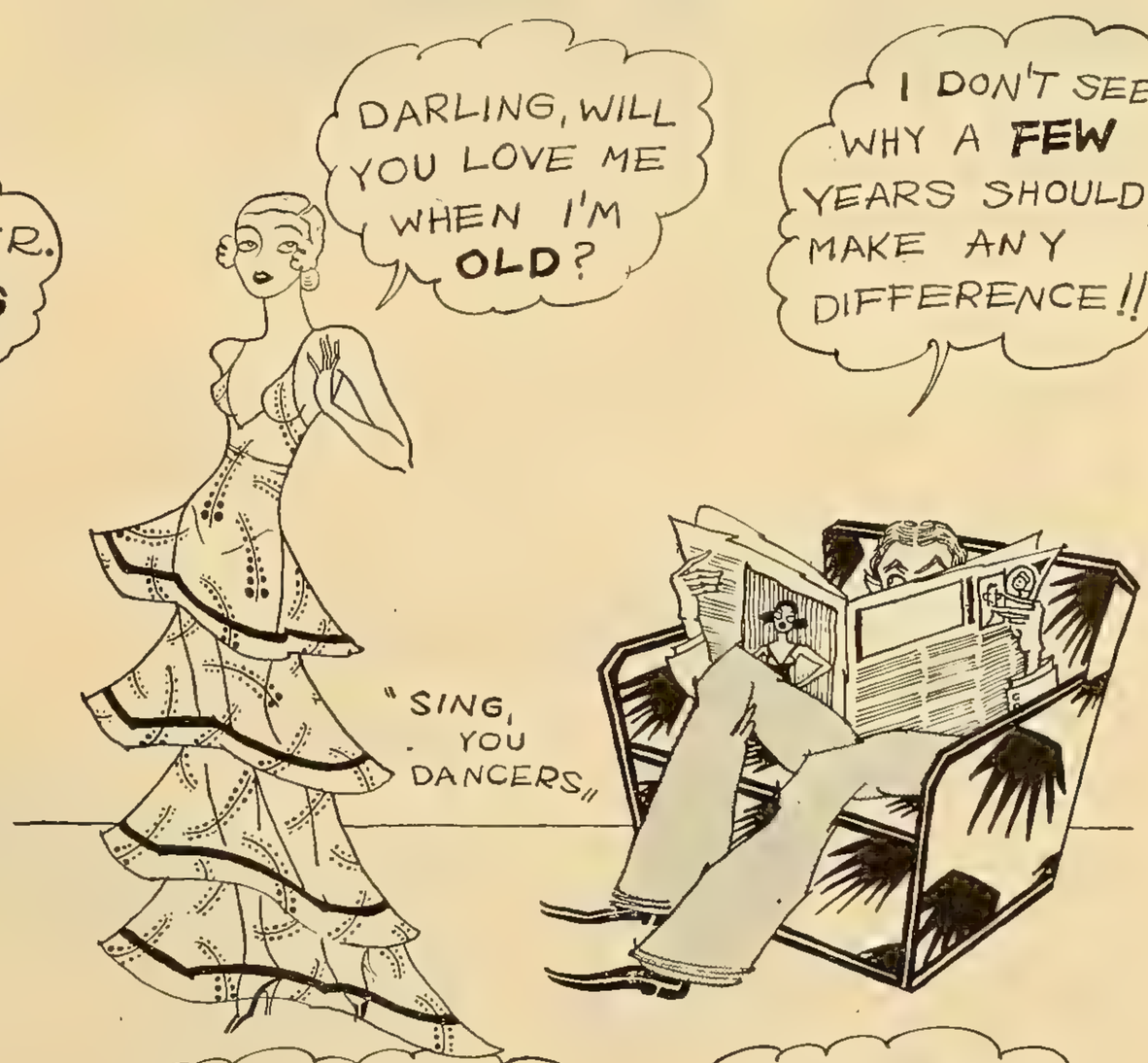
(*Continued on page* 97)

Irwin Willat's famous Witch's House in Beverly Hills. A strange Mother Goose creation of broken roof lines and eerie windows, this house was Willat's studio. It was moved to Beverly Hills and is now an everyday private residence.

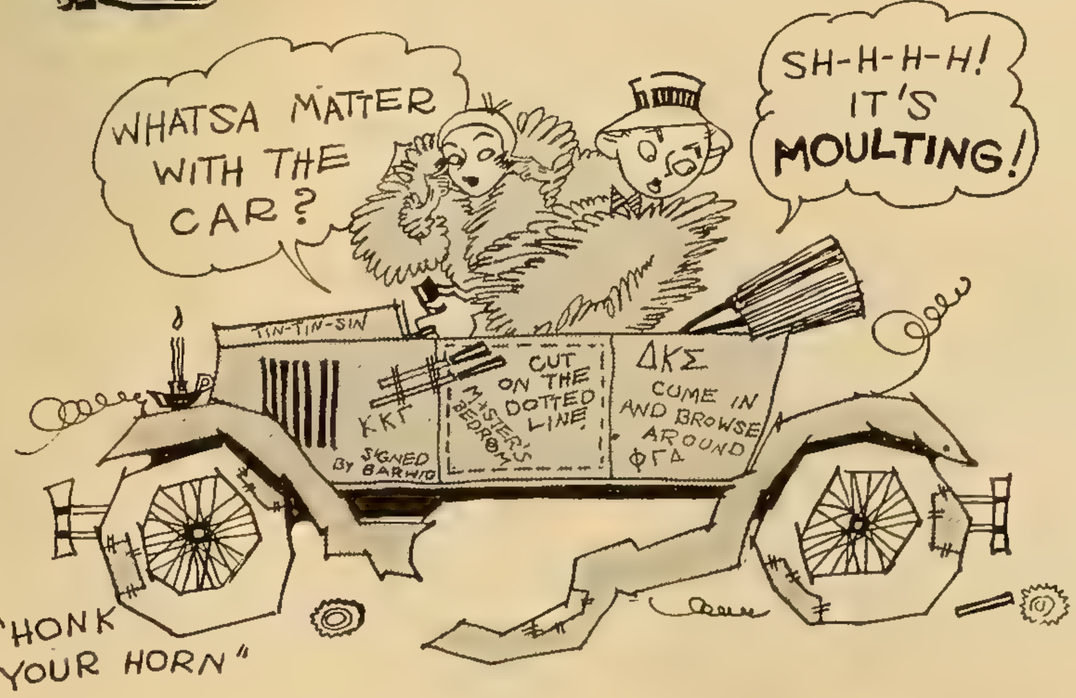
# LAUGHS OF THE FILMS

"GOOD NEWS"

EDDIE CANTOR IN "INSURANCE"




"SING, YOU DANCERS"

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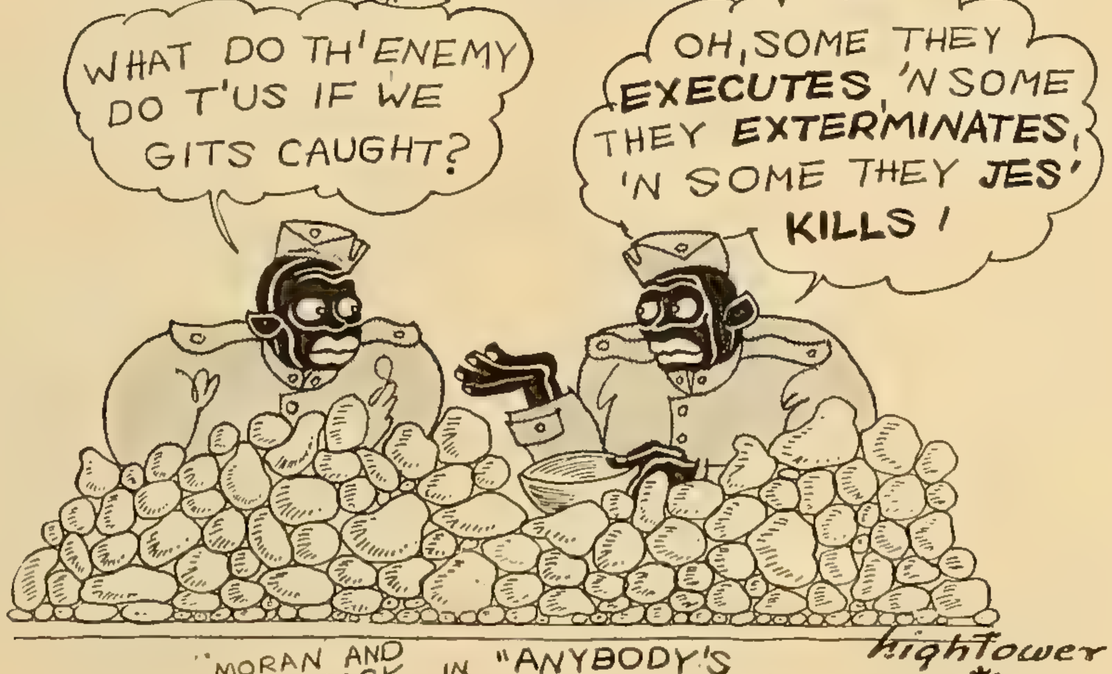



"MORAN AND MACK IN "ANYBODY'S WAR"

hightower

# ADVENTURES in

Monte Blue was discovered by D. W. Griffith while making a socialistic oration from a soap box. Up to that time Blue, who is part Cherokee Indian, had been a day laborer, cowboy, locomotive fireman and lumberjack.

## Further Stories About Hollywood and its Famous Folk—Mack Sennett, Monte Blue, Von Sternberg and Others

### By JIM TULLY

JOSEF VON STERNBERG, now a world famous director, was first interviewed by me when he was completely unknown. An artist with a camera, a showman by instinct, he is a sensitive, intelligent and often belligerent fellow.

One of the most gifted directors who ever came to Hollywood, he was the joke of many inferior people for some time. It was B. P. Schulberg, one of the most understanding executives in the film industry, who made of von Sternberg a highly successful director.

Within a year after he had arrived in Hollywood, von Sternberg was a sensation. He wrote and directed "The Salvation Hunters" and produced it for five thousand dollars. It received much acclaim. Mary Pickford engaged him to direct her in a film. Later he went to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios.

Most of "The Salvation Hunters" was filmed in a mud flat at San Pedro Harbor. George K. Arthur, Andreas Randolf, Otto Matieson, Stuart Holmes and Georgia Hale were in the cast.

The picture completed, Arthur prevailed on Alfred Reeves, Chaplin's production manager, to show it to the great comedian. Chaplin interested Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford in the film. Nazimova, Elinor Glyn, William de Mille, Marion Davies, Frank Keenan, Tom Geraghty, and Thomas H. Ince also praised the picture highly. The accepted formulae and traditions of screen action were disregarded.

I said at the time, "Salvation Finder for pictures." In *Wid's Weekly*, Wid Gunning said, "If this shows great direction, I'm a prima donna." Most of the exhibitors agreed with Wid.

Shortly after the picture was previewed, von Sternberg said: "I have the European idea of serving an apprenticeship. I have served in every capacity in the technical production of pictures. I have worked and I have studied, and did what I set out to do when I made the picture."

His position was apparently propitious. However, he disagreed with Miss Pickford, and he was replaced by another director, after he had written her a story using the industrial background of Pittsburgh as the setting for the film.

At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, he directed first "The Exquisite Sinner," and followed with "The Masked Bride," in which Mae Murray was starred. In the midst of the second picture, his contract was broken by mutual consent. He left for Europe.

On his return he was signed by Charlie Chaplin to direct a picture starring Edna Purviance. The film was called "A Woman of the Sea." Chaplin took a reported loss of ninety thousand dollars, rather than release the picture. Preview critics said the picture was beautiful, not human. Rumor said von Sternberg's treatment had given the supporting players too much importance.

Although von Sternberg had been working almost continually, little of his work had been seen by the public.

HE was next signed by B. P. Schulberg. He was to have charge of the photographic effects in the production of Ben Hecht's story, "Underworld."

Before the picture started, he was assigned to direct added scenes of Frank Lloyd's picture, "Children of Divorce." The retakes were so good that von Sternberg was given "Underworld" to direct.

"Underworld" was a sensation.

Josef von Sternberg, says Mr. Tully, is an artist with the camera, a showman by instinct. He is a sensitive, intelligent and often belligerent fellow. Von Sternberg had a tough time getting a foothold in Hollywood.

# INTERVIEWING

The director received the major share of credit for the production, although performances of the players were noteworthy. His next picture, "The Last Command," in which Emil Jannings was starred, was also a sensational box-office success.

The rest of his career is interesting film history. His latest assignment at Paramount is "Morocco," in which the famous German stage and screen beauty, Marlene Dietrich, is to be starred. Miss Dietrich speaks English fluently. Her training as an actress was received under Max Reinhardt. Remembering von Sternberg's success in directing Jannings, this next film should arouse great interest.

MONTE BLUE is one of the few who can say that interest in social uplift headed him on the path to success. Monte literally shouted his way to fame from a soap box.

One-time day laborer, locomotive fireman and lumberjack, he drifted to Los Angeles with the many attracted by the new Golconda—the promise of ready work in pictures. His vision of extra work at high wages vanished more slowly than his small capital. Faced with actual hunger, he sought work as a day laborer on the film lot. His wages were twenty cents an hour. He worked ten hours a day.

An amateur Socialist, he had been exiled from a Northern city for preaching to his fellow workers such fallacies as equality and universal brotherhood.

Forgetting this hard-learned lesson, he undertook to address other shovel-wielders during their lunch hours. Mounting a convenient soap-box, he launched upon his customary harangue. The future directors listened patiently, probably welcoming the novelty more than the wisdom of the speech.

As the oration reached its vehement climax, the speaker suddenly stopped, chagrin and amazement flooding his face. For at the edge of the little gathering stood the great man of the lot, slouch hat pulled low over a rough hewn face. The would-be Socialist gazed with awe at David Wark Griffith.

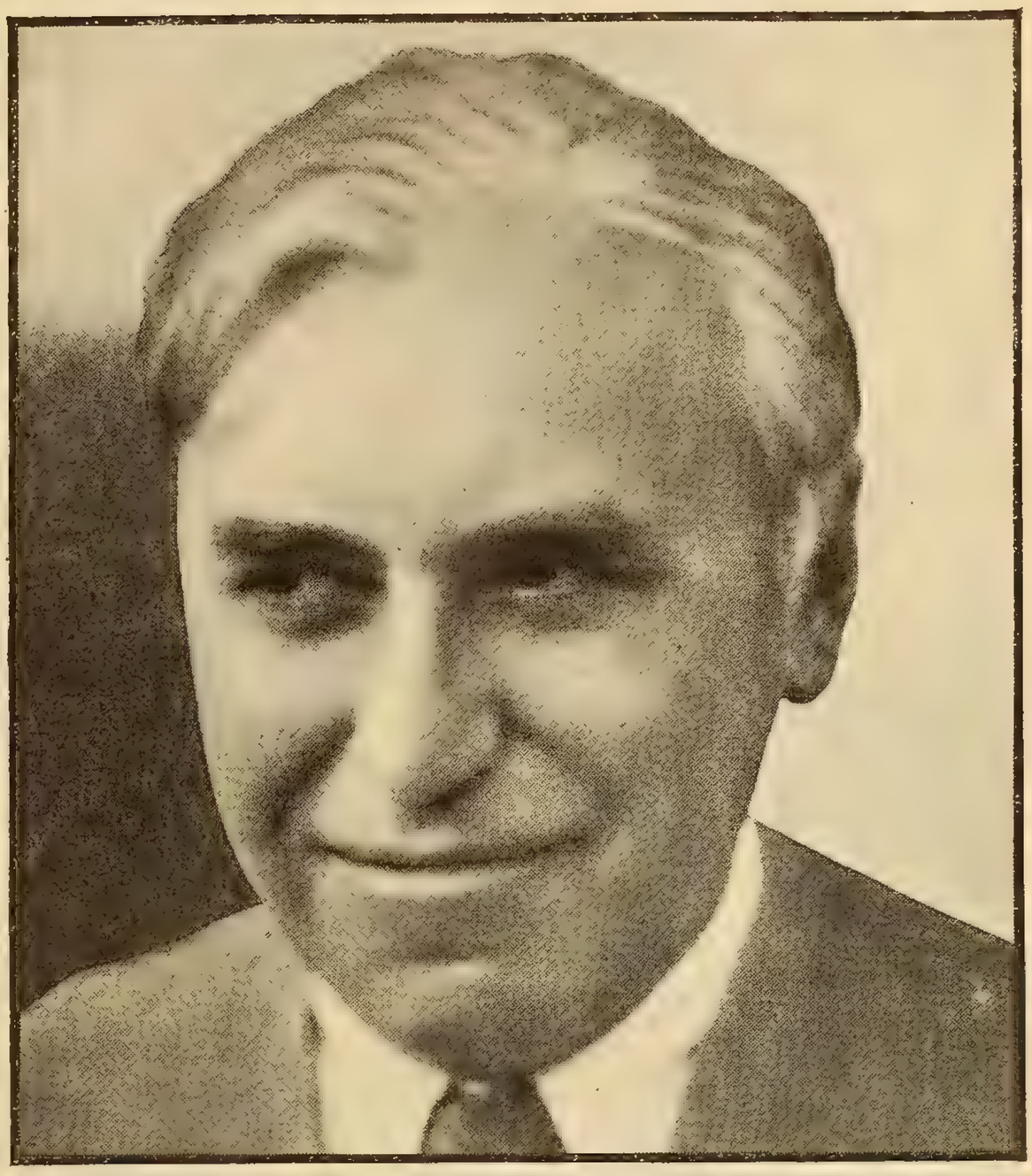
Aimee Semple McPherson, meeting God, could have been no more chagrined.

THE great director was in a benevolent mood. "Go on," he said to Monte, "I like to hear you talk."

At the end, Griffith said, "Do you want to be an actor?"

Embarrassed, the day laborer replied, "No—I don't know anything about acting."

Griffith's answer has eluded posterity, or myself. He had undoubtedly seen other film players and concluded that the day laborer was too modest.



Mack Sennett is one of the great among film pioneers. His comedies were landmarks of screen progress and his discoveries have helped fill the celluloid heavens. His greatest finds were Mabel Normand and Gloria Swanson.

Some days later a scene was filmed in which a speaker was required to incite a mob of extras. Griffith remembered Monte Blue.

After playing the part, he was placed on the studio pay-roll at a weekly guarantee of ten dollars. If he worked before the camera he received five dollars for that day. However, there seemed to be very few rôles which required a blustering digger of postholes.

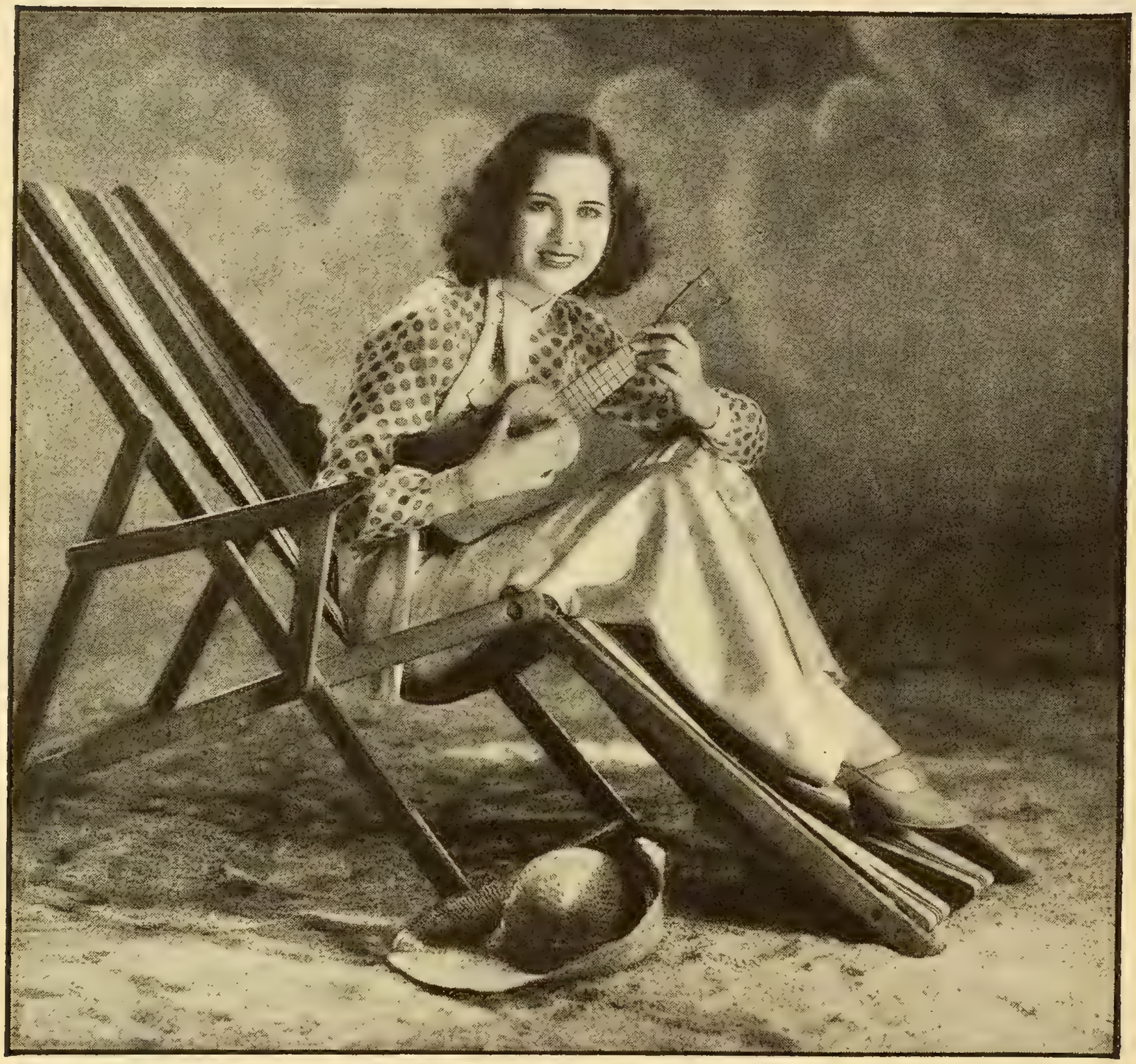
Monte Blue was an expert rider. He had a strain of Cherokee Indian blood and had been a cowboy on a Montana ranch. He therefore became official "stunt" man of the studio. He was called upon to risk his life repeatedly, in order that mediocre actors might acquire reputations as dare-devils. When not doubling, Monte Blue helped care for the horses.

Griffith decided to film "Intolerance,"

(*Continued on page* 118)

"Underworld" was a sensational hit—and made Director Von Sternberg famous. In it George Bancroft rose to fine histrionic heights and Evelyn Brent gave a really corking performance.

# HOME TOWN STORIES



Mary Brian always will be Louise Dantzler to her schoolmates in Dallas, Texas. Mary was born in Corsicana but, after her father's death, her mother moved to Dallas. Mary never took part in school entertainments. She was too shy.

BY MABEL DUKE

of The Dallas Dispatch of Dallas, Texas

A TIMID little girl with shoulder-length curls and a shy smile.

That's how Dallas remembers Mary Brian, who left Texas six years ago and who has since become one of the screen's prettiest and most promising young actresses. In Hollywood Mary is known now as something of a heartbreaker. She is one of the most popular young girls in the colony and numbers among her admirers such idols as Buddy Rogers and Rudy Vallee.

It was not so a few years ago. Mary, who used to be Louise Dantzler, was so shy she almost never had a date, and on the rare occasions when she did go out, it was generally a "double-date" with another couple.

DALLAS remembers Mary Brian well. The girls and boys she went to school with are now in college or among the newly married. Several of her former classmates correspond with her regularly and some of them have visited in her home in California.

To her Dallas friends, Mary remains Louise. They recall how she used to roll her hair up in paper curlers and how shy she used to be. Her teachers tell of how she made high grades on examinations but seldom would recite in class.

Her closest friend was Grace Erwin, now Mrs. Robert Hunsaker. They were the same height, the same age, Grace was as blond as Mary was dark, and they were continually together.

"Louise was always mad about the movies," Grace recalls. "She always dreamed of being an actress, and we encouraged her because we realized she was beautiful and talented. She and I used to rush downtown after school to see a movie before going home. She talked, dreamed, studied and thought moving pictures. To be an actress was her one ambition. Louise wasn't a good mixer but, once acquainted, she was full of pep. Besides the movies, she loved swimming, dancing and football."

GRACE and Mary became close friends when they lived in the same house on Ross Avenue. Mary, with her mother and brother, Torrence, lived upstairs and the Erwins lived downstairs.

Mary was born in

Louise Dantzler (now Mary Brian) lived for years in this house in Ross Avenue, Dallas, which is now vacant.

# OF THE STARS

## Dallas, Texas, Knew Mary Brian as a Shy Little Girl Who Always Longed to be a Motion Picture Actress

Mary Brian (right) and her chum, Grace Erwin Hunsaker, dressed up for an apron and overall party given by their school. Even at fourteen, Mary's histrionic talent was beginning to assert itself.

Corsicana, Texas, a small town about sixty-five miles from Dallas. When she was very young, her father died, leaving Mrs. Dantzler to support Mary and Torrence.

Mrs. Dantzler moved to Dallas, where there was greater opportunity for work, and here she found employment in one of the large jewelry stores. Mary kept house and went to school while her mother worked. When she grew older Mary managed the housekeeping very well, but her culinary talents were nothing to brag of. After a few attempts to eat charred steaks and biscuits as hard as marbles, Torrence and Mrs. Dantzler rebelled and arranged to eat their meals next door.

"I guess I'll have to be an actress or a stenographer or something," Mary used to say, "for I'll certainly never succeed as a housewife and cook."

UNLIKE most girls who later grow up to be actresses, Mary did not study dancing or expression and she did not appear on home talent programs. Finances did not permit expensive lessons and Mary was too shy to go in for the Little Theatre movements. Her latent talent, however, is apparent in some old snapshots. Grace and Mary would dress up in all sorts of costumes and play theater.

One tribute to her beauty was accorded to her in Dallas, however. A contest was held to select the ten most beautiful girls in the city. Mary, then a junior in Bryan High School, sent in her photograph and she was selected one of the winners. That was a flattering taste of success and Mary was anxious for more. So, to please her daughter, Mrs. Dantzler resigned her job and took her two children to California to live with Mary's uncle and aunt.

Mary Brian, as Louise Dantzler, snapped in the yard of the house on Ross Avenue. Note the styles of the day. The snapshots on this page were loaned to NEW MOVIE by Mrs. Hunsaker.

Soon after they reached Los Angeles Mary entered another beauty contest and won the personality prize. Part of the award was a week's engagement in a motion picture prologue at a Los Angeles theater. Herbert Brenon saw her there and engaged her for the rôle of Wendy in "Peter Pan." Everyone knows her progress since.

Her Dallas friends have watched every step of Mary's career with tremendous interest and seen the promise of her early youth fulfilled.

"YOU can't imagine how thrilled Louise was when she was given the rôle of Wendy," relates Grace. "She wrote us immediately and she was so happy that all her dreams were coming true. And we were glad for her."

When Mary's pictures are shown at the local theaters her name is always featured above that of the star, and the newspapers carry stories of the home-town girl who made good.

Mary has changed little since she left here except to become more poised and even more beautiful, her friends declare. The only time she has returned for a visit since her departure was about four years ago when, en route from New York to Los Angeles, she stopped over for thirty minutes. She telegraphed a few friends of her impending arrival and they were at the station to see her when the train pulled in.

After she made such a splendid success and became a full-fledged movie actress, some wondered if she had become "high-hat."

Last summer a boy who knew Mary in high school visited in California. He was boasting of his old acquaintance with a screen star and his friends dared him to call on her.

"I'll bet she's forgotten you," they laughed. "She's a big screen star now and, you know, stars have short memories for the folks who 'knew them when.'"

Just for a lark the boy called and not only did she remember him, but she invited him to her home for a visit.

Another Dallas boy who went to school with her and who is now a newspaper reporter in Dallas, wrote a story about her last winter and mailed her a clipping. Back came a friendly letter thanking him for the article and recalling memories of their school days together.

Which goes to show how "upstage" she is!

## More Home Town Stories of Your Favorites Coming in Future Issues of NEW MOVIE

The waltz scene from "The Merry Widow," with John Gilbert and Mae Murray. A perfect example of the synchronization of suggested music and motion. This scene was selected by many stars.

# Big MOMENTS of SCREEN HISTORY

BY DICK HYLAND

WHAT are the five "Big Moments" of motion picture history?

What five scenes from the thousands shot still are remembered?

Over and over again this subject makes fascinating controversy and dinner table conversation in the film colony of Hollywood. Everyone likes to discuss it, to recall vivid dramatic or brilliant comedy situations from pictures which have been loved in the past.

So often has it come up that NEW MOVIE decided to make an investigation and to ask the big stars of the screen to give their own favorites.

The question was to be asked and answered immediately, on the theory that those which had really made the deepest impression would come spontaneously. The results, given below, are amazingly interesting, cover a wide range of time and type. And they should provide the readers of NEW MOVIE with a new topic when talking about pictures.

Every star answered quickly and honestly, gave reasons, and allowed no personal favoritism to enter into the Big Moments they mentioned.

Try this with a group of your own friends some evening, see how nearly they approach the star's reactions, and, if you like, send your results to us.

Here are stars' own favorite scenes from the entire history of the motion picture.

The banquet which nobody attended in "The Gold Rush" and possibly the greatest moment in Chaplin's career. Maurice Chevalier named this as one of the five great moments of film history.

# The Famous Stars Select Their Favorite Motion Picture Scenes

The famous chariot race of "Ben Hur." Marie Dressler and several notable screen favorites gained their biggest screen thrills from this scene.

### Janet Gaynor

1. The never-to-be-forgotten scene from "The Ten Commandments" which showed the crossing of the Red Sea by Moses and the Children of Israel. It was a great spiritual experience to behold actually before your eyes such a moment from Biblical history.

2. The pathetic plight of Lillian Gish when she was trapped on the ice in " 'Way Down East." This stirred the greatest feeling of pathos and was, in Miss Gaynor's opinion, the highest point of acting ever reached by a screen actress.

3. The realism of Mary Pickford's emotional outburst in the cabin during John Mack Brown's death scene from "Coquette."

4. In "The Merry Widow," John Gilbert and Mae Murray doing the "Merry Widow Waltz." The synchronization of suggested music and motion remains a highlight in her screen memory.

5. From "What Price Glory?" Miss Gaynor said: "As long as I live and memory lasts I will never forget the utter pathos and the sublime artistry of Victor McLaglen's performance in the dugout during the fighting when he 'mothered' the young soldier, Barry Norton, at his death."

### Maurice Chevalier

1. "The Gold Rush." The scene where Charlie Chaplin has prepared dinner for the girls and waits for them to come. They do not come and he looks toward their dance hall with a mixture of terrible hurt, bravado and bewilderment. His effort to be gallant in his disappointment.

2. "The Son of Zorro." Where Douglas Fairbanks as the father comes to the aid of his son, also played by Fairbanks, and the two fight against the intruders.

3. Mary Pickford's expressions when she fights with Douglas Fairbanks in the bedroom in "The Taming of the Shrew." Her smile when she thinks she has beaten him is the most charming smile M. Chevalier has ever seen on the screen.

4. "Variety." Emil Jannings cooking while Lya de Putti is sleeping.

5. Ramon Novarro's early love scenes in the first part of "Devil-May-Care."

Emil Jannings as the doorman of "The Last Laugh," one of the great characterizations of all motion picture history.

### Joan Crawford

1. The scene from "Flesh and the Devil," in which Gilbert lights the cigarette for Garbo. The subtlety of this scene is unsurpassed. It conveyed more with less material than any screen moment.

2. The scene from "Coquette," in the cabin, just following the death of her lover, when Mary Pickford reaches the greatest heights of emotion and grief and finally sinks to the floor exhausted.

3. "The Way of All Flesh." Emil Jannings, as the old bum, sitting in the gallery of the theater, listening to his son's great concert.

4. The farewell scene between John Gilbert and Renée Adorée, as she chases after the truck which is bearing him away to the front.

5. In "The Trespasser," where Gloria Swanson straightens the collar of her small son's coat before sending him away.

# What Film Scenes Are Most Vivid in Your Memory?

Remember Rudolph Valentino and his tango in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." This scene lifted Rudie to film greatness and started him upon his meteoric career. This also was the big moment of Rex Ingram's directorial career.

### Charles Farrell

1. The courtroom scene from "Big Brother," in which the boy tells the judge how wonderful his big brother, Tom Moore, really is.

2. John Gilbert, Karl Dane and Tom O'Brien, as the three soldiers, coming through the woods together in the battle scenes of "The Big Parade."

3. "The Street of Chance." William Powell, as Natural Davis, coming down the hotel stairs after he has been shot. This is great acting. By his movement and expression, Powell instantly told the audience what had happened and that he was dying. A fine example of restrained emotion that is still powerful enough to "get over."

4. The death scene in "Wings," with Dick Arlen and Buddy Rogers. Its absolute sincerity stands out for all time.

5. The comedy scene in "Two Arabian Nights," when Louis Wolheim looks back at the attendant of the harem.

### Clara Bow

1. Richard Arlen's death scene from "Wings," with Buddy Rogers. Because it expressed the real and beautiful love two men may have for each other and was so real and sincere.

2. The parting of the Red Sea in "The Ten Commandments." It was tremendous and impressive, because you had read it and saw it happen.

3. "The Kid." Charlie Chaplin and Jackie Coogan being chased by the cop. This is a mixture of pathos and comedy and was so beautifully done.

4. Lawrence Tibbett singing while being lashed in "The Rogue Song." The best use of the voice to express drama and emotion yet seen in the talkies.

5. Gloria Swanson in the pickpocket scene in the park, from "The Humming Bird." Complete characterization.

### John Gilbert

1. Henry Walthall's home-coming in "The Clansman," where he finds Mae Marsh standing in the doorway trying to make the cotton on her dress look like ermine. The height of emotional beauty, naturalness and moving sentiment.

2. Richard Barthelmess finding Lillian Gish dead in "Broken Blossoms." The finest single piece of acting any man has done on the screen.

3. Constance Talmadge in the chariot ride from "Intolerance." Mr. Gilbert says: "I saw this again recently, when it was run in Hollywood by Marion Davies for charity. It still is outstanding for its vivid life and picturesque quality."

4. The Viking's funeral in "Beau Geste," where Ralph Forbes set fire to the body of his brother, Ronald Colman.

5. Norma Talmadge in the garden scene from "Smilin' Through."

### Marie Dressler

1. The chariot race scenes from "Ben Hur." A per-

The touching scene between Richard Arlen and Buddy Rogers in "Wings." Arlen played the ill-fated airman.

# Here the Stars of Hollywood Make Their Selection

fect production of a scene which is classic in literature. The biggest thrill in any picture.

2. The dinner party scene in "The Gold Rush" in which Chaplin waited for the guests who never came. Pantomime at its height.

3. "The Way of All Flesh." Emil Jannings in the gallery, seeing his son a success and listening to his wonderful work as an artist.

4. The revival scenes from "Hallelujah." The best mob scene ever filmed.

5. "He Who Gets Slapped." The killing of Lon Chaney. It took you out of your seat with sheer emotional intensity.

### Al Jolson

1. The birthday party in "Stella Dallas," where Belle Bennett and Lois Moran make all preparations for the little girl's guests who do not arrive.

2. The return of the lover, Charles Farrell, to Janet Gaynor, in "Seventh Heaven." The most exquisite love scene yet produced.

3. The first view showing the boy, Richard Barthelmess, and the girl, May McAvoy, seeing each other as really beautiful in "The Enchanted Cottage." A spiritual uplift never to be forgotten.

4. Charlie Chaplin in "Shoulder Arms." The scene where he was the only one in the trench who didn't get a letter.

5. "All Quiet on the Western Front." The return of Paul—Lew Ayres—to his home after his long stay at the front.

Probably you remember the famous scene where Lillian Gish visited the hospital in "The Birth of a Nation." Remember the famous bit contributed by the sentry who sighed as Lillian passed. The bit was so striking that D. W. Griffith spent a year trying to locate the unknown actor who played this part. But he failed.

The scenes between Jack Gilbert and Renée Adorée in "The Big Parade" were favorite big moments.

### Bebe Daniels

1. Pola Negri in "Passion." The scene where she hides her lover from the king. Because it is the most intense and convincing emotion any woman has given the screen.

2. The Viking's funeral from "Beau Geste." Ralph Forbes burns his brother's body. Real drama and sentiment, played with sincerity. Also because in itself it is a tremendous situation. The author deserves most credit for this one.

3. George Arliss in "Disraeli," waiting for word from his wife's sick bed. The height of finesse.

4. Norma Talmadge. "The garden scene from "Smilin' Through," where she reappears to her lover.

5. Charlie Chaplin in "Shoulder Arms." Where he doesn't get a letter. The perfect combination of pathos and comedy.

(*Continued on page* 116)

Photograph by Gene Robert Richee

## NANCY CARROLL

Miss Carroll, who was dancing in the chorus of Broadway musical comedies not so long ago, has been stepping right along cinematically. If you saw her in "The Devil's Holiday" you will agree that Miss Carroll has been graduated from mere cutie roles. NEW MOVIE, by the way, is going to tell you a lot about Miss Carroll in a special story next month. Watch for it.

# I REPAY a DEBT

How the Great and the Unknown of Hollywood came to Ma Janis for her unfailing advice and comfort.

"There was between Ma Janis and her daughter Elsie a love which, as Mary Pickford says, should be recorded with the great love stories of the ages."

International News Photos

Elsie Janis and her mother.

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

HOLLYWOOD didn't go to Elsie Janis' house just to see and hear the brilliant Elsie.

Hollywood went to see Elsie's mother.

Mary Pickford spent many a quiet afternoon with Mrs. Janis, and in some small measure eased her loneliness for her own mother.

Ruth Chatterton, whom Mrs. Janis called her "blonde daughter," talked out her problems there many a time.

Ramon Novarro sang his best songs for "Jenny" alone.

The great and the unknown passed through that door seeking advice and comfort and the blunt, unvarnished truth for which she was famous.

Among many others, I owed Elsie's mother a great debt, though perhaps she never knew it. This little story is just an effort to repay that debt by reminding the world that in her passing one of the great ones of earth has gone from our midst.

THE fire burned low in the big, old-fashioned grate. Outside, the wind whistled across fields white with drifted snow. The curtains were drawn against the winter night.

I sat on one side of the fireplace in a big, comfortable chair. I was very unhappy. In the fashion of today's woman, I had just succeeded in making rather an elegant mess of a number of things and I couldn't see my way out of the tangle. By trying to be smart, I had given the man I loved a pretty bad impression of me and of how I felt about him. And I had been stuck for two months on the end of a novel which was already in publication. Ray Long, the editor of *Cosmopolitan*, was making life exceedingly unpleasant for me and I was only surprised that he didn't order me shot at sunrise. But I couldn't seem to write. Every last installment I turned out was worse than the one before.

I was alone in New York and I had had no one to go to, to talk the thing out with. My mind was in a hopeless confusion and my heart was very, very heavy.

On the other side of the fireplace sat a small, elderly woman, with a deeply lined face and keen black eyes. I didn't know her very well—just to meet socially. I had seen her the day before in the lobby of a theater and after a good look at me she had invited me to come out in the country and spend a couple of days. The invitation surprised me, but I went.

Then somehow, as the fire glowed and the wind whistled and her keen black eyes softened, I found myself doing what I had believed impossible—talking my head off, telling my troubles, explaining what a fool I'd been and how impossible and desperate everything looked to me. Everyone, I suppose, has those moments. That was perhaps the blackest one I'd known since my father died.

WHEN I had told my story, the woman began to talk. Quietly, strongly, not too sympathetically. I knew where I could get plenty of sympathy. That wasn't what I needed and she knew it.

She said, "You've made some mistakes. That's not unusual. When you're my age you'll find that mistakes are relatively unimportant. It isn't the mistakes you make that count in the long run, it's what you do immediately following them that is important to you."

### THE PHILOSOPHY OF MA JANIS:

"There's only one thing you can do when you've made a mistake. Try to rectify it and then forget it. Only weaklings cling to mistakes."

"Remorse is nearly always a deadening and useless emotion. It satisfies your conscience and prevents action."

# HOLLYWOOD Loses Its Counselor, MA JANIS

Her voice was a little harsh but it carried conviction.

"There's only one thing you can do when you've made a mistake. Try to rectify it and then forget it. Only weaklings cling to mistakes. Remorse is nearly always a deadening and useless emotion. It satisfies your conscience and prevents action. You haven't anything to worry about. Honesty will see you through almost any impasse. You've just got to be honest, even if you hate it and it crucifies your pride. It isn't only in business that honesty triumphs. Take your medicine. Admit your mistake and lay it out on the table. Then — it will all come right or you'll just have to have the consequences. You can do that.

"As for your work, my child, don't you know that all fields have to lie fallow sometimes? No one can work all the time. Only don't disturb the getting-ready season by burning up your energy worrying about it. Relax. Take a lot of long breaths. Let go of everything. Wait. And the tide of creative impulse will flow back. I've seen it so many times."

There was a great love bond between Elsie Janis and her mother. The two were sufficient unto themselves. They had a robust, complete companionship rarely equaled. No joy or sorrow, no defeat or fight or victory, they couldn't share. Elsie was used to a diet of blunt wisdom, keen analysis, amazing humor. The rugged knowledge of life which Mrs. Janis had acquired spoiled her for lesser things.

WE talked on and on until at last dawn came up over the snow.

I cannot tell you all the things she said to me that night. Many I have forgotten. Many are too intimate to bear repetition. Many were wonderful only because they served my need at that moment.

But I know that I crept into bed that night with peace in my heart and a clear vision of what I had to do on the morrow. I felt as though someone had turned on a light to show me a path ahead, a rough path but one by no means impassable.

My debt to that woman is beyond repayment. A crossroads faced me that night and I was led into the right path. I followed what she had told me and won back the happiness I thought I'd lost. Two days later when I got back to my New York hotel I sat down at my typewriter and three days of solid work turned out a final installment which the best editor I know told me was my finest work.

That woman was Elsie Janis' mother.

I thought perhaps my experience was unique. But in the days that followed Mrs. Janis' passing, I found that everyone who knew her at all had somewhere along the line had a similar one. She seemed to have a hidden instinct for trouble and sorrow. She wasn't what I'd call a sympathetic person, in the generally accepted sense of the word. She thought sympathy weak.

"But she understood everything and she knew so much she could always help you," Colleen Moore said when we were speaking of her.

She was a wonderful woman. I have seen Hollywood grieve sincerely for many. But I never saw more honest grief, more poignant grief, than touched us all when the news came that Mrs. Janis had slipped away on Sunday morning at dawn.

MARY and Doug spent the days between that dawn hour and the simple private services at Forrest Lawn Park in Elsie's home, caring for her, consoling her, talking with her of the mother whose place was empty. Ruth Chatterton carried out all the details of the farewell services. Ramon Novarro sang her last song. Hundreds upon hundreds of telegrams poured in from all over the world, each telling of some kindness done, some help rendered, some word spoken. Her charity of mind and of purse poured back upon her and amazed even Elsie in its scope.

She was what you'd call a character. A blunt woman. Often she was misunderstood. Her tongue was a direct servant of her brain and life was too vital and too important for her to waste time in meaningless words. What she thought, she said. There was nothing nambly-pambly about her. She gave and took the truth. Swept aside small conventions. Had, when necessary, the healing brutality of the surgeon. A roaring sense of humor that spared nothing artificial or pretentious.

There was between Mrs. Janis and her daughter Elsie a love which, as Mary Pickford says, should be recorded with the great love stories of the ages. That it should have been twisted and satirized in fiction and drama is one of the bitter prices of great success. It didn't bother Jenny Janis. She scolded Elsie for noticing what she called "extraneous matter." She said, "Stick to your own life, my girl, and let other people say what they like. What they say and think about you isn't worth the breath it takes. You handle your own thoughts, that's all."

To believe that Elsie's mother coerced her into remaining unmarried is ridiculous to anyone who knew either Elsie or her mother. In the first place I have met few characters as definite, as strong as Elsie Janis. And I have known no woman more self-sacrificing, more wholly wrapt up in another's happiness than Mrs. Janis in Elsie's.

The truth was that the two were (*Continued on page* 95)

Here is an interesting off-stage shot of Ruth Chatterton in her newest film, "Anybody's Woman." Miss Chatterton has been growing steadily in popularity since her talkie début with Emil Jannings two years ago. Now she is right at the forefront of sound screen favorites. She touched a real histrionic height in "Sarah and Son."

# The HIGH HAT GIRL

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

IT is a long time since anyone dared to wear a high hat in Hollywood.

The wits and the wisecrackers have practically eliminated that particular piece of headgear. They laugh. And they begin pertinent remarks with "Why, I remember when—" A high hat is the favorite target for verbal bullets laden with ridicule and sarcasm.

A few stage importations have attempted it and taken it off in a hurry.

Constance Bennett wears one and gets away with it. In fact, Hollywood rather seems to like it. The blond and haughty Constance has intrigued Hollywood as nobody has done for years.

There are two reasons for that. First, she does it so darn well, and the picture colony generously concedes admiration to anyone who makes a bluff stick. Second, she has provided a new topic of conversation. Any dinner party can be saved by hurling forth this one remark: "How does Constance Bennett get that way?"

I DON'T like unanswered questions floating about. One has been trained by modern literature to believe all mysteries solvable. So I started a small private investigation regarding Constance Bennett, the high hat girl of Hollywood.

And uncovered some amazing things.

"How does Constance Bennett get that way?"

There is about her an air of arrogance, almost an air of tragedy. For months I have watched the beauty from a safe distance. Never did I see her smile. Sitting amid the friendly, noisy throng at lunch in the Brown Derby, her eyes are the eyes of a disdainful goddess forced to watch mere mortals at play.

Constance Bennett asks nothing of anybody, she feels free to live according to her own lights. Much of her manner is defensive, protective. This girl has the honest lack of enthusiasm of her generation.

Riding through the streets of Beverly Hills in her car, she suggests a duchess of Marie Antoinette's reign on her way to be presented to that plebeian upstart, Napoleon.

At a dinner party

# It's a Long Time Since Anyone in Hollywood Dared to Wear One—but Constance Bennett Is a Modern Young Woman Who Cares Nothing About the Opinion of the Multitude

the other evening, I sat directly across from her. It was a very gay dinner party. The Ambassador's famous Cocoanut Grove was bright with many colored lights. Melody filled the air. Around the table, massed with gorgeous flowers, wit and laughter flowed.

Dolores Del Rio sparkled with jewels and with merriment. Bebe Daniels, with Ben Lyon beside her, was radiant with that sheer joy of living which makes her irresistible. Constance Talmadge, whom one sees so seldom since her happy marriage to Townsend Netcher, was keeping everyone within earshot stimulated and gay.

Constance Bennett was different. She seemed wrapt in veils of delicate mystery. Aloof, gorgeous, a little bored perhaps. Even when she danced, no single ripple touched the hauteur of her face. Over the black shoulder of her partner she stared into space, the same weary disdain touching her lovely mouth.

Beside me was a young man who for reasons of gallantry must be nameless. Suffice it to say that on two continents he is famous for his wit. And his understanding of human nature.

"What," I said to him at last, "is the burden that rests upon Miss Bennett's beautiful back? I am at heart a Pollyanna. I like to see everyone happy. Isn't it considered the thing these days to be gay and gallant, no matter how disillusioned one may be?"

"I think," he said, "that the tragic expression comes from the strain of trying to balance a high hat. Jugglers are ever of solemn countenance. And compared to wearing a high hat in this town keeping nineteen saucers in the air is mere child's play."

But I had determined to see Miss Bennett, in my professional capacity, and try to find out about all this.

BY the time the head studio press agent had told the personal press agent, who told the secretary, who consulted the business manager, who advised the personal maid, who informed somebody else that I wished an appointment with Miss Constance Bennett herself, the whole thing began to pall upon me a trifle.

The truth is that one has been spoiled, said I to myself.

One has been spoiled by the exquisite graciousness and the all-embracing kindliness of a Marion Davies, who entertains Lindbergh, the Baron de Rothschild, Lady Mountbatten and Mayor James J. Walker. By the simplicity and gentle dignity of a Mary Pickford, who

Constance Bennett's success was made in arrogant, vivid, high hat sort of parts, suited perfectly to her appearance and manner. The public loved them. Miss Bennett is a type we understand today, sensational, intriguing, fascinating.

# The Girl Who Cares Nothing for Personal Popularity

is the honored guest of kings. By the warmth and shyness of a Colleen Moore, the hail-fellow-well-met good nature of a Clara Bow, even by the slightly awkward and reserved courtesy of Garbo.

Why, said I again to myself, should Constance Bennett be high hat?

I thought of a number of reasons and eliminated them.

It couldn't be just because she was so startlingly attractive to look at. After all, Corinne Griffith still moves her charming and natural way among us. Billie Dove is still unassuming and rather wistfully envious of girls with no beauty who are given credit for brains.

It couldn't be because she had achieved a tremendous success so suddenly in pictures. That happened to little Janet Gaynor without affecting her girlish sweetness and simplicity in the least.

Constance is Richard Bennett's own daughter. The American stage has seen few better actors than Richard Bennett. No one knew that better than Richard Bennett himself—self-confidence was almost a religion with him. Constance is amazingly like her father.

Surely not the fact that she wears her marvelous clothes with a dash and style that is perfect. There is Gloria Swanson, who is still without equal when it comes to clothes. And Lilyan Tashman. And Ruth Chatterton. And the elegantly gowned and meticulously groomed Norma Shearer.

OF course, she can act. "Son of the Gods" will not soon be forgotten. But then, there is Garbo, there is Gaynor, there is Bebe Daniels. No performance in a long time equaled Swanson's in "The Trespasser."

It may be true, she has a million dollars in the bank. But millions are not unknown among our picture stars. Colleen Moore has *earned* much more than that. Mary Pickford and Betty Compson are both millionaires. So are the Talmadges. Money hasn't overpowered any of them.

Can't be social standing, because of the Plants. Bebe Daniels owns a family tree which would admit her to any social register. Dolores Del Rio held a high position both in Mexico and Europe. June Collyer was a New York débutante and Junior Leaguer.

Not a high hat in the bunch.

I was baffled.

And while I still pondered, the groceryman—we haven't yet a postman at Malibu Beach—brought me a large, gray envelope addressed in a fashionable distinguished hand.

It has been my privilege to receive a number of charming notes. But I never received one more charming than this one signed Constance Bennett. Simple, gracious, courteous. An apology for a seeming rudeness. Would I come for luncheon any day? She had dismissed the servants whose carelessness had resulted in a misunderstanding so unnecessary.

Frankly, I was amazed. But it led to enlightenment in many directions upon Connie Bennett.

She is a modern of moderns. Her moods are her manners, and she has many moods. Her behavior, after the modern fashion, comes entirely from within.

And it happens that she doesn't care for people nor for the opinion of the multitude—also a distinctly modern trait. Since she asks nothing of anybody, she feels free to live according to her own lights. The world as a whole she disdains somewhat, not from any sense of superiority, but from that too-mature knowledge of the world which gives so many young women of our day the feeling that life is rather a mess anyhow.

MUCH of her grand manner is defensive, protective. The problem which nearly every woman with a career faces—the problem of waste, in time, personal strength, money, energy—is most easily met for her by wearing an armor of indifference. The indifference isn't feigned. She isn't particularly excited about anything, sees nothing in life to be excited about. There is a hard, philosophical calm about her generation, an honest lack of enthusiasm. This girl possesses it to the nth degree.

Also, she is Richard Bennett's own daughter. The American stage has seen few better actors than Richard Bennett. No one knew that better than Richard Bennett himself. Self-confidence was almost a religion with him. In looks, temperament and ability, Constance is amazingly like her father. She has always been his favorite.

I remember when Constance was a youngster and Dick Bennett was starring in stock in Los Angeles. She was his constant companion. He preached to her the gospel of survival—that the world will lick you unless you lick it first. He told her that success can be satisfactory only if built entirely upon ability. Be so good they *have* to recognize you. Then demand your share of the rewards.

I think there is in Constance Bennett much of the idea that life will hurt you badly if you get too friendly with it.

Being a modern, she knows instinctively and consciously the value of type. There is a principle which everyone in pictures must grasp or fail. There is no error like stepping out of character.

THE IT girl, Clara Bow, can do many things which would ruin Janet Gaynor over night. That's what people expect of the great exponent of sex appeal. Scandals which only augmented the fascination of Barbara La Marr would be completely fatal to Mary Brian.

Constance Bennett came from Paris to Hollywood to go back into pictures. No one paid much attention. Her success was rapid and rather astounding. The parts she played were far from sympathetic—acting parts, full of character and (*Continued on page* 109)

Amos (Freeman F. Gosden) and Andy (Charles J. Correll) arrive in Hollywood.

# What Will HOLLYWOOD do to Amos 'n' Andy?

By CHARLES LAND

AMOS 'N' ANDY are in Hollywood!

Leaving radioland, where they reign supreme, Amos 'n' Andy have come adventuring into movieland, where they are a couple of novices, and where, as everyone knows, all sorts of dangers, pitfalls and dragons lurk for the unwary.

Not so very long ago they were preceded into the Hollywood fastnesses by the Two Black Crows, Moran and Mack. But the Black Crows got separated somehow in the land of easy gold.

Last December the original Moran (George Searcy) of Moran and Mack broke up the team. He alleged that Mack had been paying him only $200 a week with a $50 bonus, and $150 for each phonograph record, although the team was said to be averaging $5,000 a week. The Los Angeles courts ruled that Mack, as originator and owner of the team, had complete right to adjust Moran's salary and to continue to use the team name. As a result Bert Swor succeeded George Searcy as Moran. Moran's real name, by the way, is Charles E. Sellers.

Is there any chance that anything similar will happen to Amos 'n' Andy? (*Continued on page* 98)

Below, the revised team of Moran and Mack, with the new Moran, otherwise Bert Swor. This is a scene from Moran and Mack's new film, "Anybody's War."

# The HOLLYWOOD

## Mr. Howe Promenades the Champs Elysees This Month Instead of the Boul' Hollywood — He Finds Montmartre Like Hollywood and Meets Pola Negri

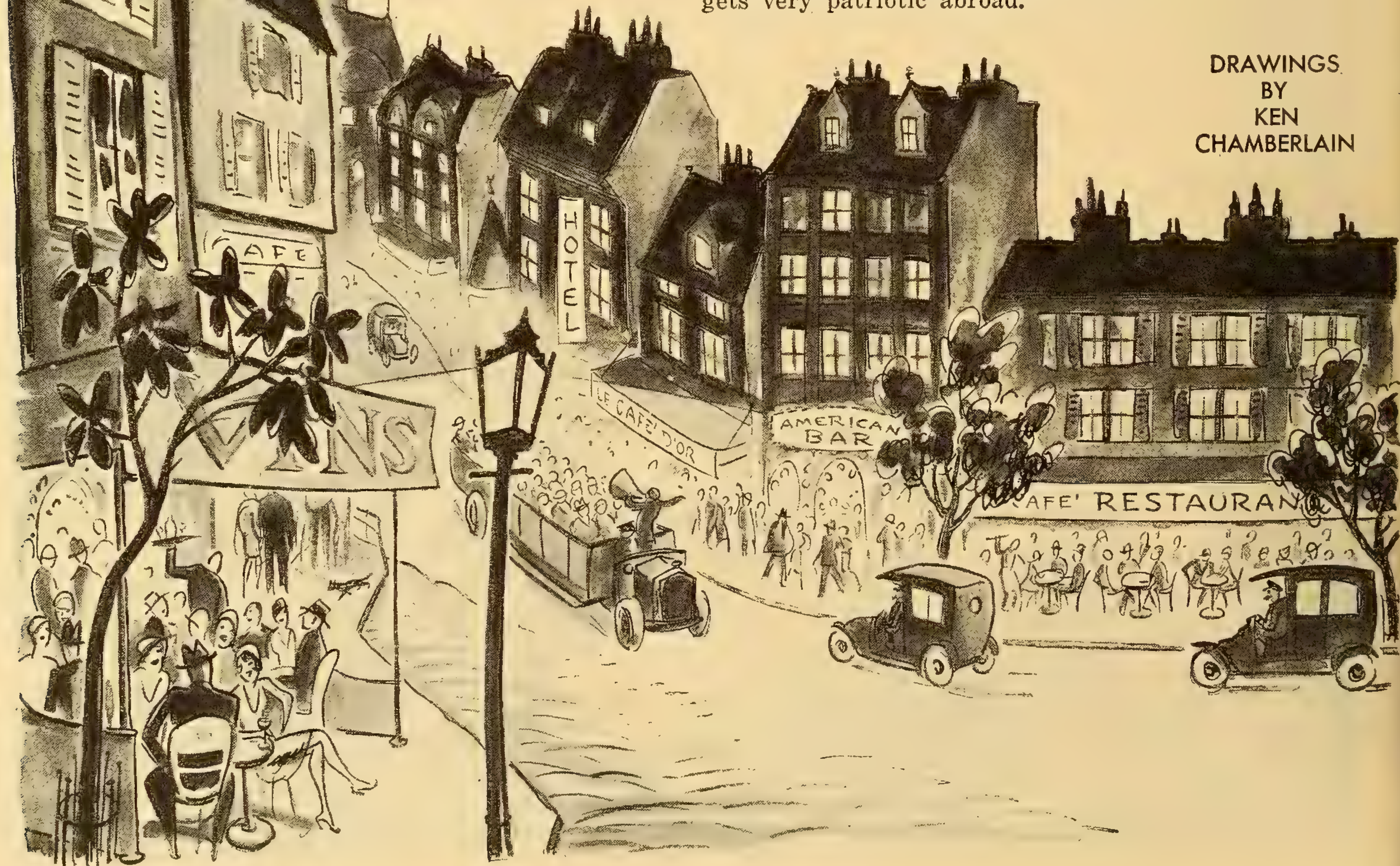
*Paris, France*— To see Hollywood in Summer you should come to Paris; everyone is passing through —and out. That's not the reason I came but I'm not complaining. What if I do get to partying with the stars and forget to go on to The Passion Play . . . there'll be another one in ten years. Of course, you don't have to recognize movie stars abroad if you don't want to because all our best Hollywood people now travel incognito. No one is supposed to know who they are and no one does, not even they themselves after a couple of nights in Montmartre. So what's the use? . . . the dark glasses are tossed out the taxi window and interviews are granted to the papers along with photographs if space permits.

One might as well be agreeable in a city where no one cares what you do or whether you be the Prince of Wales or Sir Stepin Fetchit. Everyone is incognito in Paris by dawn. One of our movie celebrities was so incog at 4 a. m. he thought he was the unknown soldier and went out to sleep on the tomb under the Arc de Triomphe. He was discovered by the police in the act of lighting his cigarette from the perpetual flame that burns there. In America he would have been instantly jugged but here they just poured him off in all directions.

**Paris Goes Hollywood:** I wouldn't go so far as to say Paris has gone Hollywood but certainly she's a bit touched. Nearly every apartment has its own little bar. Cocktail parties are in vogue. There's a Hollywood night club in the Rue Daunou which claims to be headquarters for cinema stars. The names of such home-towners as Garbo, Marion Davies, Billy Haines, Mary Brian and Dick Arlen are lighting up the grand boulevards these nights. On Saturday nights the crowds line up at the Paramount Theater as they do in New York, only here they line up six abreast.

**The Pagan Love Song:** In a low-lit little Russian restaurant on the Left bank an ex-princess leans toward the ex-ducal pianist and requests a number. I expect that mournful refrain—oofsch ga da da, oofsch ga da da —but instead the melancholy piano duke lets peal "The Pagan Love Song," looking as much like Novarro as he can with his clothes on.

ENTERING a tiny bistro near the old Place des Vosges I was greeted by a huge poster of Miss Clara Bow which gave the place such a homey air that I settled down and drank more Pernods than I should. One gets very patriotic abroad.




DRAWINGS BY KEN CHAMBERLAIN

# BOULEVARDIER

By HERB HOWE

**Susceptible Montmartre:** Montmartre is most susceptible to cinema influence. Having seen herself reproduced on the screen many times she has become as self-conscious as an old actor and now makes up to look like her screen likeness. Not content to be her own age she has gone in for false fronts to look older. Cafés and shops are antiqued with the paint brush. Some of the places look so much like sets you have the homey feeling of being back on the studio lot. Even old Niny has touched up the facade of her Vieux Chalet to represent rustic beams and broken plaster. Once inside, however, and Hollywood is forgotten. You enter through the kitchen with its big range and copper pots and proceed to the salle à manger which opens on to an aged and ivied court. Presently Niny appears at the window and tells you that the dinner you ordered an hour before is ready. Press-agented by Alexander Woollcott and other visiting writers, Niny now wears pearls in her ears and charges Hollywood prices. But all is forgiven once you have cracked the lobster and imbibed the roast chicken as tender as dew. A bottle of Cautenac, suggested by Niny, and full absolution is granted. After all, five dollars and a half for two dinners and wine is not exorbitant, considering the poulet and Niny's pearls.

**Montmartre like Hollywood:** Over café and cognac in the Place du Tertre I observe an old girl reeling about in a perfect impersonation of Marie Dressler in "Anna Christie"—the same gestures to the throat and the black hair. I decide that either she's a great actress or Marie is. It turns out that Marie is, for this old rascal I learn is the village drunk.

Montmartre considers herself a village though she's a part of Paris just as Hollywood is a part of Los Angeles. The two villages have a great deal in common. Both are tricky. After a night in Montmartre paying cabaret checks you understand why it is called the Mount of Martyrs. But it is not all moviesque by any means. The Place du Tertre is charming at sunset. Under ancient trees there are many tables with checkered cloths shaded by bright parasols. As night floats down there is the twinkling of many lamps in floral patterns. Above the square the white marble domes of Sacré Coeur in bas relief against the gentian sky recall the work of Della Robbia. All Paris shines through a veil below and the Eiffel Tower becomes a fountain of light at the instigation of M. Citroen, the Ford of France. Then the final touch of divinity—the voice of Jeanette MacDonald singing "Dream Lover." That woman haunts me everywhere, but do I care? I paraphrase Elsie Janis' song: "Jeanette, Your Spell Is Everywhere." Again it's a Victor record being broadcast from the café Au Cadet de Gascoigne in opposition to an accordion at the Chope du Tertre and a bellowing tenor in a cocked hat. All Paris is whistling the airs of "The Love Parade." Even the birds chirp them under my windows in the trees of the Avenue Montaigne. Thus you are reminded that this is Chevalier's home town.

**Montmartre Types:** The illusion of a Hollywood lot is maintained by the variety of types you see in Montmartre. There are Apaches with rags wrapped around their throats; piquant girls who smile cheerily

Herb Howe finds that the names of such home-towners as Garbo, Marion Davies, Billy Haines, Mary Brian and Dick Arlen are lighting up the boulevards of Paris.

as they pass you; gigolos with sleek hair and suave attire; soldiers with red balloon pants and feathered hats; a young artist furiously painting a picture of the scene in hope of selling it hot from his easel to a meandering tourist.

There's the possibility of drama, too. A gigolo whom I have invited to join me for a drink says, "Don't look—those three fellows over there are watching you."

"Why?"

"They see you with me. They know I am gigolo. They think you must be easy fool."

And all the time I thought I was incognito.

ANITA LOOS, authoress of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" and a veteran Hollywood scenarist, was in Paris. She is doing a Child's Life of Oscar Wilde, she says. Anita was on her way to Vienna to purchase a tomb for herself.

Pola Negri was the center of interest at the garden party of the Maharajah of Kapurthala the other day. Pola made her way regally along a vast crimson carpet that stretched between towering oaks.

**Pola Becomes a Mystery:** My fascinating friend, Pola Negri, continues a turbulent mystery. Endeavoring to locate her I was given the following reports: Pola has lost all her money and is living in obscure poverty. . . . Pola has retired to her chateau in the country in grief over the final break with her prince. . . . Pola has gone to Hollywood to make pictures. . . . Pola has been forced to retire to the Riviera because of ill health. . . . Pola has suddenly turned on the world and gone to Warsaw, her birthplace, to dedicate herself to works of charity.

Hence the apparition of Pola, Princess Midivani, in the center of the vast crimson rug at the garden party of the Maharajah of Kapurthala, gave me a sensation akin to that which the Parisians must have felt when Lindbergh alighted at Le Bourget.

Attired in bouffant pink organdie with large pink picture hat and long black gloves (trust your reporter to get live news) Pola made her way regally alone over the carpet that spread itself beneath towering oaks.

It was the most glamorous and luxurious fete of the Parisian summer, this garden party in the Maharajah's estate in the Bois flanking Bagatelle. Nobility and society two thousand strong observed the Princess Pola. Society reporters said next day she was the cynosure, and Pola herself agreed she was "IT."

I WAS commanded to attend the Princess the following Sunday at her 16th century chateau in Seiraincourt. Her Isotta Fraschini of solid aluminum that called for me, with Albert in livery at the wheel, rather upset the romance of obscure poverty. But it is true she is divorcing the prince who henceforth will be her friend instead of fellow warrior. It is true she plans to devote much of her future and money to charity work in Warsaw, her birthplace, where she has contributed to an orphanage since the war. It is true that she is in ill health and must spend most of her time in the mild climate of the Riviera where she is purchasing a villa.

But Pola is far from defeat. She intends to make one talking picture, "to show the world I can talk." But her ambition is no longer exclusively cinematic. "There is so much more to do in the world." During the Sunday romp through the avenues of her hundred-acre estate I learned the plans and philosophy of gypsy-princess-actress Pola, who for me is the most romantic, amusing and absorbing character in all the Hollywood processional I have viewed. As interesting, in fact, as the greatest fictional characters, of which she is one. I shall tell you more of her later. She is an inexhaustible subject.

**Pola Describes Hollywood:** Of Hollywood Pola says: "There is no mental stimulus. The climate enervates you. People live for society. They try to outdo one another. That is a hell of a thing for an artist. It should be cosmopolitan, a Latin Quarter. I am not democratic and they do not tolerate one who is not. You cannot be an individual in Hollywood. You must become standardized to survive. They delight in ridicule. The criticism of my grief hurt me. They are so intolerant in Hollywood. You must act as they think you should act. They do not understand anyone except the American. My emotion seemed exaggerated. I haven't the restraint of the Anglo-Saxon and therefore to them I am always a poseur. I haven't tact, diplomacy. I despise it.

"Paris I love because it is tolerant and the most cosmopolitan city on earth. You may dine with aristocracy and go to supper with bohemians. No one judges you. The French are liberal people. You cannot impose your views on them, but they are tolerant toward yours.

"Nothing can defeat me. I am Pola Negri, a person. I have been in the gutter and I have been in luxury, but always myself. I fear nothing because I have endured everything."

**Cocktail Hour at the Ritz:** At cocktail hour in the Ritz bar I meet Irene Bordoni. (*Continued on page* 126)

# Parlez-Vous FRANCAIS?

## NEW MOVIE'S Humorist Interviews Lily Damita in French—with Astonishing Results

BY RUSSEL CROUSE

*(Remember Russel Crouse's hilarious interview with Winnie Lightner in a recent issue of* NEW MOVIE? *The popular humorist of* The New York Evening Post *has tried his hand at another chat, this time with Lily Damita. The result is a tremendous triumph for Mr. Crouse. In one interview he meets — and overcomes — the French language.)*

"ALLO," I said in perfect French. And Lily Damita knew at once that she was dealing with someone who was familiar with her native tongue.

As a matter of fact I was selected to interview Miss Damita because of my mastery of *Française*, as the French language is called in the French language. It came about this way:

Several of us, including "Brass Knuckles" McGinnis, "Second Story" Baker and "Kid Slasher," were lined up, and a number of ladies and gentlemen brought in to look at us. Suddenly one of the ladies pointed at me and started yelling:

"That's the man! That's the man! He's the one who grabbed my purse and ran. I'll never forget his ugly face as long as I live. Take him away! Take him——"

No, that wasn't the time. That was something else. But, anyway, I was selected to interview Miss Damita, and all those who don't like it can go take a running jump into the lake. We haven't any place for trouble-makers among the readers of this magazine.

•

INTERVIEWING Miss Damita wasn't so easy as it sounds. As practically everybody knows, Miss Damita is nearly always being pursued by royalty. If a king isn't making violent love to her a prince is. She has appealed to the League of Nations several times with regard to this situation but with scant relief. The League did rule on August 27, 1926, that dukes, counts and barons were not even to be permitted to speak to Miss Damita, but that wasn't much of a help.

As a matter of fact it was only by means of a ruse that I was able to get to see Miss Damita

(*Cont'd on page* 106)

After her hit in "The Cockeyed World," Lily Damita left the screen to appear in the musical comedy, "Sons o' Guns." Now she is back in Hollywood.

# DOLLAR THOUGHTS

## The New Movie Magazine Readers Express Their Opinions of Film Plays and Players—and This Monthly

### Please Speak, Charlie

*Berkeley, Calif.*

Determination is a sterling quality and few will deny it. That Charles Spencer Chaplin is one of the greatest actors the motion pictures have produced no one may contradict. We realize, however, that determination, when carried to an extreme in defiance of the wishes of the majority, may become a menacing characteristic. This is so in the case of our beloved "Charlie." The world wants—and needs—the versatile Chaplin in talking pictures. Which will prove the stronger: his personal aversion to the talkies or the pleasure of millions?

*William E. Price,*
2804 Woolsey Street.

### Word for Kay Francis

*Hartford, Conn.*

May I express my very great admiration for one of Hollywood's successful newcomers, "the elegant Kay Francis," who arrived without trumpet blare of advance publicity and quietly and steadily has come into her own? Through sincere and skillful interpretation of every rôle, however small, she has established herself as an actress of unquestionable talent and ability. Witness her splendid performance in "Raffles."

*N. Louise Graham,*
125 Washington Street, Apt. C-5.

### Don't Maul Buddy

*Hammond, Louisiana.*

Say, why can't Paramount give Buddy Rogers something else to do besides being mauled over by a girl? People get tired of seeing him play in pictures where he takes the part of God's gift to women. Let him do a Fairbanks or a Dennis King for a change. There's too much sameness in his pictures.

*Katherine Carroll,*
309 So. Magnolia Street.

### Liked Rudy's Home Town Story

*Harrisburg, Pa.*

I am not a godly-pedestal-worshiper of Rudy Vallee. However, it certainly is gratifying to read Perdita Houston's account of him in NEW MOVIE. She has truly and effectively expressed in words what I have always wanted to believe, what other true broad-minded Americans want to believe about Rudy; and not the bosh some flimsy flapper colony has tried to impose upon our most popular songster of today.

*W. M. Fritz,*
600 State Theater Bldg.,
211 Locust Street.

### Cheers for Adela

*New York, N. Y.*

Adela Rogers St. Johns! NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE! What a wonderful combination! One is not restrained from writing the truth and the other from publishing it. Never before has the motion picture fan been given such a perfect analysis of the older stars and the newcomers as in Miss St. Johns' "Hollywood's Younger Generation." We all agree with her.

*Arthur Sawyer.*

### Likes Younger Generation

*Montreal, Que., Can.*

Just read Adela Rogers St. Johns' article on "Hollywood's Younger Generation." Just because there is a good class of well-educated well-bred girls to take the place of the old-timers does not mean they are not as fine actresses. How about Constance and Joan Bennett for dramatic art?

*Al Rochman,*
5300 Hutchison Street.

### Wants Meighan Back

*San Francisco, Calif.*

What has happened to Tommy Meighan? His wonderful work in "The Argyle Case" makes us look for more. His voice, personality and looks ought to get him into countless pictures.

*Marie Palmer,*
1241 Fulton Street.

### A Herb Howe Admirer

*Minneapolis, Minn.*

Although I've been withdrawn from circulation, thank heavens, NEW MOVIE has not! A visitor brought me my first copy the other day. On the cover I read "The Greatest Screen Magazine." "Says you," so I thought, but the minute I opened to "The Hollywood Boulevardier" I said so—for Herb Howe is the greatest all-talking feature any movie magazine could have! He knows his boulevards, whether they are in Hollywood or Paris, and when a fellow has tramped on those in one city and tripped on those of the other he reads Herb's inimitable column like a letter from home.

*Ben Thare,*
611 5th Street, S. E.

### Broadway Prep School

*Onset, Mass.*

Who says that ex-stage stars will not make their careers in Hollywood a success? What product of the silent days can surpass Ruth Chatterton, who was such a tremendous success in "Madame X"? Claudette Colbert could be easily called the most promising screen actress that Broadway gave to Hollywood. Broadway seems a fitting "prep school for the Hollywood aspirants."

*Robert O'Brien,*
Box 395.

### Attractive Fashions

*Valley Stream, L. I., N. Y.*

To a young girl who admires good taste in clothes, NEW MOVIE is indeed a consolation. As the title implies, the styles are the newest, and who is capable of showing these clothes to a better advantage than the charming and graceful stars?

*Helen Belknap,*
224 East Mineola Avenue.

(*Continued on page* 120)

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Address your communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Photograph by Hurrell

JOAN CRAWFORD

Photograph by Preston Duncan

SUE CAROL

Photograph by Preston Duncan

DOROTHY LEE

Photograph by Gene Robert Richee

STANLEY SMITH

Photograph by Don English

ROSITA MORENO

Photograph by William E. Thomas

HELEN TWELVETREES

Photograph by William E. Thomas

SALLY STARR

"Manslaughter," one of those Cecil De Mille hits of a few years ago, has been refilmed as a talkie. Here you see the same court room scene as it is played (above) by Claudette Colbert and Fredric March and (below) by Leatrice Joy and Thomas Meighan.

# Hazards of the Talkies

BY JACK BEVERLY

GARY COOPER seems to be the prize repeater of Hollywood. It's a good thing that right now Gary can do no wrong in the eyes of picture audiences. For to follow William Farnum in "The Spoilers" is a big assignment. And Betty Compson, playing the fascinating Cherry Malotte, will have to measure up to the fan's memory of that idol of a decade ago, Kathlyn Williams.

A great many people must remember the thrilling fight between Bill Farnum and Tom Santschi in the old Fox production. Gary Cooper and William Boyd, the creator of Sergeant Quirk in the stage production of "What Price Glory?" in New York, are up against the proposition of topping that fight, which is still quoted as the best ever seen on the screen. Meantime William Farnum is playing the King in Norma Talmadge's "Du Barry."

Gary, in "The Texan," was re-doing

RIGHT now Hollywood is as full of hazards as a championship golf course.

Actors and actresses are being put to the most difficult tests that have ever been faced in the motion-picture industry.

It is a tradition in theatrical history that there is nothing more hazardous than playing a rôle made famous by some favorite, while the public still remembers that performance lovingly.

LOOK these over:

There is Norma Talmadge, essaying the rôle of Madame Du Barry. Not so many years ago Pola Negri did Du Barry in a picture called "Passion." That one picture made Pola Negri a great star, aside from establishing Emil Jannings as an actor.

Perhaps the girl who is facing the most hazardous hazard of all is Rose Hobart, a New York stage actress. Rose was selected to play the girl's part in "Liliom," opposite Charles Farrell. It was the part originally selected for Janet Gaynor, and the picture was supposed to be another "Seventh Heaven." With the fans clamoring wildly for more Farrell-Gaynor pictures and with everyone, including the people working on the picture, thinking of the beloved Janet Gaynor in that part, this girl from New York is certainly in what sporting editors refer to as a "tough spot."

No young Hollywood actress ever faced a tougher assignment than Rose Hobart as the little heroine of "Liliom" opposite Charles Farrell. The part had been selected for Janet Gaynor.

# They are Casting New Favorities in the Pet Roles of Old Silent Hits—and Peril Hovers Around the Corner

a part made famous by Jack Pickford when they called the story by the original O. Henry title, "The Double-Dyed Deceiver."

ANOTHER stage actress following a performance that made a star is Claudette Colbert, who has just appeared in the rôle of the society girl in "Manslaughter." When Cecil De Mille made that picture—and it was one of the great box-office sensations of its day—Leatrice Joy had the rôle and was hailed by critics and public alike as one of the screen's foremost dramatic actresses. And Fredric March will play the district attorney, one of the parts in which Thomas Meighan is best remembered.

In the new talkie version of "The Sea Beast," Joan Bennett is playing the sweetheart, the part that made Dolores Costello. Of course, the new production stars John Barrymore in his original rôle. But Miss Bennett will have a difficult task in approximating the beauty and simplicity that Dolores Costello registered.

And Miss Bennett will be up against an even tougher one if she does "Smilin' Through." That was Norma Talmadge's greatest success. No one who saw her will ever forget her as the beautiful Irish girl. When Joe Schenck suggested to Norma last year that she make a new talkie picture of it, Norma refused. "I don't want to do anything I can't better," she said, "and I did my best in that." It is not settled yet that Miss Bennett is to do it. The hazard has the producers a little worried. Miss Bennett is making a great name for herself, and no one denies her talent and beauty. But to follow Norma Talmadge in her greatest picture is a hazard anyone might hesitate about attempting.

"The City of Silent Men," which Tommy Meighan played so well a few years ago, has been redone by William Powell as "The Shadow of the Law." At the top you see Mr. Powell in the same incident that is shown in the earlier silent film by Mr. Meighan.

WILLIAM POWELL has done an old Tommy Meighan picture. It was called "The City of Silent Men" when Tommy made it. With the talkies it has been retitled "Shadow of the Law." Bill Powell can act with anyone who has ever been on the screen, but there never was a more popular male star than Thomas Meighan.

Cyril Maude, famous on the stage in New York and London, makes his picture début in "Grumpy," which was one of the greatest favorites made by the beloved veteran of the screen, the late Theodore Roberts.

And you'll see Dick Arlen and Fay Wray as the boy and girl in "The Border Legion" in the parts that were played a few years ago by Tony Moreno and Helene Chadwick.

Gary Cooper and William Boyd in the new talkie version of Rex Beach's "The Spoilers," are going to have a hard time topping this fight, as once done by William Farnum and Tom Santschi, the mimic combat of its era.

THERE is some talk of Buddy Rogers doing "The Charm School," perhaps the most popular story Wallace Reid ever made. But there, as in the

(*Continued on page* 111)

Photograph by Elmer Fryer

Marilyn Miller, who next will be seen in a picture version of "Sunny," is caught in the act of plunging into the bathing pool of her Beverly Hills home. Miss Miller is wearing a bathing suit of flat crepe with top of light blue and trunks of dark blue. The result is decidedly fetching.

Photograph by Milton Brown

Grace Moore makes her singing screen debut in a motion picture based upon the life of Jenny Lind.

# Almost a Missionary

BY GRACE MOORE

## Grace Moore Almost Went to China but She Turned to Music Instead

*EVER since Lawrence Tibbett took off enough time between grand opera and concert engagements to make a hit in "The Rogue Song," there has been a deal of speculation as to the identity of the actress who would play with him in his second film venture.*

*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer settled the problem by persuading Grace Moore, soprano of the Metropolitan, to sign a contract. Under its terms, Miss Moore will make a film with Tibbett, and then will be starred in a film of her own. Their joint picture will be "New Moon," from the operetta of the same name.*

*While Miss Moore is a sparkling figure in the world of music, both here and abroad, where her triumphs have occupied much newspaper space, she comes as a brand-new personality to the tremendous audience of the screen. In all the mass of stories that have been written about Miss Moore, the records reveal no story of herself by herself.* NEW MOVIE *herewith presents to its readers Miss Moore's own story of how she fought her way to the top in grand opera, and of how she regards her approaching début as a star of the silver sheet.*

I WAS on the verge of becoming a missionary to China when my family sent me to a musical finishing school in Washington.

At that time all my thoughts were centered in a life of church service in foreign fields. Since childhood the desire to help the less fortunate had been one of the ruling passions of my life.

I loved to sing. I had sung before I could talk. But a musical career seemed of far less importance to me than a life devoted to missionary work.

In my home town, Jellico, Tennessee, I taught a Sunday School class of thirty-nine boys, all in the tempestuous neighborhood of fourteen years. I sang in the church choir at noon and in the evenings and had charge of the Baptist Young People's Meeting in the evenings before the regular services.

This work led gradually to an interest in foreign missions. I undertook a course of study in this field of service.

Then the family sent me to the school in Washington to give me the opportunity to (*Continued on page* 126)

# MOTHER of MINE

Here are the Mothers Who Stand Behind the Stars—the Women Whose Love and Understanding Guided Them to Success

If you have read the past few issues of NEW MOVIE, you now know a lot about Mrs. Bert Rogers, mother of Buddy. Her name was Maude Moll and she was born in Olathe, Kansas, just as was her now famous son. Her father was a blacksmith, treasurer of the county and hotel owner. She has one sister and two brothers. After graduation from High School, she was employed in the town postoffice. Later she was deputy county treasurer. She was organist in one of the Olathe churches, too. Her marriage to Bert Rogers, editor of the town paper, took place on Christmas Day in 1900. Until five months ago, Mr. and Mrs. Rogers made their home in Olathe. Now they dwell in Hollywood with their celebrated son.

Right, Jean Arthur and her mother. Johana Nelson, Jean's mother, was born in Dakota Territory before it became South Dakota. She spent all her early days in the midst of the adventures of the early West. Her father was a pioneer. Miss Nelson always wanted to be a singer but the opportunity never came along. She lived on her father's farm and married H. S. Greene, a photographer. His business took him to New York and various parts of the East. They now live in Hollywood.

Right, Gary Cooper and his mother, who was Alice Brazier before her marriage. She was born in Kent, England, and went to a church school. With her three brothers and one sister, she spent much of her earlier childhood on or near the sea. After graduation from school, Miss Brazier went to Helena, Montana, on a visit. She had planned to make a tour of the world but she met Judge Cooper and married him. She now lives in Hollywood with her husband and her son. Below, Ramon Novarro and his mother, Leonor Gavilan Samaniego. Leonor Gavilan was born in the town of Leon, in Mexico. The family home was in Durango, Mexico. There Ramon's mother was educated and there she spent her childhood. When she was twenty-two years old, she married Mariano N. Samaniego. She became the mother of fourteen boys and girls, ten of whom are living.

Below, Leila Hyams and her mother. Mrs. Leila Mc Intyre Hyams was long known to vaudeville as a member of the famous team of John Hyams and Leila Mc Intyre. Mrs. Hyams was born in Ausable Forks, N. Y. She made her first stage appearance at an amateur performance in Bennington, Vt. Leila, who is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Hyams, grew up in the atmosphere backstage.

# Hollywood Believes Lincoln When He Said, "All

William Haines and his mother are shown at the left. Mrs. Laura Matthews Haines was born in Staunton, Virginia. When she was seventeen, Laura Matthews married George A. Haines. It was a runaway marriage. The newlyweds made their home in Staunton, where they remained until twelve years ago, when they moved to Richmond. A year ago Mr. and Mrs. Haines joined their son in Hollywood, where they are now living.

Catherine Dale Owen and her mother, below. Like Miss Owen, her mother was born in Louisville, Kentucky, and she was a famous belle of the day. Even now Mrs. Owen is quite as beautiful as her talented daughter.

Above, June Collyer and her mother. Mrs. Carrie Heermance is the daughter of the famous stage actor, Dan Collyer. She was born in Baltimore, Maryland, and came to New York with her family when she was three years old. She was graduated from Hunter College and the National Art Academy. She appeared with her father in "Jimmy Fadden" and was seen in "Florida Enchantment" and "Lost in New York." She is married to Clayton Heermance, a New York attorney. Mrs. Heermance spends half of each year with her daughter in her California home.

# I Am, All I Ever Will Be, I Owe to My Mother"

At the right, Richard Arlen and his mother. She was Mary Clark before her marriage to James Van Mattemore, attorney of St. Paul, Minn. She was born on a farm near St. Paul, the daughter of a road builder. In the family were two brothers and two sisters. Her marriage took place shortly after her graduation. Mrs. Van Mattemore resides in St. Paul with her husband. Below, Claudette Colbert and her mother, Mrs. Jeanne Colbert. Mrs. Colbert was born in Paris, France, and was an artist before her marriage. Several years after Claudette was born, the family came to America. The Colberts have lived in New York ever since.

Joan Crawford, below, and her mother, Anna Johnson Le Sueur. Mrs. Le Sueur was born in Medora, Ill. After her marriage she made her home in Kansas City. She is the mother of two children, Lucille (now Joan) and a son, Hal.

Photograph by Fred R. Archer

**DOROTHY MATHEWS**

Dorothy Mathews is one of the newest of Hollywood's "new faces." She has been selected for prominence in First National Vitaphone films and you shortly will see her in "A Handful of Clouds."

Constance Bennett's home in Beverly Hills

# HOW HOLLYWOOD ENTERTAINS

BY
EVELYN GRAY
Photographs by Stagg

ONCE in a while everyone gets tired of big parties. And girls who really like to play bridge and play a good game like nothing better than an intimate foursome. A light, early lunch and a long quiet afternoon for their rubbers appeals to many of the bridge-players in Hollywood.

Constance Bennett, who as Mrs. Phillip Plant was well known as a hostess both in New York and Paris, gives one of these small bridge luncheons about once a week. She prefers it to any other method of daytime entertaining and does it perfectly. Her charming new home in Beverly Hills is admirably suited to any at home hospitality.

THE other afternoon she had a bridge luncheon just for four.

Luncheon was served promptly at twelve o'clock. The dining room table, however, was formally prepared and gave the occasion quite a "party" atmosphere. There were vases of brilliant zinnias, exquisite little French embroidered doilies at each place and Wedgwood serving (*Continued on page* 113)

Miss Bennett's bridge foursome: left, to right Mrs. Barney Glazer, Mrs. Jules Glaenzer, Mrs. Adela Rogers Hyland (back to camera), and Miss Bennett.

CLAIRE LUCE

Photograph by Don English

MAURICE CHEVALIER

Billie Dove's boudoir is a room of great charm. Green, of the softest shade, is the dominant note in the color scheme, though all of the pastel shades are used. The panels of the walls are done in satin brocade in green, while the walls themselves are of ivory. The window drapes are of cream georgette with the over-drapes of changeable taffeta in shades of rose and green.

The furnishings, combining both beauty of line and comfort, are of the Louis Quatorze period and are painted in shades of green with delicate flower motifs.

The masterpiece of Miss Dove's boudoir is the dressing table. It is of consol effect with a graceful antique mirror of gilt hung above the onyx top. Miss Dove's toilet accessories of French cloisonne rest upon the top.

When Miss Dove wears a negligee, it is of the flowing simple type shown above. This is of chiffon in a pale blue with the long flowing sleeves reaching the hem. The only trimming is of hand made French flowers in pastel shades.

# MOVIE BOUDOIRS

## VI. BILLIE DOVE

Miss Dove's bed, raised above the level of the floor on a platform about six inches high, has a satin spread and a simple cover over the pillows. The night table beside the bed boasts an exquisitely delicate lamp of crystal with the thinnest of parchment shades.

In her own boudoir Miss Dove does not wear the type of negligee that she affects on the screen. She is partial to tailored lounging pajamas, such as she is wearing at the right. These pajamas are in three shades of blue and are fashioned of very heavy crêpe, the jacket being of transparent velvet in still another shade of Miss Dove's favorite color—blue.

Photograph by Richee

Dick Arlen is one of the Three Musketeers who came to fame with "Wings." The other two were Buddy Rogers and Gary Cooper. Dick was easy-going, taking the path of least resistance—until he married Jobyna Ralston. Over and over she has been the motivating power that has made Dick stick to his guns. And the two are happy. "Getting fun out of what you have is what counts," says Arlen. "Joby knew that when she was born. Some women are like that."

# The Third Musketeer

## Dick Arlen is Unchanged—but he has Licked his Inferiority Complex, Thanks to his Wife, Jobyna Ralston

BY DICK HYLAND

DICK ARLEN is still the same boy.

Which, as you may know, is not always the case, although it generally is with those who are real.

In the days before success is gained we can come to know a person as he really is. If we are at all close to him we know his good points and his bad ones, we know his shortcomings and his characteristics. Because it is the nature of man to be himself when no one is looking at him.

Later when success comes and people point him out on the street, it seems to be the further nature of a weak man to feel the necessity of being other than himself. He acquires airs, he does things beyond the normal and natural ambitions of his less successful days. He becomes, in the parlance of the athletic fields, "fatheaded," with an overdeveloped sense of his own importance. I know some men who have done this. One in particular is on Dick Arlen's own lot, Paramount. And he has queered himself right and left by so doing.

Dick Arlen has not done this.

I KNEW him before he ever attained anything approximating star ranking. I knew him before the days of "Wings," when the Three Musketeers of Hollywood, Dick Arlen, Buddy Rogers and Gary Cooper, were just three young fellows on the Paramount lot.

In those days Dick Arlen was just a grown-up American boy who took his fun where he found it—even as you and I. He was clean and he thought clean. He was the kind of a young fellow other men liked to have around. He fitted into any kind of a group without being conspicuous, and if the conversation went over his depth he merely sat still and listened. He was as ready for a physical argument as he was a laugh, never priding himself on his looks or thinking that he held his job because of the shape of his nose. Which shape might be changed at any time he forgot to duck in said physical argument.

Dick Arlen, in those days, had a fault which he has since corrected. He was not at all sure of himself. It never occurred to him that he might be right and someone else wrong. One case proves that.

MICHAEL ARLEN, of "Green Hat" fame, came to Hollywood the first year Dick Arlen was on the Paramount lot. On a tour of the studio he was introduced to young Dick. "Arlen," said the author, "Arlen, may I ask where you got that name?"

"It was the name of my mother's mother," replied Dick. He smiled, pleased to have even this remote relationship of names with the famous author.

"Then it is not yours?" said Michael Arlen.

"No. Van Mattemore is my real name but that sounds too actory to be a real name so I took my grandmother's."

"Well," said Michael Arlen, giving Dick a severe look, "I will have to ask you to change it. Arlen is *my* name, well publicized by me."

Dick was flabbergasted. He stuttered around a moment while the famous author's party moved on. It never entered Dick Arlen's mind that he could refuse to do what the great Michael (*Continued on page* 123)

Richard Arlen and his wife, Jobyna Ralston, on their new yacht. The craft is 51 feet long, 12 1-2 feet wide, and has two 100 horsepower motors. Arlen used the craft as his home recently while he was on location filming "The Sea God."

Greta Garbo

# REVIEWS: By Frederick James Smith

### ROMANCE—*M-G-M*

Directed by Clarence Brown. The cast: *Rita Cavallini*, Greta Garbo; *Cornelius Van Tuyl*, Lewis Stone; *Tom Armstrong*, Gavin Gordon; *Harry*, Elliott Nugent; *Susan Van Tuyl*, Florence Lake; *Miss Armstrong*, Clara Blandick; *Beppo*, Henry Armetta; *Vannucci*, Mathilde Comont; *Nina*, Countess De Liguoro.

**The Picture of the Month.** Edward Sheldon's widely popular drama of New York in the '60's, of an Italian nightingale, a young rector madly in love with her, and her wealthy middle-aged patron. Doris Keane played *Rita Cavallini* for some four seasons in New York and London alone. This highly flavored drama of a grand passion and its renunciation stands up well in the talkies. The atmosphere of early New York is carefully created; the acting of Gavin Gordon and particularly of Lewis Stone—as the pastor and the patron—is excellent, but it is the vibrant Greta Garbo as *Cavallini* who sweeps the film to fine heights. Cheers for La Garbo!

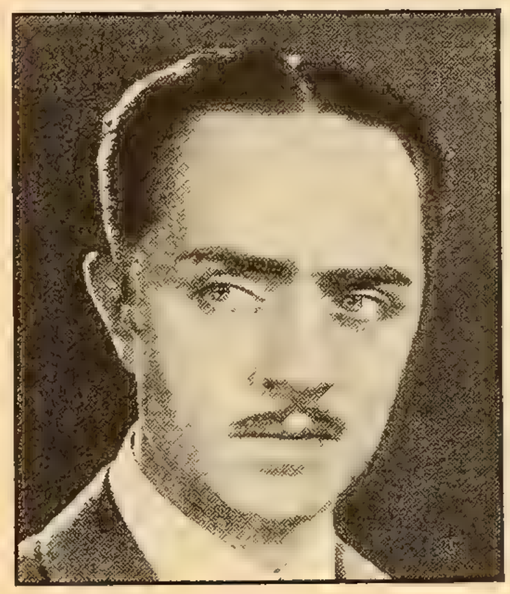
**Best—Greta Garbo**

### FOR THE DEFENSE
***Paramount***

Directed by John Cromwell. The cast: *William Foster*, William Powell; *Irene Mannere*, Kay Francis; *Defoe*, Scott Kolk; *District Attorney Stone*, William B. Davidson; *Miller*, Harry Walker; *McGann*, John Elliott; *Daly*, Thomas E. Jackson; *Parrott*, James Finlayson; *Joe*, Charles West; *Charlie*, Charles Sullivan; *Eddie Withers*, Ernest S. Adams; *Judge Evans*, Bertram Marburgh; *Judge*, Edward LeSaint.

When ex-Newspaper Reporter Oliver Garrett turned out a winner for Mr. Powell in "The Street of Chance," based on the demise of Gambler Rothstein, it was inevitable that this star would be provided with another topical Manhattan rôle. Here Mr. Garrett has equipped the suave Mr. Powell with the part of a fascinating Broadway criminal lawyer whose methods are devious. In the end he goes to prison for jury bribery. New York newspapers say that the part is suggested by the life of the late William Fallon. Anyway, the result is a consistently interesting melodrama of the underworld. Powell gives one of his characteristic portraits, while Kay Francis scores as his love.

**Best—William Powell**



### MANSLAUGHTER
***Paramount***

Directed by George Abbott. The cast: *Lydia Thorne*, Claudette Colbert; *Dan O'Bannon*, Fredric Marsh; *Miss Bennett*, Emma Dunn; *Eleanor*, Natalie Moorhead; *Albee*, Richard Tucker; *Evans*, Hilda Vaughn; *Drummond*, G. Pat Collins; *Bobby*, Gaylord Pendleton; *Peters*, Stanley Fields; *Piers*, Arnold Lucy; *Morson*, Ivan Simpson; *Foster*, Irving Mitchell.

Back in 1922 Cecil De Mille thrilled the good old silent picture public with "Manslaughter." Remember? It had a pampered daughter of the rich who was forced to serve a prison sentence because, while speeding, she caused a motorcycle officer's death. She nursed a hatred for the district attorney who prosecuted the case and then, when she could wreck him, she found she had lost her heart to him. Leatrice Joy played the wilful Lydia Thorne and Thomas Meighan acted the district attorney. It seemed to be worthy melodrama then. Now, acted as a talkie by Claudette Colbert and Fredric March, it isn't so compelling. It may even seem a little old-fashioned.

**Best—Claudette Colbert**

### A MAN FROM WYOMING
***Paramount***

Directed by Rowland V. Lee. The cast: *Jim Baker*, Gary Cooper; *Patricia Hunter*, June Collyer; *Jersey*, Regis Toomey; *Lt. Lee*, Morgan Farley; *General Hunter*, E. H. Calvert; *Inspector*, Mary Foy; *Sergeant*, Ed. Deering; *Major*, William B. Davidson; *Orderly*, Ben Hall.

Gary Cooper as a big, sturdy builder of bridges from Wyoming—but a poor film, for all that. Big Jim enlists in the World War, becomes a captain of engineers and meets a spoiled daughter of the rich who is doing something or other for the Red Cross. The hurried romance ends in marriage. Jim goes back to the front. He is reported dead and the girl tries to drown her memories in mad gayety. But Jim isn't dead—and he misunderstands. This is dull, wandering and not very well done, either in acting or direction. The gaunt Mr. Cooper is pretty good and pretty June Collyer is fair in the part of the girl.

**Best—Gary Cooper**

### ON THE LEVEL—*Fox*

Directed by Irving Cummings. The cast: *Biff Williams*, Victor McLaglen; *Mimi*, Fifi Dorsay; *Danny Madden*, William Harrigan; *Lynn Crawford*, Lilyan Tashman; *Don Bradley*, Arthur Stone; *Mom Whalen*, Leila McIntyre; *Mary Whalen*, Mary McAlister; *Buck*, Ben Hulette; *Dawson*, Harry Tenbrook; *Professor*, R. O. Pennell.

Victor McLaglen and lively Fifi Dorsay play opposite each other in another of those comedies. McLaglen is a tough, rough oyeah ironworker from New Orleans; Fifi is the girl who loves him regardless. Then Biff (that's McLaglen) falls into the wiles of a blonde adventuress, none other than Lilyan Tashman. But eventually little Mimi gets her man. McLaglen contributes one of his usual hard-boiled rôles. He's a two-fisted hombre who lights his cigarette from red-hot rivets. Miss Dorsay is her usual vivacious self. This follows in the path of "The Cock-Eyed World," being broad, raucous, and not a little lusty. But it lands several miles short, however.

**Best—Fifi Dorsay**

# ALL YOU WANT TO KNOW

The futility of war—a popular theme right now—gets a thorough overhauling in Richard Barthelmess' "The Dawn Patrol." The result is a finely exciting and completely masculine drama of the air forces in the World War. (There isn't a girl in the cast.) The story is an absorbing one of the gallant youngsters who fought it out in the clouds. Like "Journey's End," this is a series of events; as, one by one, the boys go out and fail to return. All this is superbly pictured, with whole squadrons of planes sweeping the sky. Barthelmess is admirable. So, too, are Neil Hamilton and young Doug, Jr. The star is generous in giving them such opportunities.

**Best—Richard Barthelmess**

**THE DAWN PATROL**
***First National***

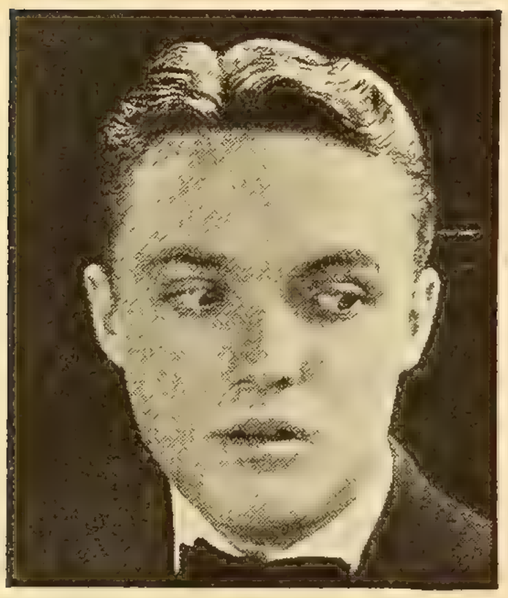
Directed by Howard Hawks. The cast: *Dick Courtney*, Richard Barthelmess; *Douglas Scott*, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; *Major Brand*, Neil Hamilton; *Gordon Scott*, William Janney; *Field Sergeant*, James Finlayson; *Bott*, Clyde Cook; *Ralph Hollister*, Gardner James; *Lieut. Bathurst*, Edmund Breon; *Flaherty*, Frank McHugh; *Mechanics*, Jack Ackroyd and Harry Allen.

It isn't easy to swallow the plot of an operetta. The story of "Golden Dawn" taxes the probabilities just like the others. The yarn here concerns the German occupation of British East Africa during the World War—and specifically the love of a young Englishman for a native girl, who turns out to be really white. There's a big tough black after the girl, too. Dawn is almost sacrificed to the native gods before the British recapture the territory and take possession of the theme songs. Vivienne Segal lends charm and personal attractiveness to the rôle of Dawn and Walter Woolf sings well enough as the Englishman. Noah Beery is the big black whipman who tries to trap our Dawn.

**Best—Vivienne Segal**

**GOLDEN DAWN—*Warners***

Directed by Ray Enright. The cast: *Tom Allen*, Walter Woolf; *Dawn*, Vivienne Segal; *Shep Keyes*, Noah Beery; *Blink*, Lee Moran; *Joanna*, Marion Bryon; *Sister Hedwig*, Julanne Johnston; *Mooda*, Alice Gentle; *Napoli*, Nick de Ruiz; *Captain Eric*, Otto Matiesen; *African Piper*, Sojin; *Fan Boy*, Harold Clarke; *Anzac*, Frank Dunn; *Hasmali*, Nigel de Brulier.



Flaming youth again—and enough of it for some months. Young Larry Grayson quarrels with his sweetheart and turns his attentions to a cutie in a night club. The bad girl sings blue songs and gets Larry to rob his father's store. She's the mistress of a gang leader. In no time at all Larry is mixed in one of the gangster's murders. The judge lets him off with a lecture, which he also parcels out to the boy's over-indulgent father. It seems that Dad hasn't met his responsibilities. That's the moral lesson. Frank Albertson is fairly good as Larry, H. B. Warner is the suffering father and the torrid Sharon Lynn is the cabaret temptress.

**Best—Frank Albertson**

**WILD COMPANY—*Fox***

Directed by Leo McCarey. The cast: *Larry Grayson*, Frank Albertson; *Henry Grayson*, H. B. Warner; *Sally*, Sharon Lynn; *Mrs. Grayson*, Claire McDowell; *Joe Hardy*, Kenneth Thomson; *Anita*, Joyce Compton; *Cora*, Frances McCoy; *Dick*, Richard Keene; *Natalie*, Mildred Vandorn; *Felix Brown*, Bela Lugosi; *Eddie*, Bobby Callahan; *Judge*, George Fawcett.

Jack Holt and Ralph Graves are pals again. They're soldier buddies who curse each other in moments of peace but who, when stress comes, would go through fire for each other. You recognize the idea. Here the pals are in the French Foreign Legion and they're in love with the same girl again. When Ralph disobeys orders, to save Jack, shot in a battle with Riffs, he is sent to the penal colony, Hell's Island. Later Jack is killed aiding his buddy's escape. The plot resembles the previous Holt-Graves efforts, "Flight" and "Submarine." It's unbelievable melodrama. Dorothy Sebastian does very well as the rough dance-hall girl loved by the pals.

**Best—Dorothy Sebastian**

**HELL'S ISLAND—*Columbia***

Directed by Edward Sloman. The cast: *Mac*, Jack Holt; *Griff*, Ralph Graves; *Marie*, Dorothy Sebastian; *Sergeant Klotz*, Richard Cramer; *Bert, the Cockney*, Harry Allen; *Monsieur Dupont*, Lionel Belmore; *German Legionnaire*, Otto Lang; *Colonel*, Carl Stockdale.

What a lot of war comes out of Hollywood these days. Here the revised team of Moran and Mack—burnt cork idols before the coming of Amos 'n' Andy—plays two lazy dark boys from Buford, Tenn., who are persuaded to enlist. They are immediately transported to France, along with their dog, and they win glory and medals in a series of comic events. There's an underlying plot of white romance and spy unmasking, but the dark boys are the whole show. Moran and Mack wear burnt cork throughout. Since you saw this team before, it has acquired a new Moran. This comedy is fairly amusing.

**Best—Mack**

**ANYBODY'S WAR**
***Paramount***

Directed by Richard Wallace. The cast: *Amos Crow* and *Willie Crow*, Moran and Mack; *Mary Jane Robinson*, Joan Peers; *Ted Reinhardt*, Neil Hamilton; *Captain Davis*, Walter McGrail; *Sergeant Skip*, Walter Weems; *Camilla*, Betty Farrington.

# ABOUT THE NEW PICTURES

**LET US BE GAY—*M-G-M***

Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. The cast: *Kitty Brown*, Norma Shearer; *Bob Brown*, Rod La Rocque; *Mrs. Boucicault*, Marie Dressler; *Townley*, Gilbert Emery; *Madge Livingston*, Hedda Hopper; *Bruce*, Raymond Hackett; *Diane*, Sally Eilers; *Wallace*, Tyrrell Davis; *Whitman*, Wilfred Noy; *Struthers*, William O'Brien; *Perkins*, Sybil Grove.

Smart life on the North Shore of Long Island. This was a stage play by Rachel Crothers. A fine old dowager calls upon the fascinating divorcee, Mrs. Kitty Brown, to save her granddaughter from a dangerous male. The male turns out to be the divorced Mr. Brown. A week-end of dialogue and mix-ups—and a reconciliation. Norma Shearer gives a charming comedy performance as the dangerous grass widow, but it is Marie Dressler, the thunder thief, who steals the film as an old dowager who flounces about her mansion, arguing with her butler and rearranging people's lives. This is pleasant society drama, brightly performed.

**Best—Marie Dressler**

**LOVE AMONG THE MILLIONAIRES—*Paramount***

Directed by Frank Tuttle. The cast: *Pepper*, Clara Bow; *Jerry Hamilton*, Stanley Smith; *Clicker*, Stuart Erwin; *Boots*, Skeets Gallagher; *Penelope*, Mitzi Green; *Pop*, Charles Sellon; *Jordan*, Theodor Von Eltz; *Mr. Hamilton*, Claude King; *Virginia*, Barbara Bennett.

Clara Bow is once more the working girl who gets her millionaire. She is a railway station lunch-room belle, he is the son of the road president, working his way up from the post of brakeman. When she learns his identity, Clara attempts to cure the boy of his love by pretending she is intoxicated. It's the old dramatic theme of the heroine who sacrifices her love because she feels she will ruin her sweetheart's career. Clara sings considerably. Stanley Smith is the boy. Vehicles such as this are pulling Miss Bow from her niche of popularity. This one is hard for even the most faithful Bow fan.

**Best—Clara Bow**

**THE SAP FROM SYRACUSE—*Paramount***

Directed by Edward Sutherland. The cast: *Littleton Looney*, Jack Oakie; *Ellen Saunders*, Ginger Rogers; *Hycross*, Granville Bates; *Senator Powell*, George Barbier; *Nick Pangolas*, Sidney Riggs; *Flo Goodrich*, Betty Starbuck; *Dolly Clark*, Veree Teasdale; *Captain Barker*, J. Malcom Dunn; *Bells*, Bernard Jukes; *Henderson*, Walter Fenner; *Hopkins*, Jack Daley.

Like Jack Oakie? Then you'll probably like this lightly entertaining comedy on board an ocean liner. The brash Littleton Looney is mistaken for a celebrated mining engineer. On the same steamer is the pretty heiress to mines in Macedonia in the hands, alas, of two dangerous crooks. Does the sap from Syracuse foil the scoundrels and win the beautiful and wealthy Ellen Saunders? He does, although the difficulties carry him through some six or so reels. Oakie steadily improves and he gives an ingratiating performance as the boy who makes good, while vivacious Ginger Rogers advances to heroine rôles as the heiress. Oakie is gaining bit by bit in favor.

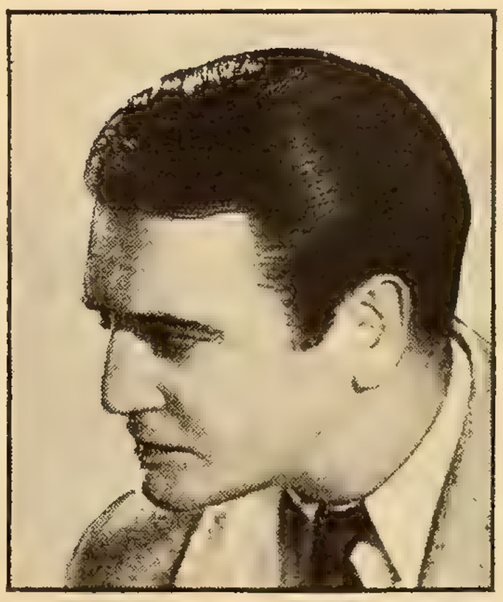
**Best—Jack Oakie**

**SHOOTING STRAIGHT *R-K-O***

Directed by George Archainbaud. The cast: *Larry Sheldon*, Richard Dix; *Doris Powell*, Mary Lawlor; *Rev. Powell*, James Neill; *Martin*, Matthew Betz; *Chick*, George Cooper; *Tommy Powell*, William Janney; *Hagen*, Robert E. O'Connor; *Stevens*, Clarence Wurtz; *Spike*, Eddie Sturgis; *Butch*, Richard Curtis.

One of those slick city gamblers beats up a gangster and, thinking he has killed him, slips out of town. The train is wrecked—and the gambler (the best crap shooter in the country) awakens to find himself in a small town. Due to papers in his pocket, his beautiful young nurse thinks he is a reformer. The girl's weakling brother is involved with a local gambler—and our reformed hero must take the problem in hand, whip the local bad man and win the girl. Not very believable is this yarn, but Richard Dix, the star, as Lucky Larry Sheldon, puts up a great scrap with Matthew Betz as Bad Man Martin. Mary Lawlor is the nurse. This sort of film isn't going to greatly help Mr. Dix.

**Best—Richard Dix**



**ONE MAD KISS—*Fox***

Directed by James Tinling. The cast: *Jose Savedra*, Don Jose Mojica; *Rosario*, Mona Maris; *Don Estrada*, Antonio Moreno; *Paco*, Tom Patricola.

This is another of those musical romances. You know what kind of a plot comes in that package. The hero is a dashing, singing bandit with a price upon his head. He loves a comely señorita dancing in the Café del Fandango. So does the local dictator, who also longs to capture the Mexican Robin Hood. The fearless Don José kidnaps the girl, is captured and marched before a firing squad. Is he saved? You didn't have any doubts, did you? Don José Mojica, a Mexican importation, is the hero and sings considerably. Antonio Moreno is far better as the tyrant and Mona Maris does very well with the rôle of the dancer.

**Best—Mona Maris**

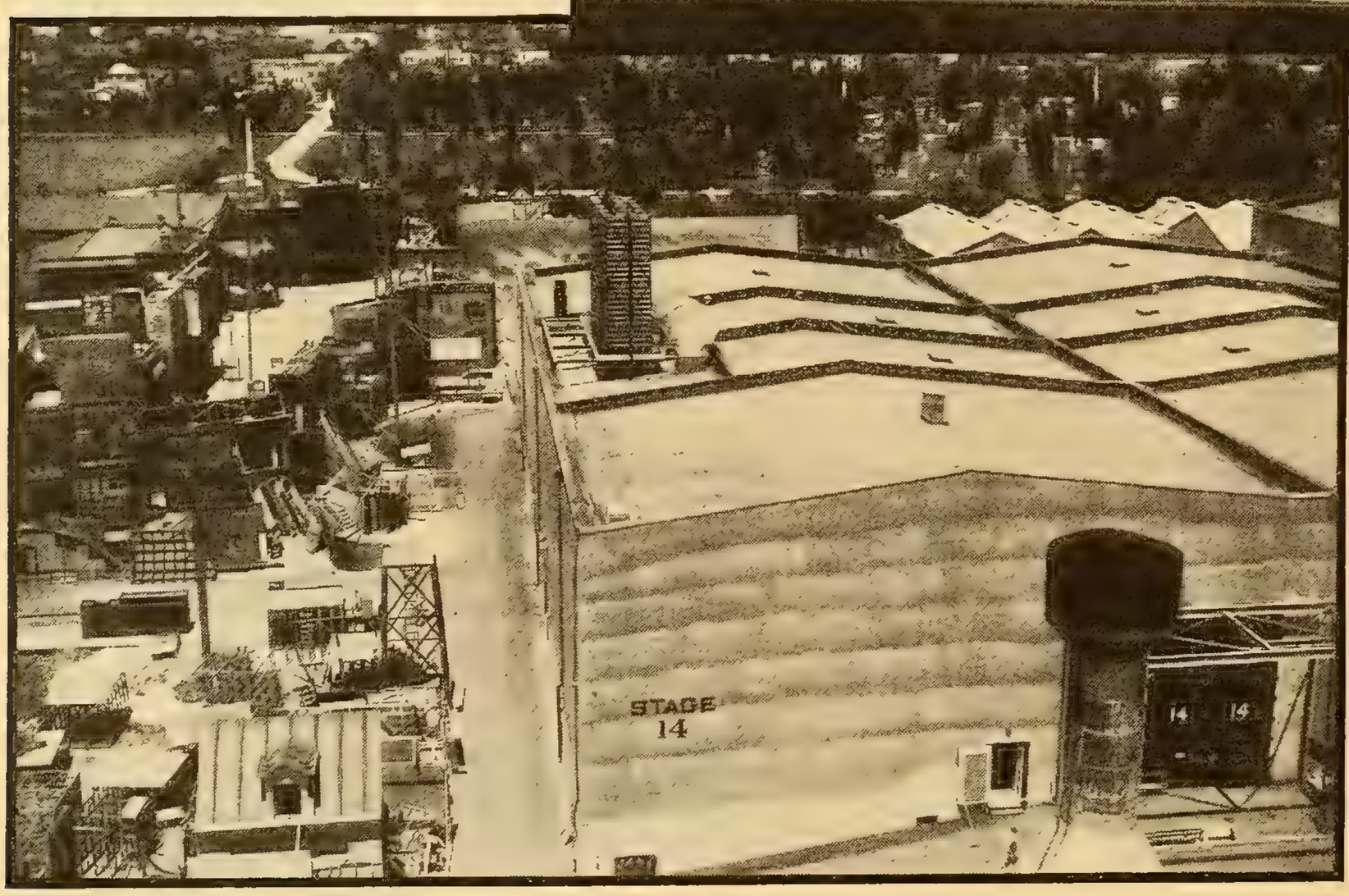
# VISITS to the GREAT STUDIOS

## A Personally Conducted Tour of Paramount Lot

THE Paramount Publix studio in Hollywood is doubly interesting. Because of one man and because, while walking in between its giant stages, one fairly stumbles over the ghosts of past glories.

It was here that Rudie Valentino and Barbara La Marr enjoyed their greatest days, it saw the Hollywood début of Ollie Thomas, the little sweetheart of New York, who died such a tragic death in Paris; it was here that Mary Pickford, Constance and Norma Talmadge, Pola Negri and Ronny Colman cast off their swaddling clothes and stepped full into the limelight of stardom.

And, at the head of the Paramount Publix Corporation is a man just fifty years old — Adolph Zukor — who perhaps




Top, the studio gate of the Paramount Hollywood lot. The minor studio players and workers are paid at the little awning-covered window at the left of the gate. Center, B. P. Schulberg, general manager of West Coast production for Paramount. Left, a view of Paramount's newly constructed sound-proof studio. In this building are housed four large stages with monitor rooms. Paramount has fourteen stages for the making of talkies.

Top, a view of the Administration Building, housing the main offices of Paramount-Famous-Lasky organization. Nearby is the main entrance to the studio. Left, the famous Lasky barn. Jesse L. Lasky and Cecil De Mille started the Famous Players Studios in this barn, which then stood on the corner of Selma and Vine streets in Hollywood. Four years ago the barn was moved to its present site on the Paramount lot. It is used as a gym by the studio workers.

Jesse L. Lasky in his offices in the Hollywood studio. Mr. Lasky is one of the distinguished pioneers of the picture business. With Mr. De Mille, he adventured in the very first film days. In 1916 the Lasky Company joined with Famous Players, linking the careers of Mr. Lasky and Adolph Zukor, distinguished founder of Famous Players.

Top, the dressing room building at Paramount. Stars occupy two room apartments on the first floor, feature players have single room apartments on the second, while the extras dress on the third floor. Left, Clara Bow, in front of her dressing room apartment, talking to Director Frank Tuttle. Below, the red and white studio school house, where all the children who work in Paramount pictures attend classes. This bungalow used to be Mary Pickford's dressing room.

more than any other man is responsible for the motion picture being the great industry it is today.

MOTION pictures in the beginning, you know, were not taken seriously. No one saw in them the greatest of all entertainment forces. Few, that is, except Adolph Zukor.

He had come to America when he was sixteen, from his native Hungary. He took a two-dollar-a-week job in a fur store while he went to night school and perfected himself in his new country's language. It was but an incredibly short time, four years, until he had his own store and was making money.

Then came the forerunner of the motion pictures, the penny-in-the-slot machine. It swept New York in its day just as the radio and put-put courses have swept across the country today. And it was cheap, it was entertaining.

Adolph Zukor did some thinking. He decided that more people wanted and needed entertainment than they did furs. *Voilà!* He'd got into the entertainment business.

Zukor and Marcus Loew soon became partners in a penny arcade. From that, still keeping in the field of entertainment, they branched out and bought small theaters about the country.

So the stage was set for the entrance of motion pictures.

Zukor saw one picture and was entranced. Here was entertainment. Here was something which, for a nickel, would provide romance and education in addition to amusement. Here was something *great.*

FOR some time Adolph Zukor tried to influence those who produced motion pictures to make bigger and better ones. Five-reel affairs, with prominent actors and actresses in them. But they said he was a lunatic visionary who might just as well advocate jumping to the moon.

Knowing him, it is easy to see a small, very quiet, easy-going person saying: "Well, if no one else will do it, I'll do it myself."

And he did.

In 1912 Zukor, Daniel Frohman and a few others formed the Famous Players Film Company. The first picture was "Queen Elizabeth," with no one less than Sarah Bernhardt playing the lead. Then followed James K. Hackett, Mrs. Fiske, Ethel Barrymore — it was, indeed, a famous players company, and the correctness of it was proven in the box-office. People flocked to their pictures and the movies took their first big jump in that tremendous climb to their present position.

There have been many changes in the Famous Players company since 1912. The Jesse Lasky Features Play Company was combined with it in 1916 and it became the Paramount Famous Players-Lasky Company. Benefited by the addition of a great producer, Lasky, the new combine bought or absorbed half a dozen smaller companies, and just this year further expansion has changed its name to the Paramount Publix Corporation. But at the head of it always is quiet little Adolph Zukor, guiding it, nursing it through the shoals of bad times and powerful competitors. Zukor's great plan, to own the theaters as well as the pictures, is now the ideal of all motion picture companies.

That is one reason the Paramount studios are interesting. They are the headquarters of the man who gave pictures their greatest push, who had more faith in them than any other business man of his time.

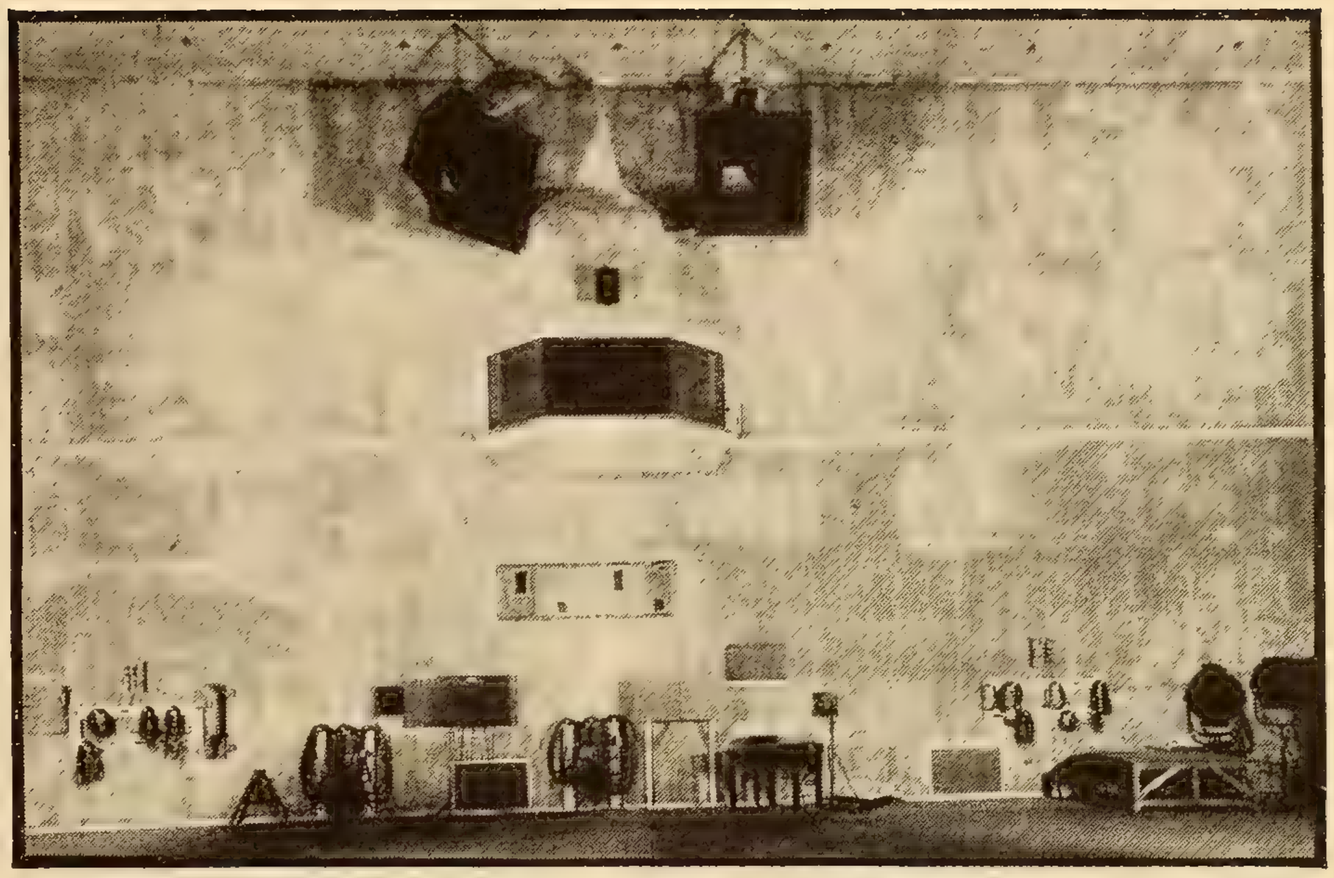
But that is not the only reason.

PARAMOUNT studio has been in its present location but a short time. Originally the studio was built by a man named Robert Brunton for speculation. Many people were coming to produce pictures and a place to make them was needed. So Brunton built a big studio and rented out space in it to whoever wanted to make pictures.

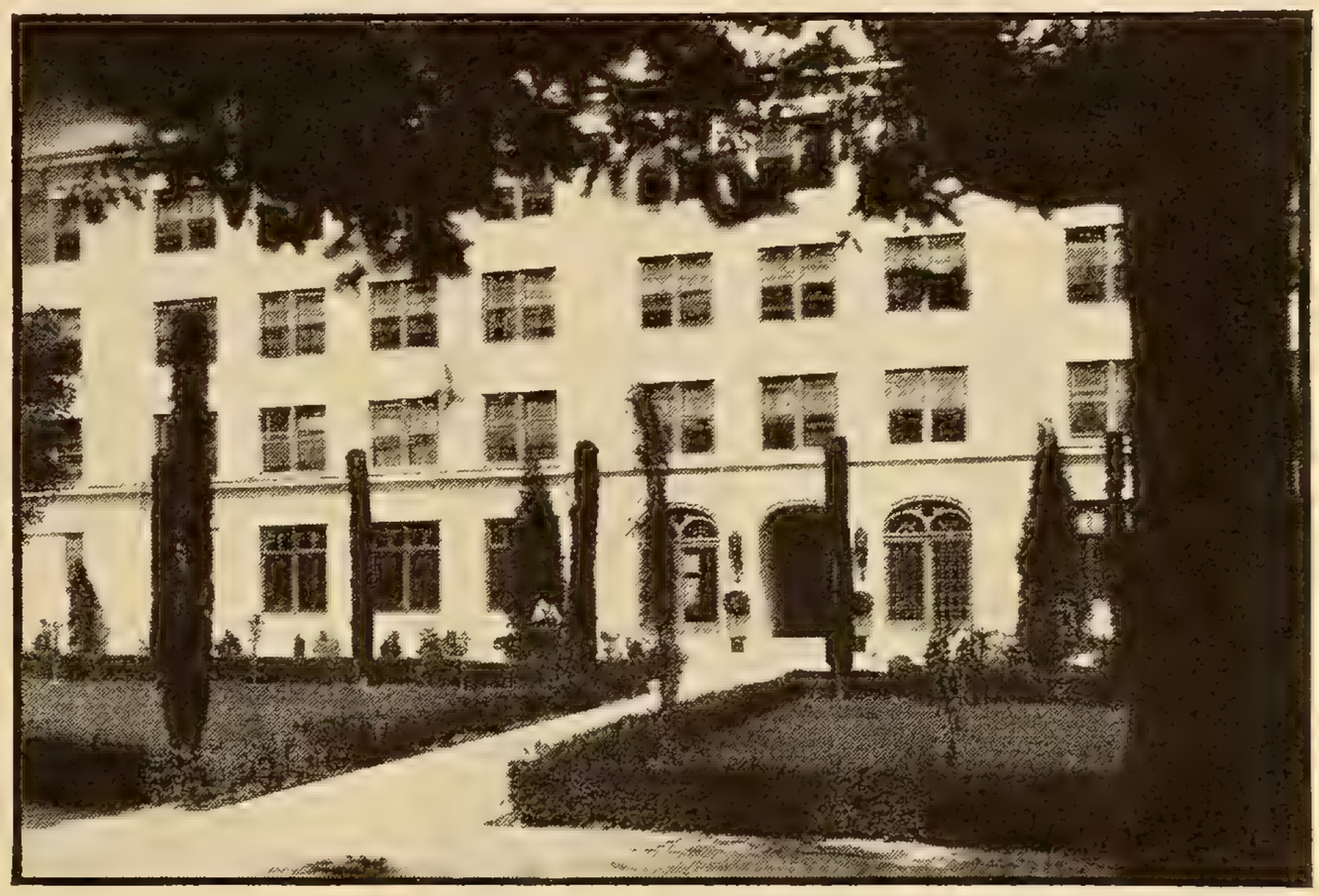
One day four people met—D. W. Griffith, Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin and Doug Fairbanks. All were making their own pictures, and decided not only to pool the releasing of them, but to make others besides those which they were in or directed. So was United Artists formed.

They bought Brunton's studio, which in reality was much too large for their needs.

Paramount at this time was over on Vine Street, near the present site of the Brown Derby Café—one of (*Continued on page* 97)



Above, a typical Paramount sound stage. Back of the balcony is the mixing room, where an expert regulates the volume of sound as it comes to him over wires during the making of scenes. Three thicknesses of 1-2 inch glass separate him from the studio.



Above, the writers' and directors' building at Paramount. This also houses the studio library. Below, Eugene Robert Richee, whose pictures appear frequently in NEW MOVIE, caught in the act of photographing Nancy Dover. Mr. Richee has photographed every star of the last eight years.

Below, Harry Green, the comedian, about to enter one of the sound stages. You can not enter while the red light is burning or the tiny bell is ringing its warning.

"A bunch of the boys were boop-a-dooping"--- Robert Service never wrote quite that in his "Dangerous Dan McGrew" but that's the way Helen Kane's version of "Dangerous NAN McGrew" goes. The gent aiding Miss Kane in her hot foot efforts is Victor Moore.

Sally Eilers, now Mrs. Edmund Pearson Gibson, stands in the center. At the extreme left is Marian Nixon, bridesmaid. Next is Carmen Pantages, the maid of honor. At the right are Marie Prevost and Mae Sunday, the other two bridesmaids.

# Sally Gets Married

## The Bridegroom is Edmund Pearson Gibson, well known rancher known to movie fans as Hoot

*Darling:*

Another perfectly beautiful wedding to tell you about. I wonder if they have such beautiful weddings anywhere else as they do in Hollywood. I've been to lots of weddings, but I don't think I ever saw one as romantic and altogether thrilling as Sally's and Hoot's. You know, Sally Eilers, whom Florenz Ziegfeld says is the most beautiful girl in Hollywood, and Hoot Gibson, the great Western star.

Of course, we were all on tiptoe for the great event, because for weeks before everyone had been entertaining for them. The final big event being Hoot's bachelor dinner, given by his best man, Buster Collier, at the Roosevelt Hotel, and Sally's last "cat party," at which Mae Sunday was hostess in her own home. They were such fun, those parties. The men had a very gay time, with Buster's father, the famous William Collier of the stage, acting as master of ceremonies. You know, he is one of the really famous wits of this age. Mae's party was beautiful, and all Sally's girl friends gathered around her to wish her all the happiness in the world.

THERE was a little cloud over the wedding preparations, you know, and Sally began to be just a little sad. First of all, Jeanette Loff — she is the pretty blonde you will remember seeing, dear, in "The King of Jazz"—was to be one of the four bridesmaids. But a week before, she was taken ill and rushed to the hospital to be operated on for appendicitis. So Sally asked Bubbles Denny—the wife of Reginald Denny, who is one of Hoot's closest friends—to act in her place. And then, just imagine, two days before the ceremony, Bubbles' appendix went wrong, and *she* had to have an operation.

Sally, who is such a darling, (*Continued on page* 110)

© By Evans Studio, Los Angeles

# 'Twas Not so Long AGO

It is now a matter of history that Gloria Swanson, before her discovery by Cecil De Mille, was a bathing girl in the famous seagoing bevy of beauties appearing in the old Mack Sennett comedies. The scene above, from a comedy of 1918, shows Marie Prevost and Miss Swanson in those gay, careless days before the screen went both noisy and swanky.

At the right, Constance Talmadge in the old Fine Arts days. The exact date of this camera study isn't known, but it was made after Connie scored her first big hit as the Mountain Girl of "Intolerance." Miss Talmadge was then just developing into a highly effective comedienne.

Pictures from the
Albert Davis Collection

# Yet Film Styles and Faces Change with the Years

Albert Davis Collection

An unusual photographic study of Theda Bara, at the right. Miss Bara was the chief attraction on the William Fox program for some years and the first of the famous screen vamps. Indeed, no successor to sinister, slinky roles ever equalled her vogue. Recently Miss Bara has been trying her luck in vaudeville.

At the left is the oldest motion picture scene ever published by NEW MOVIE. It shows the then-famous John Bunny and Flora Finch in one of those forgotten pioneer domestic farces, "Bunny's Birthday Surprise." These comedies were the initial stepping stones by which the movie passed from its first crude slapstick films to the present day comedy. Mr. Bunny died a number of years ago but Miss Finch still plays in pictures. A considerable part of this historic comedy, by the way, is revived in "Evolution," an interesting picture being offered in Vitaphone Varieties. This film briefly traces the history of motion pictures.

# GUIDE to the BEST FILMS

(*Continued from page* 8)

superb visualization of Fannie Hurst's novel. The character study of a kitchen drudge with Winifred Westover giving a remarkable characterization of the drab and stolid heroine. A little heavy but well done. *United Artists.*

**The Love Parade.** The best musical film of the year. Maurice Chevalier at his best, given charming aid by Jeanette MacDonald. The fanciful romance of a young queen and a young (and naughty) diplomat in her service. Piquant and completely captivating. *Paramount.*

**The Show of Shows.** The biggest revue of them all—to date. Seventy-seven stars and an army of feature players. John Barrymore is prominently present and the song hit is "Singin' in the Bathtub." Crowded with features. *Warners.*

**Welcome Danger.** Harold Lloyd's first talkie—and a wow! You must see Harold pursue the sinister power of Chinatown through the mysterious cellars of the Oriental quarter of 'Frisco. Full of laughs. *Paramount.*

**They Had to See Paris.** A swell comedy of an honest Oklahoma resident dragged to Paris for culture and background. Will Rogers gives a hilarious performance and Fifi Dorsay is delightful as a little Parisienne vamp. *Fox.*

One of the big hits of the screen year, Lewis Ayres in Remarque's devastating study of the Great War, "All Quiet on the Western Front."

**The Trespasser.** A complete emotional panorama with songs, in which Gloria Swanson makes a great comeback. You must hear her sing. Gloria in a dressed-up part—and giving a fine performance. *United Artists.*

**Sunny Side Up.** Little Janet Gaynor sings and dances. So does Charlie Farrell. The story of a little tenement Cinderella who wins a society youth. You must see the Southampton charity show. It's a wow and no mistake! *Fox.*

**The Lady Lies.** In which a lonely widower is forced to choose between his two children and his mistress. Daring and sophisticated. Beautifully acted by Claudette Colbert as the charmer and by Walter Huston as the widower. *Paramount.*

## Group B

**Safety in Numbers.** A snappy comedy in which Buddy Rogers plays a handsome heir to a fortune and has for his guardians three beautiful Follies girls. Easily the best Rogers film in some time. Has plenty of charm. *Paramount-Publix.*

**Raffles.** Another mystery thriller, somewhat along the lines of "Bulldog Drummond." Ronald Colman is delightful as Raffles—so, too, is Kay Francis who supplies the heart interest. *United Artists.*

**The Big House.** This is a melodrama tending to expose our penal system of piling convicts into prisons and then forgetting about them. You'll love Wallace Beery as the big playful killer. This has real thrills. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

**Caught Short.** Marie Dressler and Polly Moran team up as two rival boarding-house keepers who quarrel their way hilariously through this story. Parts border on slapstick. A safe comedy for the whole family. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

**The Unholy Three.** The first Lon Chaney talkie. Undoubtedly you remember the silent version of these three sideshow scoundrels. Somehow this lacks the suspense offered in the old silent film, though Chaney is matchless. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

**Our Blushing Brides.** Joan Crawford, Anita Page and Dorothy Sebastian are three department store girls in this one. Joan Crawford is at her best. The picture as a whole is lively and quite entertaining. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

**The Devil's Holiday.** In which Nancy Carroll gives us a real surprise with her fine characterization of a gold-digging Chicago manicurist. Phillips Holmes' performance is worthy of commendation. *Paramount.*

**Bride of the Regiment.** This was once the stage operetta, "The Lady in Ermine." Vivienne Segal, Broadway luminary, does well with her rôle as the countess bride. Walter Pidgeon and Myrna Loy are also members of the cast. *First National.*

**So This Is London.** Undoubtedly you saw Will Rogers in "They Had to See Paris." Here's a sequel comedy which shows what went on when the Draper family visited London. Not as good as its predecessor, but amusing. *Fox.*

**Paramount on Parade.** A series of specialties contributed by the company's various stars. Pretty dull entertainment. Kept alive by M. Chevalier who, with Evelyn Brent, furnishes one of the best bits in "The Birth of the Apache." *Paramount.*

**Show Girl in Hollywood.** Remember Alice White as Dixie Dugan in "Show Girl"? Well, this is her further adventures, showing the trials and tribulations of a newcomer seeking a break in pictures. *First National.*

# I Repay a Debt

(*Continued from page* 48)

sufficient unto themselves. They had a robust, complete companionship rarely equaled. No joy or sorrow, no defeat or fight or victory, they couldn't share. Elsie was used to the diet of blunt wisdom, keen analysis, amazing humor, of her mother's mind. The unvarnished truth and rugged knowledge of life which Mrs. Janis had acquired spoiled her for lesser things. Love never offered her anything as good.

IT has been quoted often that General Pershing once said that in any war Elsie Janis was equal to a battalion of men. It is in some measure the fashion nowadays to speak lightly or to speak not at all, of the late unpleasantness in France. Nevertheless, none of us in our hearts, and particularly the 3,000,000 boys who went to France, have forgotten how Elsie Janis carried laughter and comfort into the very trenches, under the heaviest bombardment of German guns.

Always, behind Elsie, was Ma Janis.

There were times when Elsie faltered before the anguish and the horror, when her nerves failed her. Times when it was hard to sing and dance in the face of death.

But Elsie's mother never faltered. She was always there, sturdy, strong, to encourage. Never too tired, never frightened, never undone.

In her day she drove many a hard bargain with theatrical managers to make Elsie Janis the great star of musical comedy. But when Elsie came back from France and theatrical managers on Broadway offered her enormous sums to go into revues, it was Elsie's mother who alone encouraged her in her mad scheme of producing her own revue with only boys in uniform as supporting actors, a venture which everyone told her was doomed to failure. Elsie Janis' mother saw more clearly into the heart of the American people. She said "Elsie Janis and Her Gang" would be a success—and if they weren't it was worth doing.

They did it and succeeded.

LOVE is often blind. But not nearly so often as is sometimes believed. Love which lasts through many years, through thick and thin, in the face of every human experience, isn't blind. A girl like Elsie Janis couldn't have given her devotion and adoration to anyone who was unworthy.

Mrs. Janis was only sixty when she left Hollywood sad and bereft by her sudden passing.

Yet, as so often she knew hidden things about life, she knew this thing about death. She knew she was going.

She died on July 13, 1930. On January 1st of that same year she wrote Elsie a letter of farewell to be given her after she had gone. In that letter she gave Elsie counsel and comfort for the rest of her life.

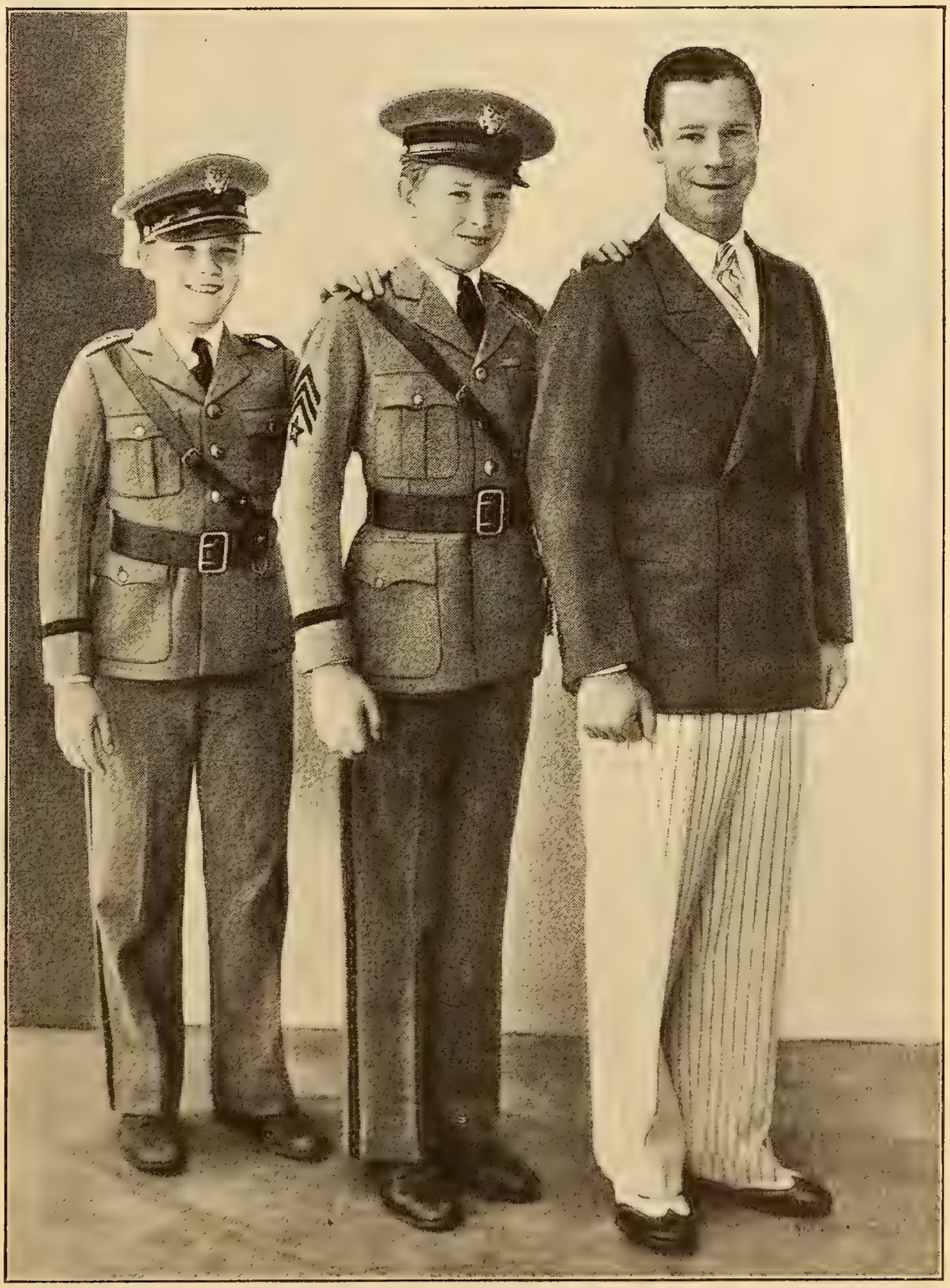
I am hoping that Elsie will publish that letter, will give it to the world. Nothing so beautiful, so strong, so helpful, should be kept from the struggling mass of humanity. For that letter is a human document worthy to rank with the great utterances of the ages. As a memorial to Elsie Janis' mother, it is something far more wonderful than any monument of marble could ever be.

It belongs to Elsie Janis. In her first grief for her mother it may seem too sacred for other eyes. But in the end, I think Elsie will come to see that it should be shared with others who didn't have such a mother to speak directly to them.

AMONG the thousands of telegrams that flooded the Janis home when the word of her passing reached the world, so many were from boys in France. Among the flowers that filled the church, so many bore a message from someone who had known her then. Because of that and because they would understand that we must not grieve for her, but carry on her work of giving and allow her to carry on wherever she is, I cannot help but think of that poem written for those same boys in the days when patriotism flamed high.

*"Take up our quarrel with the foe*
*To you from failing hands we throw*
*The torch. Be yours to hold it high.*
*If ye break faith with us who die*
*We shall not sleep, though poppies grow*
*In Flanders Fields."*

All of us who knew her and owed her so much must try not to break faith, to take up the quarrel against the evil and sorrow and ignorance of the world. But to Elsie belongs the priceless heritage. To carry on where her mother, from failing hands, gave her the torch of wisdom and generosity and strength to light many to better things.



Joe Brown is mighty proud of his two sons, Joe, Jr., and Don, aged 11 and 13 respectively. And you may be sure that the boys, who are students at the Urban Military Academy, are mighty proud of Papa Brown.

# The Dynamite LADY

## How Kay Johnson was discovered by Cecil DeMille and How Chance Guided Her Screen Career

By MARGUERITE TAZELAAR

KAY JOHNSON received the shock of her young life when the fastidious Cecil B. De Mille offered her the lead in his first talkie, "Dynamite," for she had never even taken a screen test. He offered it to her after having interviewed dozens of applicants for the part, and with his characteristic impulsiveness.

It was on the opening night of "The Silver Cord," which was then being produced by a theatrical company in Los Angeles. In this play Miss Johnson was making her initial bow to a Western audience. Breathing none too easily in her dressing-room between the second and third acts, she heard a knock on the door. Mr. De Mille's card was handed to her. A scribbled note on the back said: "Come to see me tomorrow."

Nervous as she was, she could not know that for two acts his attention had been riveted upon her, and that he had just murmured to his companion with a sigh of contentment, "I have found my leading lady." Two days later she walked out of his office still in a state of bewilderment with a contract in her hand for one of the juciest screen rôles of the year.

"I can't explain it, but things always happen to me that way," she was saying, looking trim and blond and fitting perfectly into the smart luncheon crowd at Pierre's on Park Avenue. "It must be fate for I've never consciously tried to plan my life. It's constantly being shaped for me by circumstances entirely outside myself. Going on the stage in the first place, getting into the movies this way, and my marriage—it all just happened."

(*Continued on page* 115)

Kay Johnson's father, the late Thomas Robert Johnson, was the architect who designed the Woolworth Tower. Miss Johnson herself was born in Mt. Vernon, N. Y., and drifted to the stage.

# There's Gold in Them Thar Beverly Hills

(*Continued from page 36*)

Wilshire Boulevard, with a view of the Beverly-Wilshire. This is as magnificent as any hotel in Paris. Its apartments are individually decorated and furnished with hand-carved French furniture. Its crystal dining room is a particularly fascinating rendezvous for the movie four hundred.

golden state is famed. We love its sloping hills, the green lawns and blooming flowers. We revel in its space and quiet, while the lights of a great city twinkle near yet far enough away. It seems so natural a thing to live in Beverly Hills that we rarely stop to search for reasons. I can't imagine our living anywhere other than in Pickfair! And Pickfair is in Beverly Hills."

To which the gallant Doug adds: "It is such a pleasant place to live there is no use of considering any other —and I can think of no place I should like better. Perhaps the real reason that I live in Beverly Hills is because Mary lives there——"

And that, in a nutshell, is probably the real reason most people want to visit Beverly and live there if they can.

**Lady Among Gold-Diggers**—Publicity makes a town as it makes everything else, and Beverly has plenty to talk about. Mayor Will Rogers' by-line has carried the name around the world, and Pickfair is regarded abroad as the most important American residence, next to the White House, of course.

Already Beverly has supplanted Hollywood as a home of the stars. It is my feeling that it will supplant Hollywood also as the aesthetic heart of the sprawling movie capital. Very quiet, very courteous, Beverly among California towns is as a lady among gold-diggers. To complete your education you should see her. I suggest that since Will Rogers has made "They Had to See Paris" and "So This Is London," he now should do a picture entitled "You Must Come to Beverly."

# Visits to the Great Studios

(*Continued from page 89*)

the most valuable blocks on all Hollywood. As the demand for their pictures grew, expansion became necessary, but the land next to their studio was too expensive. It would be a better business move to buy all that was needed in some less valuable location.

Paramount looked around — and bought the Brunton-United Artists studio. Doug, Mary, Charlie and company moved to a small place more suited to their combined needs.

But not before movie history and romance was made there under their guidance. Not before the place was filled with memories of the picture great which will never be forced from the minds of those fortunate enough to be on their lot at that time.

Mary Pickford's dressing-room, the place where those golden curls of yore were brushed and smoothed for the camera, became the studio school.

Rudie—Rudie Valentino had his heyday there. In his dressing-room now is handled the fan mail addressed to Clara Bow, Dick Arlen, Gary Cooper, June Collyer, Mary Brian, Buddy Rogers and their cohorts.

And other stars live on in this lot in the heart of Hollywood. Barbara, who has passed away; Connie Talmadge, who has retired; Norma, who is still beautiful; Pola Negri, the exotic passion flower.

They would hardly recognize the scenes of their triumphs. It has grown and is growing. Thirty-seven buildings are on its twenty-six acres at present and more are being built. Two thousand employees, exclusive of players under contract.

Paramount is a big, first-class studio. Everything done in any other studio in the little matter of making motion pictures is done here. Wardrobes, machine shops, power plants, dressing rooms, a hospital, a vault capable of storing 13,000,000 feet of film, restaurant, greenhouse—all these and more. And Paramount's KNX, one of the largest radio stations in the West.

But Paramount, somehow, has never been as interesting as a studio as it has as a location of stars, of personalities. It seems they have always been there and always will be. They are now, surely, with Buddy, Gary, Dick, Clara, Jean Arthur, Bill Powell, Ruth Chatterton and others.

Besides, Adolph Zukor himself and what he has achieved proves its importance.

WHAT DOES POLA NEGRI THINK OF HOLLYWOOD NOW? Herb Howe interviewed the famous motion picture actress in Paris for NEW MOVIE—and his story is destined to be the talk of Hollywood when it appears in this magazine next month. Watch for it!

Hawaiian News Bureau

Harold Lloyd, caught in an off moment near the beach at Waikiki. Mr. Lloyd took his company to Hawaii to make scenes of his new comedy, "Feet First," and paused a bit between scenes to enjoy the surf.

# What Will Hollywood Do To Amos 'n' Andy

(*Continued from page* 53)

Will they get lost, strayed, or stolen, in movieland?

Let's see. Let's spend a little time with Amos 'n' Andy on the *RKO* lot where they are making their first picture.

I arrived to see them on their third day in residence. It was a very hot day about noon. Twelve-fifteen, to be exact, because my appointment was for twelve-twenty.

Had the heat not made me a trifle more slow-witted than usual, I would have been put on my guard by that number, delivered to me over the phone by a press agent. Because one doesn't say that sort of thing in Hollywood. Things are altogether too tropical hereabouts to get on your ear over ten minutes. Generally the date is made, "I'll be over about noon." And if you show up by one o'clock it's still noon and everything is okay.

"So twelve-twenty and that doesn't mean twelve-*thirty*," as the press agent put it, should have been downright ominous.

But it wasn't and I walked in thrilled by no other emotion than anticipation of meeting my radio favorites.

A VOICE yelled, "Come in" and I opened the door to be greeted by a clatter of typewriter keys. The noise persisted until I was well into the room.

A dressing table, sans make-up. Several chairs. A settee. A glass-topped table. The inevitable flower basket, full. Only a litter of papers on the floor, and a spindle-legged typewriter table serving the purpose for which it was made, kept this room from being exactly like a hundred other dressing rooms in Hollywood studios.

Before the typewriter sat a man. On the settee sat another man.

"Gosden is my name," said the latter, rising and holding out his hand. "Might as well tell you now I'm Amos. This is my partner, James Correll, better known as Andy. Sit down."

I did.

I lit a cigarette and started to look around, meantime following the time-honored method of casual comment about the weather and their work. Correll, the deep-voiced Andy who had been typewriting, seemed a bit older than I had expected. Thin haired, stout, but not fat looking, a full, round face, I guessed him to be in his early forties. I found out later he was fifty years old. Freeman Gosden, the Amos of this duo, was younger. But his light hair, flashing smile and slender build fooled me again. I picked him to be thirty-two or three and he turns out to be forty-one. Maybe talking negro dialect is one way of staying young.

I had just knocked the first ash off my cigarette. Amos told me that they wrote all their own acts and had been in the middle of writing that day's broadcast when I walked in (as I could see for myself by looking at the stuff in the typewriter), when a page boy yelled in the door that Mr. Le Baron had just asked where Amos 'n' Andy were.

HERE again I must take you into a bit of Hollywood's inside affairs. William Le Baron is THE big shot at *RKO*. In most studios, when the big boss coughs, the noise causes an earthquake right down the line. Bill Le Baron must want to see Amos 'n' Andy. And they knew it.

Amos looked at Andy, they both looked at me (the person that was keeping them from dashing off to find Mr. Le Baron) and then all three of us looked at the door. Mr. Le Baron in person stood on the threshold. Now if you know Hollywood you know how unusual it is for the boss to come traipsing around actors' dressing rooms. Usually, the actors do the walking.

I looked at Amos 'n' Andy to see if they realized just what this meant. If it conveyed to them as it did to me how high they rated in that studio. But they didn't seem to notice anything. They were cordial and apologetic.

"Why, hello, Mr. Le Baron," said Amos. "Why didn't you let us know you wanted to see us? We'd have come to your office."

"That's all right," said Mr. Le Baron. "I needed the exercise."

Next Bebe Daniels appeared. Mr. Le Baron stopped her and introduced the queen of *RKO* to Amos 'n' Andy. They looked as pleased and thrilled as a couple of sophomores. She vanished and the boys returned to me.

I WAS beginning to be more and more dubious about an uninterrupted interview. Just then four men walked in, the director of the picture they are doing for *RKO*, Mel Brown, and three scenario writers. Amos' face fell as he saw them and Andy's jaw stuck out a half inch or so, though he said nothing.

"How about that script, Gos?" said Brown. (*Continued on page* 102)

Are you reading THE HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARDIER? Herb Howe is visiting Pola Negri, Emil Jannings and all the celebrities known to American film fans on his tour of Europe. Watch for his comments every month.

# What the Stars Are Doing

| STAR | TITLE | DIRECTOR | KIND OF STORY | LEADING PLAYER |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| **FIRST NATIONAL STUDIO** | | | | |
| Dorothy Peterson | Mother's Cry | Hobart Henly | Gangster Drama | David Manners |
| Walter Pidgeon | College Lovers | John Adolphi | College Romance | Ona Munson |
| Irene Rich | Father's Son | William Beaudine | Drama | Lewis Stone<br>Leon Janney |
| Edward Robinson | Little Caesar | Mervyn LeRoy | Gangster | Doug Fairbanks, Jr. |
| **FOX STUDIO** | | | | |
| Edmund Lowe | Scotland Yard | W. K. Howard | Detective | Joan Bennett |
| John Wayne | The Big Trail | Raoul Walsh | Pioneer | Margaret Churchill |
| Maureen O'Sullivan | Just Imagine | David Butler | Musical Comedy | El Brendel |
| Warner Baxter | Renegades | Victor Fleming | Foreign Legion | Noah Beery |
| George O'Brien | Fair Warning | Al Werker | Western | Louise Huntington |
| Lois Moran | The Dancers | Chan Sprague | Youth | Walter Byron |
| **HAROLD LLOYD STUDIO** | | | | |
| Harold Lloyd | Feet First | Clyde Bruckman | Comedy | Barbara Kent |
| **METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER STUDIO** | | | | |
| Lawrence Tibbett<br>Grace Moore | The New Moon | Jack Conway | Musical Romance | |
| Robert Montgomery | War Nurse | Edgar Selwyn | Drama | Anita Page |
| John Mack Brown | Billy the Kid | King Vidor | Western | Kay Johnson |
| Harry Carey | Trader Horn | William Van Dyke | African Romance | Edwina Booth |
| **PARAMOUNT PUBLIX STUDIO** | | | | |
| Kay Francis | The General | Cukor-Gasnier | Drama | Walter Huston |
| George Bancroft | Untitled | Roward Lee | Drama | Helen Davis |
| Jack Oakie | Untitled | Victor Heerman | Comedy | Lillian Roth |
| Clara Bow | Untitled | Frank Tuttle | Farce Comedy | Ralph Forbes<br>Charles Ruggles |
| Gary Cooper | Morocco | Josef von Sternberg | Drama | Marlene Dietrich<br>Adolphe Menjou |
| Richard Arlen | Social Errors | Cyril Gardener | Comedy | Mary Brian<br>Leon Errol |
| Jackie Coogan | Tom Sawyer | John Cromwell | Comedy | Mitzi Green |
| **R K O STUDIO** | | | | |
| Wheeler and Woolsey | Half Shot at Sunrise | Paul Sloan | Comedy | Louis Wolheim |
| Evelyn Brent | The Silver Horde | George Archainbaud | Alaskan Fishing Story | Jean Arthur |
| **UNITED ARTISTS STUDIO** | | | | |
| Chester Morris | The Bat Whispers | Roland West | Mystery Comedy | Una Merkel |
| **UNIVERSAL STUDIO** | | | | |
| Lupe Velez | East Is West | Monta Bell | Oriental Love | Lew Ayres |
| Harry Langdon | See America Thirst | W. J. Craft | Comedy | Bessie Love |
| Lilyan Tashman | The Cat Creeps | Rupert Julian | Mystery Thriller | Ray Hackett<br>Neil Hamilton |
| Conrad Nagel | The Lady Surrenders | John Stahl | Drama | Rose Hobart |
| **WARNER BROTHERS STUDIO** | | | | |
| Joe E. Brown | Sit Tight | Lloyd Bacon | Comedy | Winnie Lightner |
| Barbara Stanwyck | Illicit | Archie Mayo | Drama | James Rennie |
| Lucille Powers | Barber John's Boy | Allan Dwan | Drama | Phillips Holmes |
| Mary Astor | The Steel Highway | William Wellman | Railroad Drama | Grant Withers |
| Lew Cody | Divorce Among Friends | H. Del Ruth | Farce Drama | Irene Delroy<br>James Hall |

# FIRST AIDS to BEAUTY

## This Month the NEW MOVIE Expert Answers Interesting Queries from Our Readers — How to Gain Charm and Attractiveness

By ANN BOYD

I HAVE so many letters to answer this month that I shall devote my entire department to your queries, because most of the problems they present are applicable to a large number of girls. For instance, "Just Babs" — and hundreds of other girls— want to know what to do for blackheads and enlarged pores. These small skin defects are a constant source of annoyance to many women.

In the first place, blackheads are caused by dirt. That doesn't mean that Babs and the others do not wash their faces often enough, but it does mean that they do not wash their faces correctly. So here is the treatment— and may you follow it carefully:

The face should be washed thoroughly with very warm water and a fine, mild toilet soap. The wash cloth should be a soft one—and please do not scrub too hard. Then rinse off all the soap. Please be careful about this, because most girls aren't conscientious about removing all the soap. Then steam the face— particuluarly the spots where the blackheads are thickest—with hot water. Using a piece of cotton or sterile gauze, gently squeeze the blackheads and immediately dab the spot with a little alcohol. Then use a good astringent—your druggist or beauty shop expert will be glad to recommend a good one. After which you may rub the nose, the chin and other afflicted spots with ice.

And, Babs, do you always rinse your face with very cold water, after removing the soap with hot water? Do you give your face a good cleansing with cold cream? Do you remove your make-up, completely and thoroughly, before you go to bed at night?

The motion picture favorites are beautiful because they take infinite pains with themselves. No element of charm or attractiveness is left to chance. The movie folk know the value of a beautiful skin. Above, Jeanette Mac Donald touching up her make-up between scenes.

FOR girls who work in offices I suggest that they keep a jar of cleansing cream in their desks and some cleansing tissues. Office work is particularly hard on the skin, and just a morning and evening washing up isn't enough to ward off blackheads.

Sally R., of San Antonio, Texas, has a different sort of problem. Sally tells me that her eyes are light brown, but that at night, under artificial lights, they have a way of turning green. This is quite a common trick of light eyes of rather indefinite color. But Sally, unconsciously, tells the whole secret of this phenomenon. She says that she wears dark clothes during the day and Nile green dresses at night.

Naturally the dark clothes have a tendency to make her eyes look dark while the green in the evening brings out the green shades in her eyes. As a general rule, women dress for their eyes during the day and for their hair at night. But in Sally's case the rule won't work because Sally doesn't like green eyes.

If you are really worried about it, Sally, why don't you wear sapphire blue evening dresses in the evening, or warm, golden browns, or luscious blacks? Eye-shading on the lids isn't always to be recommended, but you might, Sally, shade your eyelids—very delicately and discreetly—with a dark brown shade.

MISS T. M., of Detroit, Mich., is worried because her hair is oily. And she cannot keep a wave in her hair. Miss M. shampoos her hair twice a week. That, my dear girl, is too often. Every two weeks is often enough, if you keep your hair in good condition by brushing it. I like a lemon rinse for oily hair. After rinsing your hair thoroughly, squeeze the juice of two lemons (strained) in a washbowl of warm water—not too hot. Immerse your hair and allow this hot lemonade to penetrate the scalp. Then rinse the hair again in lukewarm water. Simple, isn't it? And most effective. There are also good remedies advertised for oily hair. Ask your druggist or beauty shop about them.

C. M., Racine, Wis.—Send me a self-addressed stamped envelope and I shall be delighted to send you a remedy for graying hair.

Lucille S., Fort Wayne, Ind. — I think that your friends are being just a bit too critical. It is difficult to reduce a plump face—if you try you are courting wrinkles. By wearing your hair over your cheeks, you can make your face seem more slender. You do not tell me your weight, so I cannot know whether a general reduction routine would help. Try (*Continued on page* 117)

**Write to Ann Boyd about your beauty problems and read her advice every month.**

# MY HUSBAND'S CALL-DOWN *made me* CRY *like a baby*

*. . . but how glad I am now, that I took his advice!*

*"Look at that dingy shirt!" he exclaimed. "I'm almost ashamed to wear it."*

"DORA, I hate to complain," my husband said one morning, "but look at how dingy and gray my shirts are. I feel almost ashamed to wear them."

"I can't help it," I sobbed back. "Goodness knows I always try hard enough. But my washes just won't come nice and clean and I don't know what's wrong."

"Well, why don't you use a different soap," Fred replied. "Try this Fels-Naptha I heard the grocer recommending to some customers last night. He said something about its giving *extra* help that gets clothes cleaner."

### Dora's discovery

"And what a lucky thing for me that I followed my husband's suggestion. Why, I never saw any soap get rid of dirt as fast as Fels-Naptha does. I don't have to rub hard either—yet even greasy smudges from cuffs and the children's things come right out. I feel so proud of my lovely, white washes now. You bet I'm a Fels-Naptha fan for life!"

### *Extra* help—that's the secret

It isn't any wonder at all that Fels-Naptha washes are so bright! So sweetly fresh and spotless!

For every big Fels-Naptha bar brings *extra* help that gets clothes really clean. Not "just soap" but good golden soap and plenty of naptha—the safe dirt-dissolver used in dry cleaning. You get *two* cleaners instead of one. And working together, they loosen stubborn dirt—quicker, easier. *Without hard rubbing!*

Fels-Naptha gives *extra* help in tub or machine; for soaking or boiling; in hot, lukewarm or even cool water. It's great for household cleaning, too. And it helps keep your hands nice. For Fels-Naptha works quickly and gets them out of water sooner.

### The wisest washday economy!

You can buy Fels-Naptha in single bars or in handy 10-bar cartons. Get some to-day. Then use this soap and discover for yourself why Fels-Naptha is the best kind of washday bargain. It brings you not more bars, but more help. *Extra* help that saves *YOU*.

SPECIAL OFFER—Whether you have been using Fels-Naptha for years, or have just now decided to try its *extra* help, we'll be glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper. Many women who prefer to chip Fels-Naptha Soap into their washing machines, tubs or basins find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) just as you need them. Mail coupon, with a two-cent stamp enclosed to help cover postage, and we'll send you this chipper without further cost. Here's the coupon—mail it now!

© 1930, FELS & CO.

TNM-10-30

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper offered in this advertisement. I enclose a two-cent stamp to help cover postage.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Fill in completely—print name and address

Sidney Franklin directs Grace Moore in a scene of her new picture, based upon the life of Jenny Lind. Note all the paraphernalia of the newer talkies.

# What Will Hollywood Do To Amos 'n' Andy

(*Continued from page* 98)

"Huh?"

"Did you get the dialect finished on that dialogue yet?" asked the head of the scenario group.

Amos turned to Andy.

"The man respects that us has got all owah writin' done," he said.

"I'se regusted with him," said Andy. "Does he respect us ain't got nothin' else to do?"

"From which," said Brown, "I take it the dialogue isn't finished."

"Not on paper it isn't," said Andy. "We have it all worked out in our mind though."

"I can't mimeograph your minds," wailed the scenario gent. "When will it be done? Why don't you put it on paper if you have it worked out?"

"Say, listen," Mister Andy Correll demanded attention, "do you see this typewriter? In it is the dialogue for our radio performance at 3.30 this afternoon. *That* has *got* to be finished. But it isn't. Which should tell you we been plenty busy one way and another, because with us that radio comes FIRST."

"Well," the vehemence of this outburst had taken the wind out of the scenario gent's sails. "Will you do it tonight?"

"THAT was our intention," spoke up Amos, "but seems like in Hollywood folks thinks you are twins. Mr. Le Baron just asked us to put on our dress suits and go to the opening of Bebe Daniels' new picture, 'Dixiana,' which is tonight. So that ruins tonight. We will do it in the morning if we have to get up at six o'clock, which we probably will."

"O—o—oh," a groan from Amos.

"Well," said Director Brown, "you gotta do it."

"Yeh," said Andy, "and as rule, before we came to Hollywood, we gotta eat, too, but when do we do it? It's almost one o'clock now."

"I'll have some sandwiches sent over here," said Brown.

Amos looked wistfully after the departing four. "I had my mind fixed on some pork chops," he said.

I hurried into the interview.

"You told Brown the radio comes first," I said to Correll.

"It certainly does. We are not movie actors—yet. Maybe we never will be. Chances are we won't. The radio gave us our start, radio fans are our public, we have a very long contract for our stuff on the radio. We do it even if we are in Hollywood, twice a day. They fixed up a broadcasting room on one of the stages here on the lot. It costs $2,000 a day more to broadcast to the United States from here than it did from the East. Which is one reason we're in a hurry to get this picture finished.

"Are you only going to do one picture?" I asked.

Amos Gosden answered. They have an odd trick of answering alternately.

"THAT'S all so far," he said. "We could have blackjacked them into giving us a three-picture contract, but what for? Neither of us knows one thing about pictures. We don't know if we will like them or not. We didn't want ourselves to be tied up for more

than one picture, and we didn't want the studio to be tied up either. If we flop as actors, gosh, they oughtn't to have to put more dough out on us. And—we're funny. If we aren't happy here, we'll go back. You know. You gotta love your work. If we like it and they like it—maybe we'll stay. But radio is our game."

"Do you—" A knock at the door interrupted me. Brown was in again.

"There are five guys in make-up down on the stage to be tested for the part of the Kingfish," he announced. "Can you come down now and see what you think of them? I've got to leave at three o'clock and it will take at least that long to look 'em over?"

"How about this interview?" said Amos.

"How about lunch?" said Andy.

"How about this *radio* dialogue?" they demanded in unison.

"I don't know the answer to any of those," said Brown, "but we got to get those guys tested."

"Don't mind me," I said. I felt sorry for 'em, even when I thought of the money they were getting.

"Well," Amos gave up the ghost, "have someone bring this typewriter down on the stage and we'll try to finish our work between tests."

We walked on the stage. On the way the boy with the sandwiches and milk came out of a passageway. He looked at Amos 'n' Andy and fell right in behind us.

Arriving on the stage we gulped the food. In the meantime, Brown had disappeared. Finished with lunch—two minutes and forty seconds by my watch—Andy Correll wanted to go to work.

"Where's Brown?" he demanded. He was told Brown would be there in a minute.

"Where's the typewriter?" moaned Amos.

No one knew. We looked out the entrance of the stage and saw, far up the studio street, the boy carrying it in his arms. He was showing somebody's chauffeur the dialogue of Amos 'n' Andy's skit for that afternoon. That boy stopped every person he saw to show them the lines until he got within sound of Andy's voice—then he did a hundred yards in nothing flat.

"AMOS, are you goin' to get that seventy-five dollars back?" asked a stage hand who is evidently one of the boys and girls of radioland.

"Tune in, big boy, and find out," said Amos, with his pleasant grin.

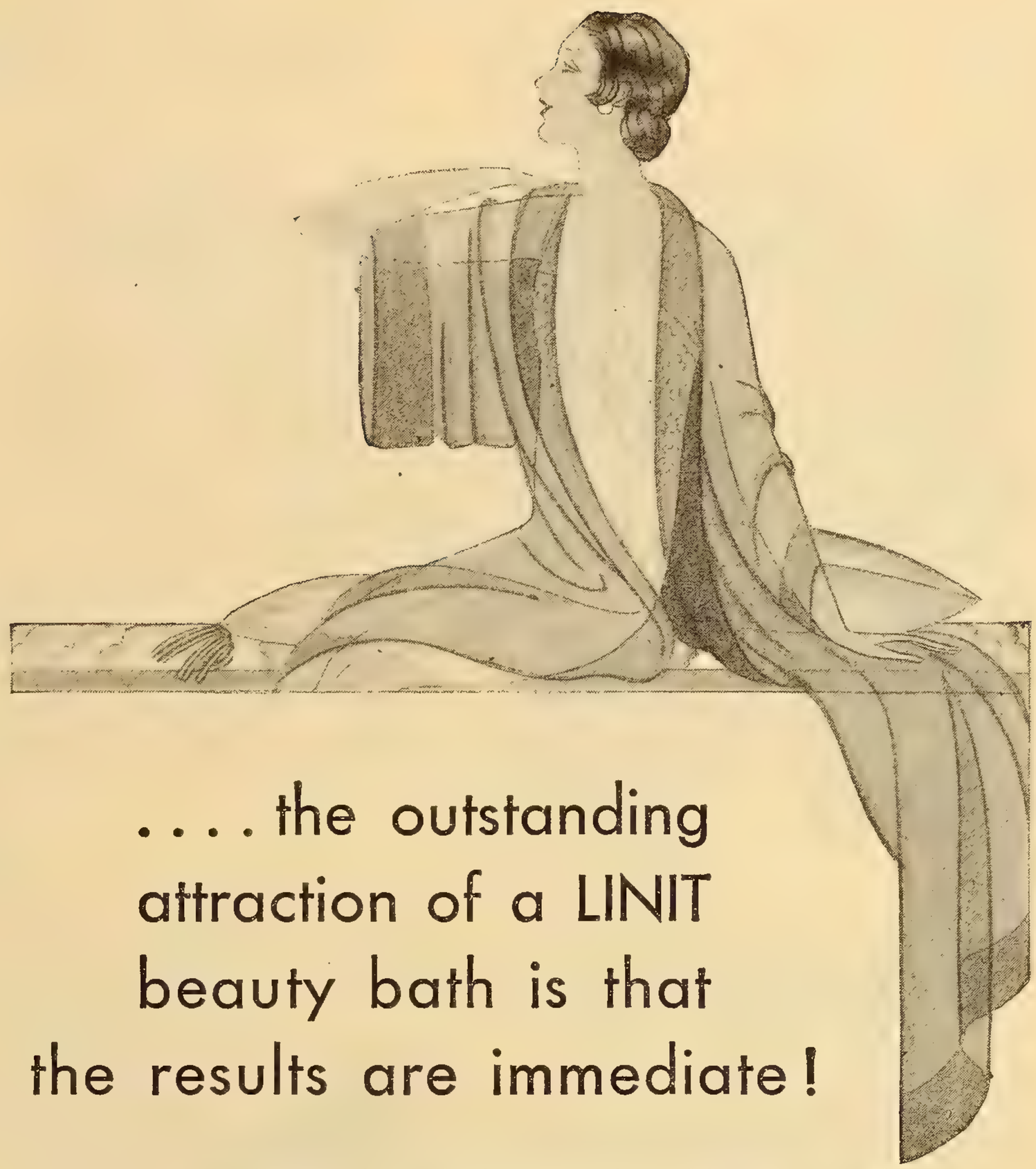
Brown appeared. A press agent appeared. Cameras started. Amos could not be held down. He had to help the man being tested. He read his lines for him, using just the voice desired. Gave his cues. Leaped back to make a suggestion to Andy, laboring at the typewriter.

"If it's like this now," said Andy, suddenly, in his deepest voice, "How'll it be when we're acting, too?"

"Thing beats me," said Amos, "is how anybody in Hollywood ever gets time to go wrong? I ain't had time yet to go *right*."

There's your answer. Amos 'n' Andy won't go Hollywood. They'll survive their adventure into movieland without any of the disasters that befell Moran and Mack. In the first place, they're too busy and they like being busy. Neither one of them wants to retire no matter how much money they make.

In the second place, they're true to the radio. It's their first and their real love.

. . . . the outstanding attraction of a LINIT beauty bath is that the results are immediate!

You need not wait weeks for some sign of improvement in your skin. The Linit Beauty Bath is an outstanding beauty secret—not only is it amazingly economical, but the soothing, luxurious results are IMMEDIATE.

Merely dissolve half a package of Linit in your bath—bathe in the usual way, using your favorite soap—and then feel your skin—soft and satiny smooth!

This soft, velvety "finish" comes from a thin coating of Linit left on the skin which is invisible to the naked eye. This coating of Linit adheres well, never comes off on the clothing, eliminates "shine" and harmlessly absorbs perspiration.

Starch from corn is the main ingredient of Linit—and being a pure vegetable product, is absolutely harmless to even the most sensitive skin. In fact, doctors recommend starch from corn to soothe the tender skin of young babies.

THIS is the test that proves it!

After dissolving a handful or so of Linit in a basin of warm water, wash your hands. The instant your hands come in contact with the water you are aware of a smoothness like rich cream—and after you dry your hands your skin has a delightful softness. You'll be convinced!

LINIT is sold by your GROCER

the bathway to a soft, smooth skin

# Do men admire natural color?

**JUST ASK ONE!**

# TANGEE

*Like Nature's Own Glow*

Men admire youthful, healthy color. Certainly! They want your lips to look Natural . . . not a greasy smear of glaring, flashy color!

Tangee is entirely unlike any other lipstick. It contains no pigment. Magically it takes on color after you apply it to your lips. It is like a glow from within . . . a blush so natural that it seems a part of the lips. And Tangee never rubs off or looks artificial.

Based on a marvelous color principle, Tangee blends perfectly with your own natural coloring, no matter what your individual complexion!

Tangee *Lipstick,* $1. The same marvelous color principle in *Rouge Compact,* 75¢ . . . *Crême Rouge,* $1. *Face Powder,* blended to match the natural skin tones, $1. *Night Cream,* both cleanses and nourishes, $1. *Day Cream,* protects the skin, $1. *Cosmetic,* a new "mascara," will not smart, $1.

SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET
(Six items in miniature and "The Art of Make-Up.")

THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO., DEPT. T.G.-10
417 Fifth Avenue New York

*Name* .....

*Address* .....


# Gossip of the Studios

(*Continued from page* 23)

Charles McArthur (Helen Hayes), Mr. and Mrs. Fred Worlock (Elsie Ferguson), Andrew Lawlor, Mr. and Mrs. David Butler.

* * *

FRANCES DEE, the extra girl who was picked out of the mob to play opposite Maurice Chevalier, is a graduate of the University of Chicago.

* * *

MOVIE stars as a rule do not keep the clothes and shoes they wear in pictures. These are furnished by the studio and are returned to the wardrobe when the star is finished with them. They are then given to extras and bit players for mob scenes, and so worn out. Paramount, for instance, has 700 pairs of shoes on racks—waiting to be fitted to extras who need them for night club, big dance and other scenes where they will not be noticed so much.

* * *

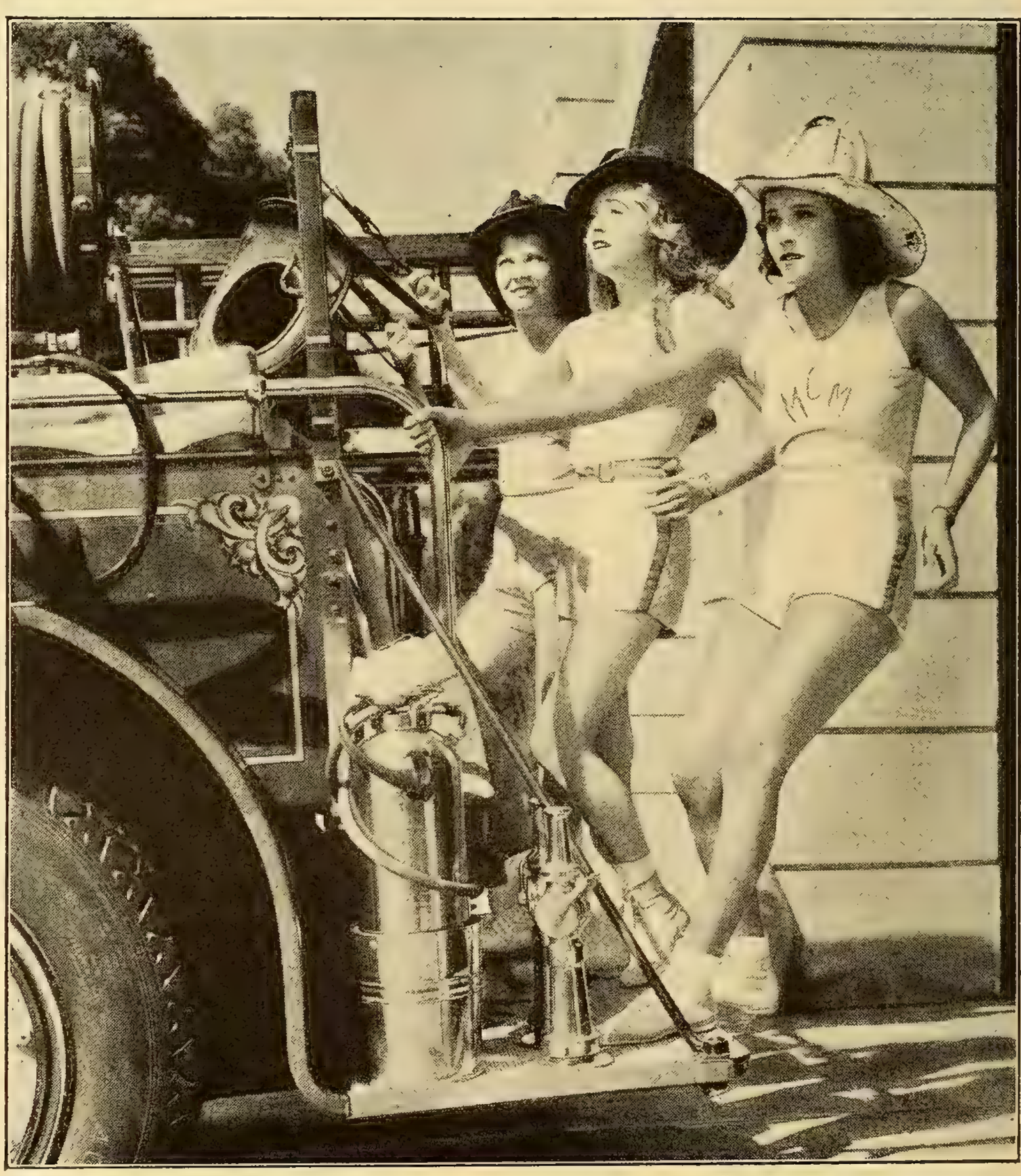
TALKING pictures are becoming less so. When they first came in everything was words, words, words—far more than in a stage play. But now they have cut down the number of words used in a regulation six reeler about forty percent of what was used. Soon it will be cut still more. The ideal picture, they say, will be twenty-five percent talk and seventy-five percent action. And then perhaps the children will regain their taste for pictures. Exhibitors say that the attendance of children has dropped off since the advent of the talkie. Not enough action and too much talk is the complaint.

* * *

MRS. JACK GILBERT (Ina Claire), has been knocking Hollywood cold with the performance she is giving in "Rebound," a stage play put on in Los Angeles. "Rebound" had the biggest opening any play has ever had in the history of Los Angeles. All thanks to Ina, it looked like a movie premiere.

* * *

AN aviator who was feeling a little too gay visited Malibu Beach on a Sunday noon, when film stars and their guests were basking by the dozen in the sun. Mister Aviator swooped down out of the skies and skimmed the beach not two feet over the heads of the bathers. His number was taken



Our favorite fire department, the private organization of the Metro-Goldwyn-Studios. The fire lassies, from left to right, are Dorothy McNulty, Catherine Moylan and Raquel Torres. Boy, page a conflagration!

and now Mister Aviator does no more smart tricks—in the air. United States regulations forbid such stunts and the punishment is sitting on the ground for a while, with your license to fly taken away. Maurice Chevalier, Gloria Swanson, Dolores Del Rio, Jeanette MacDonald, Jack Buchanan, Ralph Forbes, Ruth Chatterton and a flock of others were on the beach at the time.

* * *

COLLEEN MOORE gave a dinner party the other evening in the exquisite terraced gardens of her Bel Air home. Colleen is a lively conversationalist and always has a very interesting group around her. A horseshoe table was laid on the upper terrace and afterwards the guests wandered about the grounds in the moonlight; listened to a Hawaiian orchestra or played bridge. Miss Moore was in pure white taffeta.

Among the guests were Kay Francis, Constance Bennett, William Haines, James Shields, Mr. and Mrs. Charles McArthur (Helen Hayes), John Gilbert, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Marshall Neilan, Ernst Lubitsch, Harold Grieve, Julanne Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hornblow, Willis Goldbeck, Mr. and Mrs. Barney Glazer.

* * *

*Edmund Lowe is one of the few actors who doesn't want to direct. He likes to act and says he intends to stick to it.*

* * *

EVELYN BRENT is on her way back from Alaska. She stopped off for three hours in Seattle and telephoned her husband, Harry Edwards, the producer, to tell him she'd soon be home. Splendid reports of "The Silver Horde," which she went to the far North to make, are drifting through.

* * *

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Jr., and his wife, Joan Crawford, lunched at The Embassy the other day with a group of friends including Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Howard and Kay Hammond.

* * *

ERNST LUBITSCH, the director whose latest picture, "The Love Parade," continues to be a sensational success, has taken a house at Malibu and is to be seen sunning himself daily and working on his next story with Hans Kraly. Mrs. Lubitsch just got a divorce.

* * *

WHEN Lawrence Tibbett walked on the set at Metro-Goldwyn to shoot the first scenes of his new picture he was cheered to the echo by the cast, the extras and the technicians. It was his first appearance on the set since the release of "The Rogue Song," and showed plainly how Hollywood regards this popular singer.

* * *

MANY affairs have been given in honor of Mrs. Patrick Campbell since she arrived in Hollywood. Among them a charming little dinner party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brabin (Theda Bara). Besides the host and hostess and Mrs. Campbell, the table was place-carded for Zoe Akin, famous New York playwright, Mr. and

(*Continued on page* 107)

# New kind of washday gets clothes *whiter*

## *safely . . . without scrubbing*

WHEN a laundry soap saves work and gets clothes whiter, too—you can be pretty sure women everywhere are going to talk about it.

And they do! Millions of women all over the country are singing the praises of Rinso. "For safety, for economy, for snowy washes—give me Rinso!" writes Mrs. W. D. Villars of St. Paul, Minn. That's what *thousands* tell us!

Rinso saves the clothes. They don't need to be scrubbed threadbare. A real thrift-soap; gives twice as much suds, cup for cup, as the lightweight, puffed-up kinds.

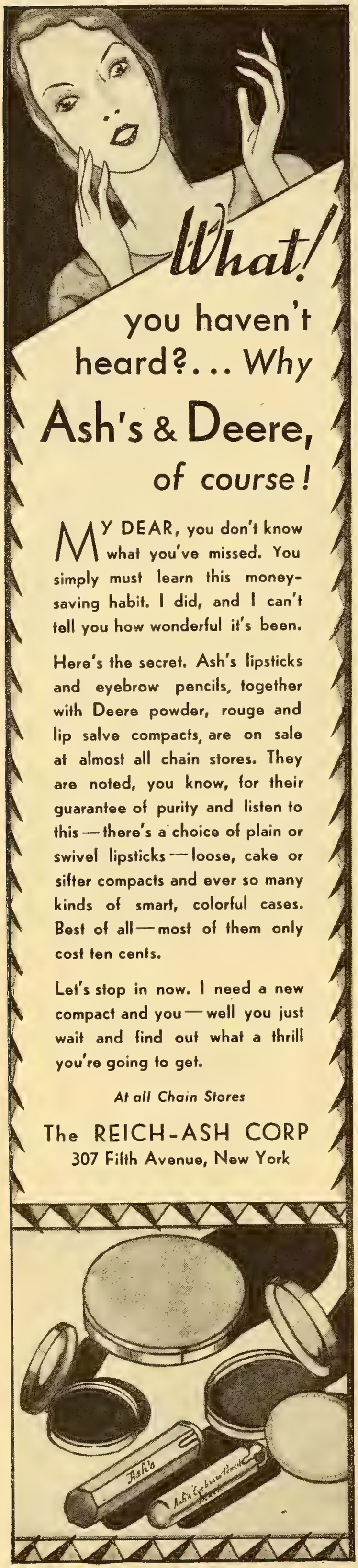
### *Great in washers, too*

The makers of 38 famous washing machines recommend Rinso. All that's needed in tub or washer, even in hardest water—no bar soaps, chips, powders, softeners. Get the BIG package. Mavelous for dishes, too . . . *loosens grease in a flash.*

Guaranteed by the makers of LUX—
LEVER BROTHERS CO., Cambridge, Mass.

2 sizes
most women buy the large package

*Millions use Rinso*
*in tub, washer and dishpan*





# Parlez-Vous Francais?

(*Continued from page* 57)

at all. After trying in vain for several weeks I finally got myself a horse and rode past her apartment house on Park Avenue. Just as I was opposite her number I contrived to fall off.

"It must be the Prince of Wales," said the traffic policeman on the corner. "Send him up to Miss Damita's apartment."

Miss Damita saw through the trick at once and only my quick wit saved me.

"You're no prince, you big bum," she said.

"I'm a prince of good fellows!" I said, quick as a flash.

THIS, of course, appealed to the mother-instinct in her. I followed up at once with "*Allo*" and, seeing that I spoke her mother tongue fluently, she softened.

"*Conducteur, quelle est cette station,*" I said, as politely as I could. I guess that for the benefit of those who do not speak the French language I had better translate as I go along. It means: "I have risked my life to interview you for THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, you little vixen, and if you've got any kings or princes around here, tell them to go play in the park for a while."

I could see she was perplexed. It developed that, having been a movie star for only six or seven years, she didn't know what an interview was.

"*N'oubliez pas,*" I told her, "*de me prevenir quand nous serons arrivés de Nice.*" ("It means that we'll just tell each other our right names and sit around and talk for a while."

"Well," she said, "my right name is Liliane Carre."

I was a bit put out, I don't mind saying. I thought I'd got the wrong girl. A fellow doesn't go around falling off horses to interview girls named Carre. Still I thought I might as well go on. I hadn't anything else to do that afternoon.

"*Ou est le compartiment des voyageurs avec chiens?*" I asked. ("Are you related to Carrie Nation?")

"No," she said, in a word.

"*Voilà longtemps que je vous ai commandé un biftek,*" I came back, a little irritably. ("Well, this is a bust. I think I'll get out of here.")

She rose.

"YOU would walk out on Damita!" she said, indignantly.

"*Je n'ai pas de couteau!*" I came back. ("Oh, so you are Damita. I thought you said your name was Carre.")

"It is," she cooed.

I was getting pretty tired of that sort of thing and told her so, in no uncertain French.

"Well, it's this way," she said. "My right name is Carre. But I am also Damita. I got that name from the King of Spain. A fellow named Alfonso. It means "little lady" in Spanish. It was this way: I had been studying dancing in Paris and was very tired. I went for a rest to a seaside resort in southern France. The King of Spain was there.

"I had a red bathing suit that was very fancy."

"*Comment allez vous,*" I interrupted to remark. ("I hope you didn't wear it to any bull fights.")

"No, but I wore it bathing. The King used to watch me every day. And then one day I stayed home. And the King asked one of his friends: 'Where is the little lady in red?' 'Little lady' is Damita. The friend told me. I thought nothing of it. I went back to Paris. There I had an offer to become a member of the ballet at the opera. I didn't like my own name for stage purposes, so I chose 'Damita' and added the Lily—a contraction of Liliane, my own first name."

"*Y a-t-il des lettres pour moi?*" I asked, trying to get somewhere. ("How did you happen to go into the movies?")

"Well," she said, "I danced in the opera ballets. But I saw that the road to stardom in opera was a long one. And I was impatient. I decided to try revue. I joined Mistinguett's company at the Casino de Paris. And I was doing very well. But again my impatience got the better of me. I decided I wanted a company of my own. So I formed it and took it to Vienna. We were very successful.

"A MOTION picture magnate saw me there and wanted me to take a film test. I did not want to do it. I was having a good time and did not believe that the motion picture was my field. But he persuaded me.

"After that I made a number of other pictures—in Austria, in France, in Germany and in England. And then I came to America. My first picture here was 'The Rescue' with Ronald Colman. The rest, of course, you know. There was 'The Bridge of San Luis Rey' and then 'The Cock-Eyed World.'"

There was a knock on the door. Miss Damita started. I was determined not to be interrupted. I knew it was probably some count, or even, perhaps, a low-grade baron.

"*Donnez moi deux oeufs,*" I said authoritatively. ("Let me take care of this.")

I strode to the door.

"Miss Damita is busy," I yelled through the keyhole.

"Who are you?" came the query back through the keyhole. It was one of those new keyholes — wired for sound.

"I, sir," I replied, "am His Royal Highness, Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David, K.G., K. T., K. P., P. C., G.C.S.I.,' Prince of Wales, Earl of Chester, Duke of Saxony, Prince of Coburg and Gotha, Duke of Cornwall, Duke of Rothesay, Earl of Garrick, Baron of Renfrew, Lord of the Isles and Great Steward of Scotland, High Steward of Windsor——"

"Let me know when the convention is over," said the varlet, whoever he was, and left.

"*Je voudrais faire reparer ces chaussures,*" I said, laughing up my sleeve at my strategy. ("All right, kid, tell me more about yourself.")

"Well, I guess you know that I went into the musical comedy, 'Sons o' Guns,' with Jack Donahue. It was great experience for me. You see, the actress

(*Continued on page* 108)

## Gossip of the Studios

(*Continued from page* 105)

Mrs. Lionel Barrymore, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Tibbett, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Earl C. Anthony, and John Colton.

The Basil Rathbones also entertained with a dinner for Mrs. Campbell. Their guests included Mr. and Mrs. William Gibbs McAdoo, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Bromfield, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hornblow, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Tibbett, Constance Collier, Aileen Pringle, Mary Lewis, P. G. Wodehouse, Richard Halliburton and Leonore Wodehouse.

* * *

*Jeanette MacDonald's hair isn't as blond as it looks on the screen. It's a coppery red.*

* * *

NOW that Wilson Mizner is back again at his old stand, The Brown Derby in Hollywood, business has picked up and the place is always packed with a group of picture stars. Charlie Chaplin was at one table the other night, and Maurice Chevalier at another.

* * *

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS and Mary Pickford have been spending the Summer in a house they rented at Santa Monica. Mary is still waiting for the revised treatment on "Secrets" and Douglas is waiting to be called for "Reaching for the Moon," the Irving Berlin story in which he is to co-star with Bebe Daniels. They have been enjoying their vacation since Doug returned from England.

* * *

GARY COOPER and Lupe Velez spent a recent week-end at Malibu as the guests of Vivienne Segal. Anyone seeing those two together can't be long in doubt that they are madly in love. Gary was much more annoyed than Lupe when someone printed a rumor that he wasn't quite as devoted as he used to be. He says he is.

* * *

MAE SUNDAY, who is Hollywood's favorite guest and one of its favorite hostesses, will be married this month to Wallace Davis, well-known Los Angeles lawyer. Her only attendant will be Bebe Daniels, whom she served recently as a bridesmaid. The romance between Mr. Davis and Mrs. Sunday began when he acted as her attorney about a year ago.

* * *

VIVIAN DUNCAN, the prettiest of the famous Duncan sisters, has made the front page again. This time it happened not in Cicero, Ill., but right on Malibu Beach. Miss Duncan claims that Rex Lease, a coming Western star, struck her while she was in the home of John Farrow, the scenario writer. Being used to newspaper publicity of that kind, Miss Duncan's reaction was to have Mr. Lease arrested immediately. She herself went to the Hollywood Hospital. All of which made no hit with stellar residents of Malibu Beach.

A few days later Miss Duncan was married to Nils Asther.


# ...Amazing Results minus unpleasant smell

with

SIVAM *Perfumed* MANICURE PREPARATIONS

SIVAM *Perfumed Cuticle Remover*—removes and shapes cuticle. *Perfumed Polish Remover*—removes all traces of old polish and prepares nails for the new. SIVAM *Perfumed Nail Polish*, in Natural, Colorless or Red Rose shade, whichever best suits *your* type.

SIVAM *Nail Whitener Cords*—whiten nail-tips in a jiffy (simply moisten cord and draw under the nailtip—no muss, no fuss, no sticky paste!)

***On Sale at the Better 5 and 10c Stores....***

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# Parlez-Vous Francais?

(*Continued from page* 106)

needs audience reaction. I mean it is highly important for a person on the stage to know what things interest her audience. In motion pictures this is difficult to get because you are not present when your audience sees the picture.

"On the stage, however, you learn what things people will laugh at and what things will bring tears from them. It was important that I learn these American reactions, and my experience in 'Sons o' Guns' gave me the chance. It was very valuable. That is, for a time. Afterward it became monotonous. That is the danger with the stage—monotony. In pictures you are always doing a new show, and that keeps you fresh."

I kept wishing Miss Damita would get fresh with me, but I didn't say anything.

"However, the stage and the films are two different media. The motion picture actor must have something within him. I believe it is something he learned in silent pictures—a way of expressing things without speaking. It is important. That is why so many of the early talking pictures have been bad. They have been played by actors from the stage who have had no screen experience."

"*Un, deux, quatre, cinq, six, sept,*" I said, leading her on. ("And what are you going to do now?")

"I'M going back to Hollywood to make 'Sons o' Guns' as a picture with Al Jolson. I'll be glad to get back to Hollywood. New York is the place if you want to play. But Hollywood is the place if you want to work.

"*Huit, neuf, dix?*" I asked. ("But what about all these princes and whatnot? Aren't you going to get married?")

"I am not in love," she answered, turning her head. I could see that she had fallen for me but did not want to admit it. "I have never really been in love. When Damita falls in love you may be sure of one thing. She will no longer appear on the stage or on the screen.

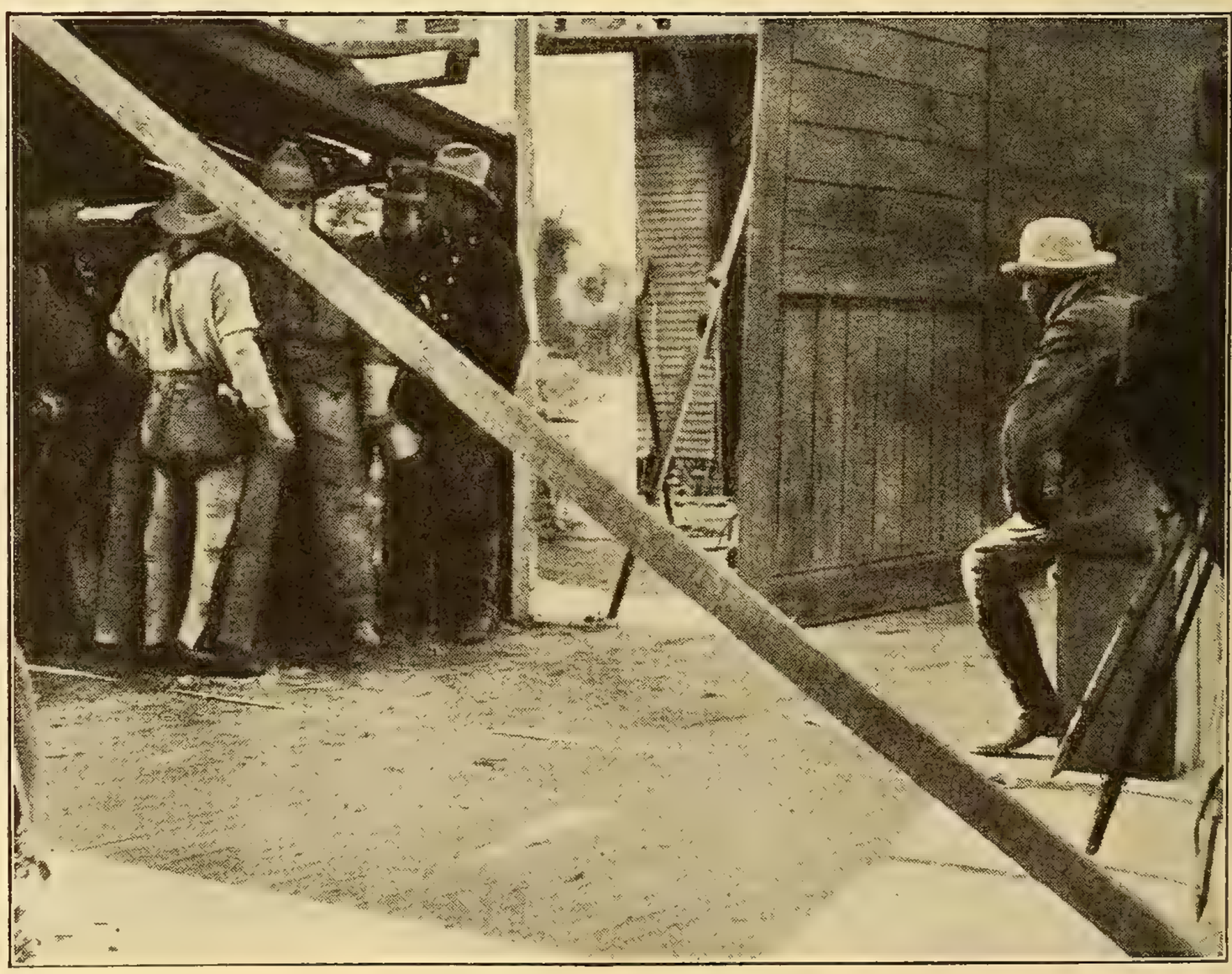
"MARRIAGE is a career in itself. It requires full time. I have been in the theater long enough to know that. I have seen many stage marriages go on the rocks because they were not given a chance. I have not yet let myself fall in love because I have been bent on a career.

"When I do fall in love the career must go. When that will be I cannot tell. But I know I cannot avoid it. It will come some time. I am sure of that, for my ambition is not to become the greatest actress in the world but to——"

"*Janvier, Fevrier, Mars,*" I said. ("Go on, kid, this suspense is terrible.")

"—to have the handsomest son in the world."

I could see that it was high time that I left. She was thinking of adopting me.



Cecil De Mille directing "The Squaw Man" at the now-famous barn where Jesse Lasky and Mr. De Mille started making motion pictures, back in the pioneer days of Hollywood. Mr. De Mille can be observed seated on a soap box. Those were the simple days!

## The High Hat Girl

(*Continued from page* 52)

color. Arrogant, vivid, high hat sort of parts they were. Suited perfectly to Constance Bennett's appearance and manner.

Well, they were successful. The public loved them. Why be something different off the screen? Great screen figures rise and gain popularity for many reasons. Constance Bennett's fan mail is enormous, her name means coin of the realm at the box-office. Why? Because she is a type we completely understand today, because she is sensational, intriguing, fascinating.

In many ways, she is more like the modern young woman than many, many other stars. I don't think she cares whether she is popular or not. With the complete cynicism of the modern, she shrugs at the favor of the majority. "Today you're a hero and tomorrow you're a bum," she quotes, smiling.

SHE amuses herself when she can. She works because frankly she loves acting, and she loves fame, and the things money buys. Her illusions have long since vanished and she refuses to pretend to any. Freedom to do as she pleases is important to her. She hasn't the natural instinct to please, and she refuses to waste time trying to please people who don't mean anything to her.

I am sure Constance Bennett isn't a very happy person. The capacity for happiness isn't hers to any great extent. Some people are made like that. Constance Bennett doesn't spend much time chasing the bluebird. If you told her that she would probably say, "What would I do with a bluebird if I got it?" But she accepts life without bitterness. There it is. What can you do about it?

Her charm lies, when you know her, largely in this complete indifference, this effective honesty. There is something soothing in its lack of restlessness.

Whatever you do is all right with her. You've got your life to live. She's got hers. If you choose to do it in different ways, why bother each other?

The high hat she wears is partly armor from the annoyances of the world, partly the natural manner of the Bennetts, partly indifference. She doesn't worry about personal popularity because she doesn't particularly want it. She knows, what all very attractive women know, that she will never lack companionship, amusement, entertainment, while there are men in the world.

And that, as the English say, is that.

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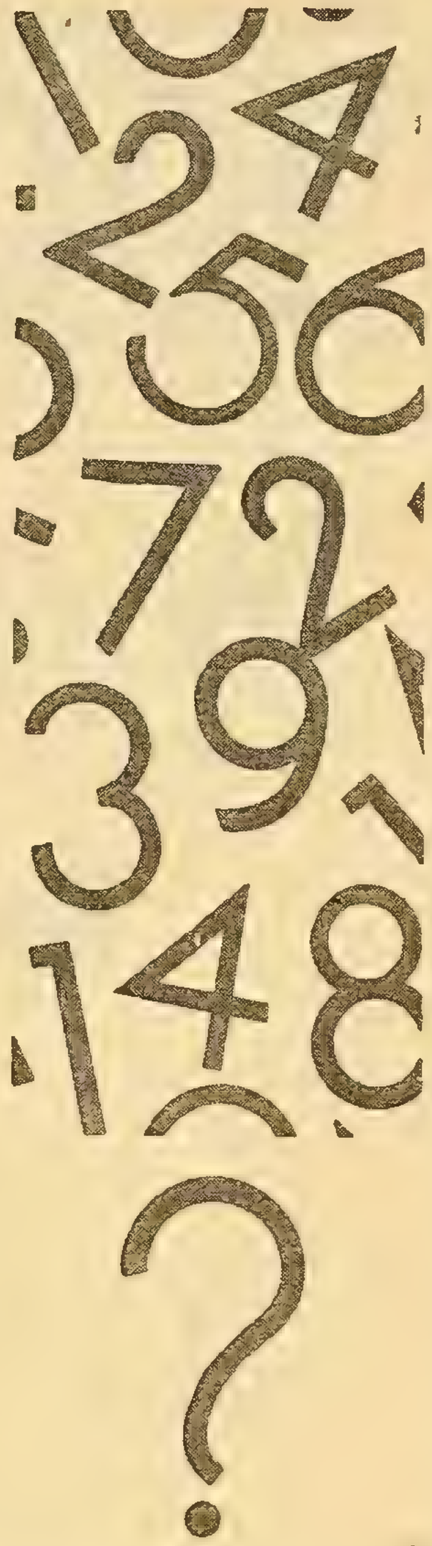

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## Sally Gets Married

(*Continued from page* 91)

was quite upset, and I don't know what she would have done if it hadn't been for Mae Sunday. Mae is her closest friend, and you know what a rock in a storm Mae always is. She's a wonderful friend when everything is sunny, but when things begin to go wrong she is a tower of strength. She consoled Sally and rearranged the plans and advised her not to try to fill the vacant place. This was all the day before the ceremony, and Mae finally had Sally laughing and happy as every bride should be.

After all, there is something very sweet about a home wedding, isn't there?

HOOT and Sally chose to be married in the splendid ranch house on Hoot's big ranch about twenty or thirty miles north of Hollywood. The house lies in the midst of lovely trees, with a wooded hill rising just behind it, and it gives the impression of the early Spanish homes of bygone days. On the night of the wedding the grounds were softly lighted and a gorgeous full moon came up behind the hills and flooded everything with romance.

The big open porches all around the house were filled with soft hammocks and wicker chairs, and the guests gathered slowly, feeling very much at home and greeted by the ushers, who were Buster Collier, Wallace Davis, Art Rawson, the director, and Dr. Harry Martin. No one went into the enormous living-room, which you could just glimpse through the big windows, and which gave you quite a thrill, shimmering in the low candle light, with masses of flowers everywhere.

We waited outside, talking, and everyone growing more and more excited. William Haines and Jimmy Shields looked perfectly stunning. I do like a man in full dress and gardenias if he knows how to wear them—and they do. Ben and Bebe were rather quiet, as though they were remembering their own wedding only a few nights before. Bebe looked too perfectly sweet in a trailing lace frock.

Then we heard soft notes of the organ and all began slowly to enter the big room. It was perfect! At one end an altar all of white flowers had been arranged, gardenias and blossoms of all kinds, and silvery bells and ribbons. An aisle was roped off with white satin and silver ribbons, tied to huge silver candlesticks, in which burned those enormous candles that you see in churches. Everyone stood just outside the ribbons and faced the big doors at the end.

INTO the stillness suddenly came a song that always thrills me, and sung in the most divine tenor voice. It was Morton Downey, singing "Oh, Promise Me." I can't tell you how lovely it was and everyone grew hushed and misty-eyed. When he had finished, the organ continued softly, playing "Lohengrin."

Then Hoot came from somewhere, and stood waiting at the flower altar, with Buster Collier beside him. He didn't look at all nervous, and so handsome and distinguished in his perfectly cut clothes, with his silver hair. I do think a young man with

(*Continued on page* 121)

# Hazards of The Talkies

(*Continued from page* 67)

case of "Smilin' Through," the producers are hesitating. That hazard seems a little too much even for the young star who has something of Wally's charm and personality. They've talked about it at Paramount but as yet they haven't scheduled it.

Mary Pickford has been shooting "Secrets," one of the things Norma Talmadge made famous. That's a hazard, too, but of course it's impossible to think of Mary failing in any part.

But it will probably be a long, long time before anyone attempts to make a talkie of "The Four Horsemen." Even Rose Hobart, attempting to take Janet Gaynor's place in the team of Farrell and Gaynor, even Joan Bennett attempting "Smilin' Through," would be sitting pretty compared to the young man who tried to follow Rudolph Valentino as Julio.

Perhaps the greatest success registered in these hazards was by Ruth Chatterton in "Madam X." Pauline Frederick played the part and it was one of the greatest. The brilliant Miss Chatterton realized what she was up against, and gave it all a lot of careful study. She didn't make people forget Miss Frederick, but she did give a great—although an entirely different—performance.

# A Matinee Idol's Wife

(*Continued from page* 31)

When she talked, her whole body became animated and moved in time to those flying little hands, those expressive shoulders.

I ASKED who she was. "That's Madame Chevalier."

I wouldn't say that she was the life of the party. That phrase has become pretty trite and besides I know a lot of people who are called the life of the party who could stay at home and not be missed. But she did have about the best time of anyone present. That's what you'd call an achievement nowadays when people speak so frequently of boredom.

Madame enjoyed herself. She turned jokes back on people. Anita had hired a famous comedian to act as butler and startle the guests by his antics. It's an old Hollywood custom. The man was very funny and he got several people in quite an uproar by nearly spilling cocktails down their necks and telling them which fork to use. Not Madame. She didn't know who he was, but she gave him back as good as he sent each time, in her delightful accent, which is very like the one the microphone sends out for her husband.

I thought she was such a gay little person it must be nice to have her around all the time. That bored air of there not being anything in the world capable either of amusing or astonishing her, which lots of girls assume today, gets tiresome. Madame Chevalier gets through about 1000 expressions from her toes to her head in the course of an evening.

Yet, when I sat opposite her at her own table alone some days later, I discovered that her eyes have in their depths some softness, some expression, that almost suggests sadness. I asked her if her childhood had been unhappy because I have noticed that look in the eyes of girls who I know have been unhappy when they were young.

"NO," she said. "I was very happy. Very simple. We were poor people. Much hard work. But in France we have much love of family and we were all together. I was always dancing. That is how, in the beginning, I go on the stage."

"Tell me," I said.

She laughed. "It is funny. My sister, she played the piano. All the time she practiced. And I—very little, you understand, I danced. I just danced to match the music. Then, somebody saw me and told my mamma I should go to the school of the dance. Still I danced because I loved the music. When I am thirteen, the dancing teacher says I should go on the stage, because now I am good enough. So—he got for me —in Bordeaux, where I was born and lived—a position. After while—I go to Paris. Very simple, eh?"

"Then I don't understand why your eyes are sad, way down deep."

"Maybe to be sorry for all the unfortunate ones in the world who have not been so fortunate as me.

"When I was fifteen, I wished to leave the stage. For I believed much in goodness and—I saw many things on the stage, in the theater, that made me unhappy. There was very much evil. I said I would not dance any more, but would go home and stay and maybe some day a good man would come along and I would get married and have a home. That, of course, was what I wanted so much and—in the theater—I was afraid it would not come for me. You understand? I see many that are unhappy. I know, as we know in France, that the world has much sorrow. Even if you are happy for yourself, as I am so happy now, you feel—what is your word, pity?—for all the others."

"Did you leave the stage?"

Again the expressive little shrug. "No. There was no one then wanting to marry with me, no one I loved. And my mamma says what would I do? And she says I can be good on the stage just as well as in a convent. Maybe—she knew best. So, I stayed and danced and waited.

(*Continued on page* 112)

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# A Matinee Idol's Wife

(*Continued from page* 111)

"THEN Maurice came. So in the end I had what I had waited and wish for always, only much—much—much more. Only you see, I do not forget that everyone is not so lucky. Many wait—and love does not ever come."

Nobody I have ever talked to has such a fund of tolerance as Madame Chevalier. It happed naturally a few times and then I set out to try it. She could find an excuse for everyone, for everything. Not justification, but understanding. Her tolerance is truly world-wide.

In marriage, she believes in much freedom, much mutual trust.

"When people are free, they are good," she said. "When they are tied up, they are bad."

She believes that a man is the head of the household. "There must be a—a center for everything, no?" she said. "It is but natural and ordained by heaven that in marriage it is the man who is that center. If you change around the center, everything is upset."

But I saw a twinkle in her eye. I have lived in Paris and I think I know how Frenchwomen, without moving the center, yet manage by loving kindness and adroit flattery and sweetness to let the man be boss and still get everything they want.

LIKE all Frenchwomen, Madame is very practical. Her house is simple, comfortable, home-like and run like clockwork with a minimum of effort. She has that deep French practicality which realizes that life runs most smoothly when the prosaic details of mere routine existence are taken care of. Frenchwomen always remind me of those busy, pretty little gray squirrels I used to see up in Yosemite. They frisk and chatter and amuse themselves, but all the time they're thinking about next winter and taking darn good care of everything.

Madame conserves her husband's resources in everything. Home early, when they do go out, which is seldom. A quiet home. Putting away money so that leisure and peace may be theirs when they are ready for it.

I don't know how good a dancer and actress the Parisian theater lost when Yvonne Vallee married the leading man of the show in which she was dancing. But I'm sure Maurice Chevalier gained a mighty fine wife. She is working now in the French version of his latest picture, "The Little Café." She has the rôle played by Frances Dee in the American version.

"It is well for the woman to keep active and somewhat independent," she said. "It makes her better company, maybe. If she has time for both. But the home and the man, they come first. Isn't that right?"

I agreed most heartily that it was.

Yes, Maurice Chevalier is married.

His wife is pretty, fascinating, philosophical and devoted.

They are—contrary to the usual tradition concerning matinee idols—very happy.

Renee Adoree is convalescing at her home in Hollywood after her recent severe breakdown. Miss Adoree had been resting at a sanitarium in the hills but her rapid recovery permitted her to come home. During her illness she received thousands of letters from fans.

# How Hollywood Entertains

(*Continued from page 75*)

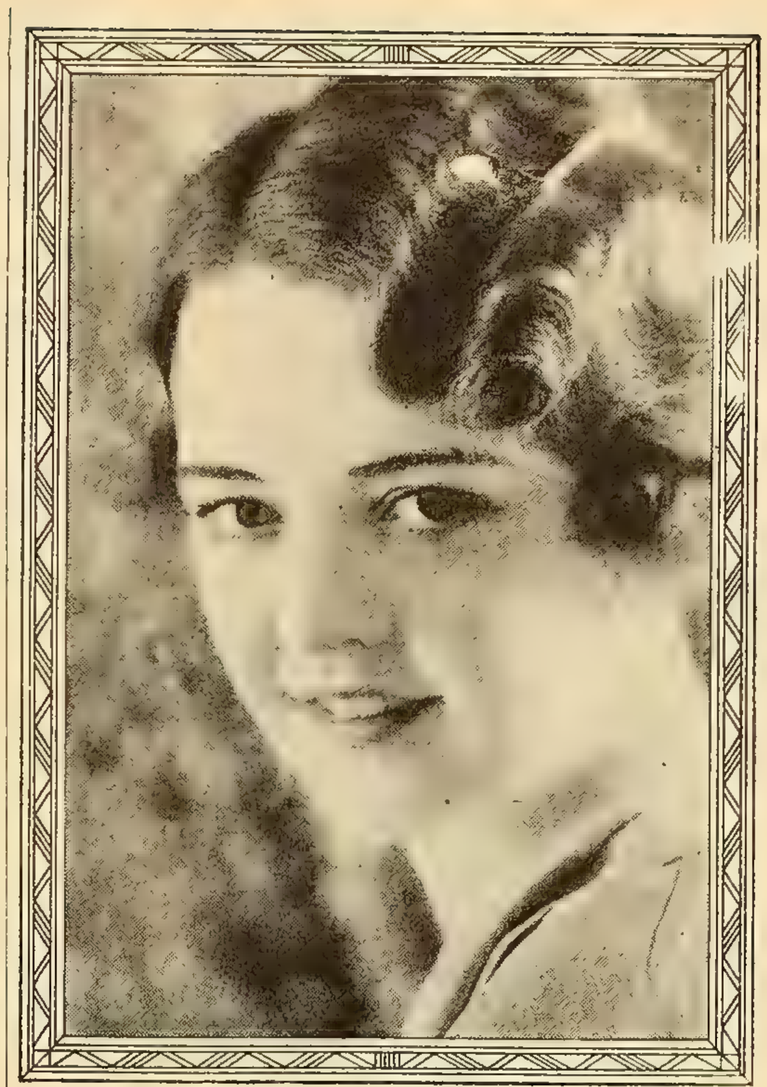
plates. The guests were Mrs. Barney Glazer, herself one of Hollywood's most renowned hostesses and an intimate friend of half the great picture stars. Alice Glazer, whose husband is one of the most famous scenario writers in the motion picture industry, is one of Greta Garbo's few intimates. At her home you meet all the writers and many of the famous stage stars. Mrs. Jules Glaenzer — who was the beautiful Kendall Lee—was the second guest. She is also a Hollywood social favorite. The third was Adela Rogers St. Johns.

Luncheon began with a fruit cocktail, composed of fresh grapefruit, pineapple, maraschino cherries, oranges and marshmallows. Over these was poured a sauce made of the fruit juices with just a touch of grenadine syrup added. Following this a delightful cheese soufflé, the recipe for which is given at the end of the article. With it were served tiny hot corn muffins, and iced tea in big glasses, with sprigs of fresh mint. The dessert was raspberry ice and French vanilla ice cream, half and half, and tiny iced cakes.

The hostess wore a simple little frock of white crêpe silk made in a sport model. Mrs. Glazer wore bright yellow linen pajamas, which, by the way, are becoming the favorite afternoon wear of many of the girls in Hollywood. They are so comfortable and always look so fresh and pretty. Mrs. Glaenzer was in white crêpe de chine with a very smart panama hat with a blue band.

Photograph by Manatt

**Film work isn't all drudgery. Here are Dorothy Jordan and Robert Montgomery, between scenes on location at Lake Norconian. They're both expert aquaplaners.**

What kind of a frame do you give your eyes?

Because you ALWAYS want to look your best, you're mighty particular about your complexion, aren't you? Just the right cream, the most perfect shade of rouge and powder, flattering lipstick—WHAT ABOUT YOUR EYES?

To make your eyes attractive you want long thick lashes and smooth brows. To have them, try this simple addition to your regular beauty program:

At bedtime, apply a tiny bit of "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly to the eyelids, close to the lashes. Leave it on. It encourages them to grow thick and long. Apply a little to the eyebrows, too, and train them in a graceful arch with a small brush. "Vaseline" Jelly is perfectly harmless to the eyes, even if it gets on the eyeball.

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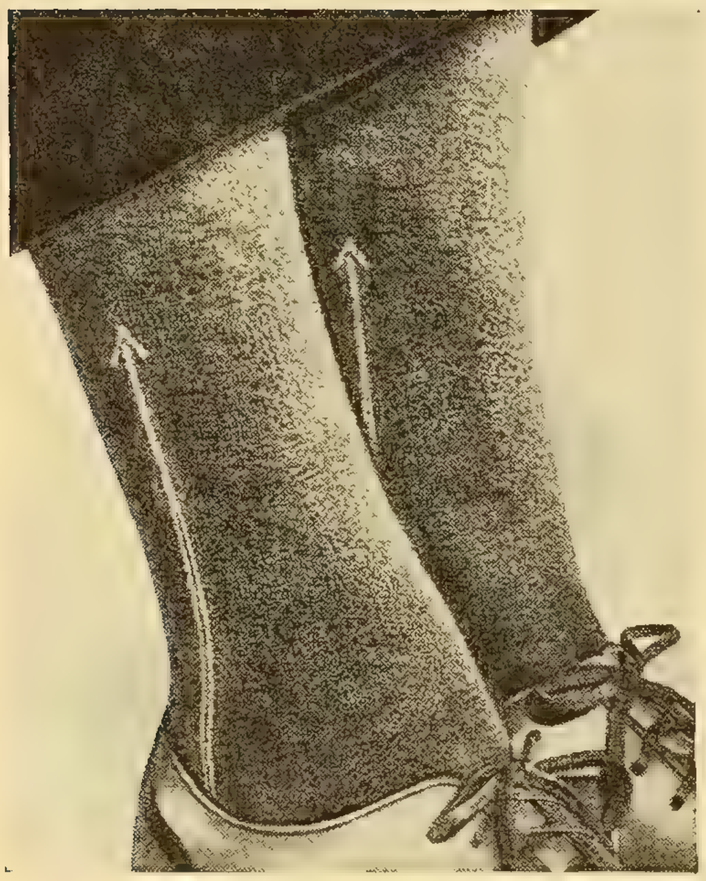

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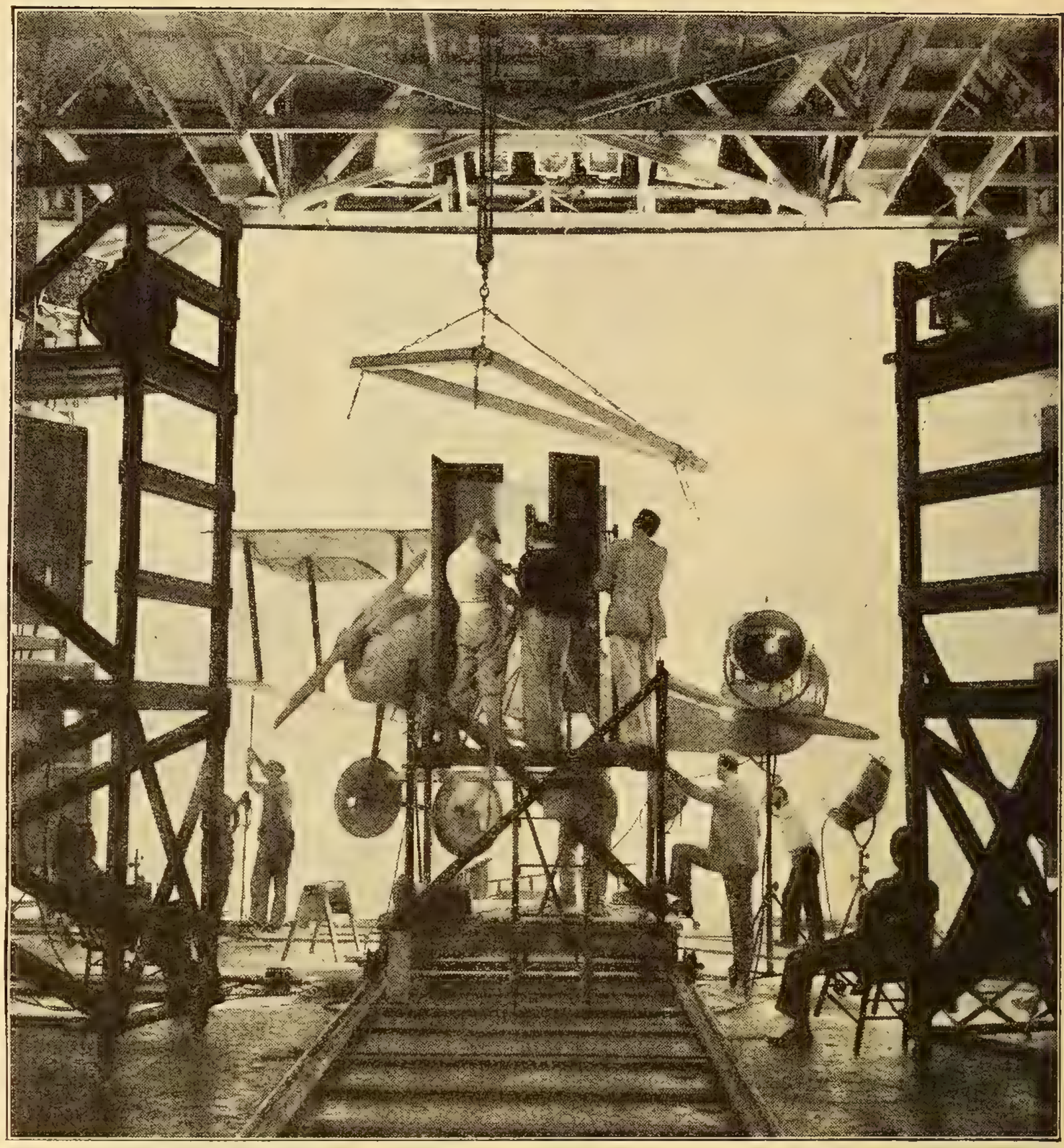

How they make those exciting airplane shots. Director William A. Seiter is directing Laura Lee and Joe E. Brown in a scene of First National's "Going Wild". Miss Lee and Mr. Brown are out of sight in the plane. When you see this wild sky ride, you will get all the thrills of a flight a mile up in the clouds.

AFTER luncheon, bridge followed immediately. There was no one and nothing to interfere, and with only one table no one interrupted the game. Nowadays any bridge game always begins with the question, "Do you play Vanderbilt?" and "How do you pass a goulash?" The game at Miss Bennett's started just that way and Miss Bennett, who plays a remarkably sound game, gave a perfect answer on the question as to the Vanderbilt club. "I like to play it," she said, "if it's played soundly. But I only bid it when I have three *sure* tricks and no other bid. I like my partner to do the same." Mrs. Glazer, also noted for her bridge game, agreed.

Goulash passing was discussed at some length. It is understood now that the New York Whist Club is soon to issue a standardization of this important feature which will solve all difficulties. The majority prefer the method which Louis Wolheim introduced to Hollywood—six to the ten on the first pass to show the ace and a strong suit. Under the six, a suit of not less than seven without the ace. The highest face card to show a bust.

Starting so early it was possible to play a lot of rubbers before, at about four thirty, the butler served delicious fruit lemonades and some small plain sandwiches, which don't interfere with dinner. The lemonade takes the place of tea in hot weather.

EVERYONE had such a good time and enjoyed the luncheon and the game so much that they decided to play a "return engagement" the following week at Mrs. Glazer's. It usually happens that way and often such entertaining starts a regular weekly foursome, so it must be a popular method of entertaining and one which is relatively inexpensive and which anyone can do. Cards were played in a small sun room off the dining room.

The recipe for cheese soufflé, which is a delightful dish for a simple luncheon when one doesn't wish to eat too heavily, is as follows:

2 tablespoons of butter, 3 tablespoons of flour, ½ cup of scalded milk, ½ teaspoon salt, few grains of cayenne, ¼ cup grated American cheese, yolks of three eggs, whites of three eggs.

Melt butter, add flour and when well mixed add the milk gradually. Then add salt, cayenne and cheese. Remove from fire. Add yolks of eggs, which have been beaten until light yellow. Let mixture cool and cut and fold in whites of eggs, which have been beaten until very stiff. Pour into a baking dish, which has been buttered and bake twenty minutes in a very slow oven.

The soufflé should be served immediately. If a cocktail or salad is served first, the soufflé can be placed in the oven as the guests sit down to the first course and will be exactly ready to serve when that is finished.

When you paste things

Use these new *spreader* tubes of ARABOL "Sphinx" PASTE. No brush needed; no cap to unscrew. The cheapest and handiest adhesive for OFFICE, HOME and SCHOOL use. Splendid for photo mounting. In 10ct. and 15ct. sizes at chain stores, stationers, druggists and wherever paste is sold. Each tube boxed in separate carton. *Don't accept any substitute for this fine snow-white paste.*

ARABOL "SPHINX" PASTE
110 E. 42nd Street, New York

# The Dynamite Lady

(*Continued from page* 96)

Her story actually begins many years ago before there was a Kay Johnson at all. It begins in Toronto, Canada, where a young fellow called Tom Johnson decided one day that he'd never make the business man his father wanted him to become, and that the only thing of importance to him in the whole world was to be an architect. He knew he could not make his father understand this longing. He scarcely understood it himself, for he had no training, not even the tools of a craftsman. But he had a burning vision at the back of his mind to create beautiful, splendid buildings that would reach up into the clouds, and would, by their majesty, somehow, dignify the little, crawling men at their feet. So he packed an old band-box with his few belongings, took the cherished $40 he had saved, and told his father that if he did not make good within a certain period he would come back to Toronto and settle down to business for better or for worse. His father agreed to the experiment and young Thomas hied himself to New York City.

HE had a tough time, of course. But he found all kinds of odd jobs so that he needn't write home for money, and, incidentally, so that he could eat while he studied evenings. For nightly he fled to the refuge of his dreams at Cooper Union and watched them slowly turn into reality on blueprints. Years later Thomas Robert Johnson designed the Woolworth Tower. He did the plans for the St. Louis Library, and his design for the Lincoln Memorial at Washington was one of the finals selected by the judges. And so today, the daughter of the architect whose Woolworth Building is a model of beauty to artists throughout the world, has become consciously or unconsciously a seeker, too, after dreams. Dreams not of significant lines on blue sheets, but of expressing an imagined character by her person and individuality.

Born in Mt. Vernon, N. Y., where she had always lived until a few years ago when she left home to attend the Sargent Dramatic School in Boston, she laughed as she said that her visit home this time was in the nature of "Home-town girl makes good," now that her mother's neighbors went to the local movie house to see her act.

MISS JOHNSON met and married John Cumberland, now a prominent director, then an actor and stage producer.

They have a home in Beverly Hills, and they like living in California immensely. Miss Johnson loves dogs and has two, a Schnauser, and a Scottie—a terrier. She is fond of all outdoor sports, tennis, riding and swimming, loves parties and chocolate ice-cream. Her pet aversion is a bad actor. She regrets that she didn't go through college, wishing she were a Wellesley graduate.

The pictures she has made so far, have been: "Dynamite," "This Mad World," "Ship From Shanghai" and "Madame Satan."


# DISCOVERED!..The *perfect* Face Powder for Out-of-Doors!

*Smart women are bubbling with the news! . . . A unique* OLIVE OIL *powder which clings smoothly through hours of outdoor activity.*

NOW you can indulge your flair for sports without dread of sun, cold or wind ruining your complexion! Here is a marvelous powder which clings enduringly and guards the most delicate skin against the elements . . . OUTDOOR GIRL *Olive Oil* Face Powder—joyfully acclaimed by smart women everywhere!

OUTDOOR GIRL is as subtly flattering under ball-room lights as it is under a mid-day sun. In fact, many women who don't go in for outdoor sports at all, are enthusiastic users of this utterly *different* powder. They like the way its velvety olive oil base improves the texture of the skin and keeps it fresh, smooth and young. They praise its satiny-smoothness—its rich, luxurious "feel," its delicate fragrance.

If you have not already tried OUTDOOR GIRL *Olive Oil* Face Powder, do so at once! Your dealer will be glad to show you its seven enchanting shades including *Lido,* a romantic gypsy tint and *Boulevard,* a flattering "natural" tone. Generous week-end packages of this unusual powder are available at the 10c counters of F. W. Woolworth and other leading chain stores. Larger boxes at 35c and $1.00 may be had at leading drug and department stores. Z. B. T. Products Co., 130 Willis Avenue, New York City.

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Olive Oil Cream *{in tubes}.*
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*Fine for Baby's Body—Fine for Everybody!*

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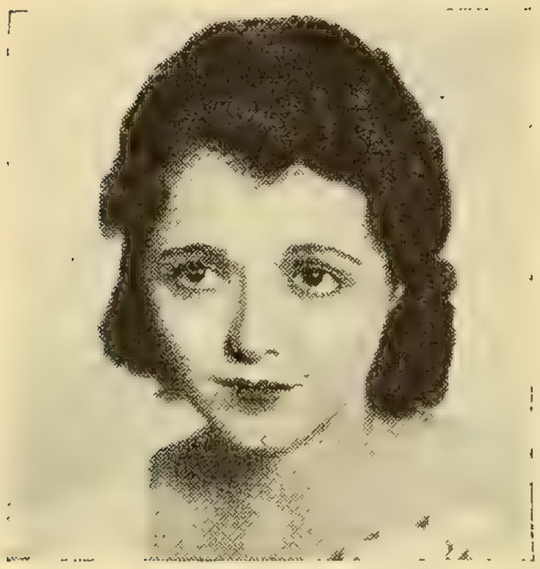

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SIXTY-TWO beautiful photographs of your favorite stars . . . interesting, accurate facts about their lives and careers. Keep a copy of The New Movie Album for reference and as a permanent record of today's film famous. Buy it at your Woolworth store.

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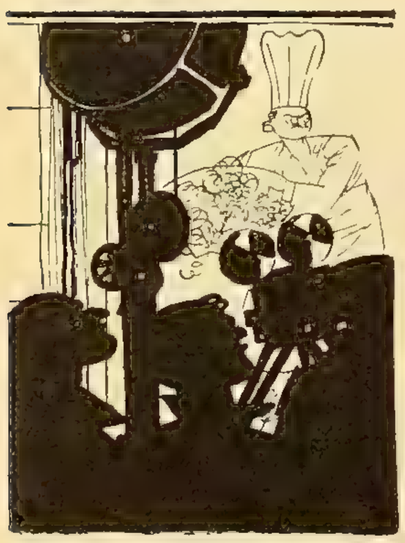

THE NEW MOVIE ALBUM

Pheasant-raising is a side-line with Cecil De Mille, the maker of ornate film dramas. Above, Mr. De Mille is shown on his big California ranch, holding a silver pheasant. This is one of the most beautiful of ornamental pheasants.

# Big Moments of Screen History

(*Continued from page* 45)

### Dolores del Rio

1. Pola Negri in the scene from "Passion," where she hid her lover from the king.
2. The scene from "The Big Parade," where Renée Adorée followed the truck which was bearing John Gilbert to the front.
3. Charlie Chaplin in "The Gold Rush," watching for the dinner party guests who never came.
4. Mary Pickford's scene in the cabin room following the death of Johnny Mack Brown in "Coquette."
5. The Viking's Funeral scene from "Beau Geste."

### Ramon Novarro

1. "The Iron Mask." Douglas Fairbanks as D'Artagnan bids farewell to the three musketeers.
2. "Disraeli." George Arliss outlining his vision of England's future to Anthony Bushell.
3. "Anna Christie." Marie Dressler at the table in back of the saloon with Greta Garbo and George Marion.
4. "The Patriot." Emil Jannings sipping the wine from the goblet before giving it to Florence Vidor.
5. John Gilbert and the other two soldiers coming through the woods in "The Big Parade."

### Adolphe Menjou

1. "Tol'able David." The scene where Richard Barthelmess sits on the fence and watches the coach go by, wishing he could drive it.
2. "Seventh Heaven." Janet Gaynor coming in through the window in her wedding dress.
3. "The Gold Rush." The scene where Charlie Chaplin waits for the girls to come to his dinner party—and they don't come.
4. "Robin Hood." Wallace Beery eating a leg of lamb.
5. "The Florodora Girl." Where Larry Gray as the lover goes on the stage with Marion Davies in the Florodora sextette.

### Richard Arlen

1. "The Texan." Gary Cooper discovers he has shot the son of his adopted mother.
2. "The Big Parade." The three modern musketeers. John Gilbert, Karl Dane and Tom O'Brien, coming through the woods.
3. "The Gold Rush." Charlie Chaplin expects the girls to come for the dinner party he has arranged and they don't show up.
4. "Beau Geste." The Viking's funeral, where Forbes covers Colman's body and burns the fort.
5. The return of Walthall in "The Clansman" where Mae Marsh waits for him.

### Victor McLaglen

1. The scene from "Foolish Wives" where Von Stroheim climbs into the room of the mentally deficient girl. The most repulsive but the most vital mo-

ment I have ever seen in a picture.

2. "Way Down East." Richard Barthelmess trying to reach Lillian Gish on the ice floe.

3. "The Birth of a Nation." The battle scenes, which for dramatic value and intensity have never been equaled, for all the growth of photography and the new technique of direction and the camera.

4. "The White Sister." Ronald Colman in the flood scenes.

5. The dinner party in "The Gold Rush," where the girls didn't arrive and Charlie Chaplin waited all alone.

CHECKING these impressions, it would seem that the dinner party from "The Gold Rush" stands in the minds of most screen folk as the most outstanding and memorable scene. Next, apparently, is the return of Henry Walthall to his old home in "The Birth of a Nation." The three soldiers, John Gilbert and his pals, coming through the woods in "The Big Parade," and "The Viking's Funeral" from "Beau Geste" are also mentioned with great frequency.

John Gilbert is mentioned most frequently among actors, next to Chaplin in "The Gold Rush."

Mary Pickford's scene in "Coquette" seems to be the favorite for her work.

It is also noticeable that, despite all the new pictures that appeared, and the coming of the talkies, the old pictures hold the high place in memory. Lawrence Tibbett's flogging scene in "The Rogue Song," and William Powell in "Street of Chance" have clicked oftenest in the new talkies.

### William Haines

1. Ruth Chatterton in "Madame X." the scene where she lies to the blackmailers about her past life.

2. "The Big Parade." John Gilbert teaching Renee Adoree to chew gum.

3. Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald in the opera box, from "The Love Parade."

4. Greta Garbo, in "Anna Christie," telling her story to her father and her lover, George Marion and Charles Bickford.

5. Lawrence Tibbett singing as he is being flogged in "The Rogue Song."

### Ruth Chatterton

1. The return of Henry Walthall in "The Birth of a Nation." No screen actress has yet surpassed Mae Marsh in the scene where she stood in the doorway awaiting him, trying to make herself look as she did before he went away.

2. Emil Jannings in the mad scene from "The Patriot," where he dominated the courtiers from his throne.

3. Greta Garbo telling her story to George Marion and Charles Bickford in "Anna Christie."

4. The death scene from "Wings"—Dick Arlen and Buddy Rogers, where Rogers tries to comfort Arlen as he is dying.

5. Pola Negri in the banquet scene from "The Czarina."

### Lon Chaney

1. "The Last Command." Where Emil Jannings stood in the extra's dressing room pinning on his medals while the other actors laughed at him.

2. Maurice Chevalier in "Innocents of Paris." His singing to the little boy until the child's tears changed to laughter.

3. "Anna Christie." The scene where Marie Dressler and George Marion had their farewell drinks in the room behind the saloon.

4. The third degree scene from "Alibi."

5. "Hallelujah." Where the old colored mammy sang the children to sleep.

# First Aids to Beauty

(*Continued from page* 100)

holding your head high and your chin up.

MISS ANNA B., Cleveland, O.—Your problem can only be solved by a beauty-shop expert. Since you live in a large city, I would advise you to go to the best beauty *salon* and explain your trouble to a competent hairdresser.

D. V., Fond du Lac, Wis.—I suspect that your wash cloth is too rough, that you scrub your face too energetically and that you don't rinse the soap off your face. The soap you are using is one of my particular favorites.

Miss M. D., Hamilton, O.—There is a new system by which a permanent may be put into the hair near the roots, without affecting the wave at the ends. Ask the operator who gave you your original wave about it. Or ask him if he can remove the permanent at the ends. He is the one to deal with your problem.

Berta, Canton, O.—Use witch hazel, ice or an astringent with an alcohol basis, if you do not want to bleach your tan.

B. S. T., Huntington, W. Va.—Circles under the eyes are usually caused by fatigue. But since you say you get enough sleep, obviously you must look for another cause. Some eyes are naturally deep set, you know. Why don't you massage your eyes gently at night with a fattening cold cream and allow the cream to remain on all night?

M. A. L., Torrington, Conn.—Why use vaseline on your face at night? To be on the safe side, I would change to some reliable cold cream.

Elizabeth R. Cortland, N. Y.—Warm browns, beige, orange, rose, dark reds and lustrous blacks should be becoming to you. Capes are not so good for you—go in for long, simple lines.

Read Ann Boyd's Advice on Beauty and Attractiveness in THE NEW MOVIE each month.

## What makes china glisten?

This important truth is worth repeating: for easy and effective dishwashing, (1) scrape dishes well; (2) have *generous* suds; (3) rinse with boiling water. (And see our booklet).

## When is a stocking dirty?

Summer and winter we perspire. And perspiration *attacks* silk underthings, frocks, stockings. Wash out all these promptly after wearing, whenever possible.

## How best to wash woodwork?

Suds get tired. To clean easiest, best, change suds often. For spots, apply soap directly to wood.

## Is your cleaning done by noon?

To have more time to do as you please, use cleaning short cuts, and have a cleaning schedule or plan.

## This valuable book is free!

We offer you an unusual kind of booklet... full of short cuts, and with instructions for making a cleaning plan to fit your particular problems. Send for this booklet. Remember it's *free.*

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*Important:* Perhaps you also would be interested in "The Book about Baths," or "The Thirty Day Loveliness Test." These, too, are free... a part of the wide service of Cleanliness Institute.

**No Paste on Your Fingers**

At last it's as easy to paste papers together as it is to use a pencil, and without getting your fingers stuck up with paste. LePage's new Grip Spreader Mucilage Package is shaped to fit the hand. It has a rubber cap with a self-closing slit that makes it as easy to spread as with a brush. It contains a powerful high-grade mucilage. Easier and quicker to use. Always ready. No loss by evaporation. Can't spill if upset. For home or office. Get a bottle and try it. If not found locally we will send you one Grip Spreader direct upon receipt of 10 cents. Russia Cement Co., 759 Essex Ave., Gloucester, Mass.—makers of LePage's Glue.

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*Put one on—the pain is gone!*

# Adventures in Interviewing

(*Continued from page* 39)

the pseudo-historical debacle. Blue was given a position with the high-sounding title of "field secretary." He served in this capacity, probably as an all-around handy-man, for over a year.

Small parts led to opportunities to play with several stars. Monte Blue's doubling days were over.

WHEN Griffith decided to make "Orphans of the Storm," he chose Monte Blue to play the rôle of Danton, the magnificent revolutionist. After years of keeping him from the screen, it is difficult to understand why Griffith cast him for a part that he was emotionally and physically unsuited to do. Perhaps the memory of the noontime speech had typed Blue as a "revolutionary character" in the director's mind. However, the part made Monte Blue. His place in pictures was assured after the release of the film.

He is amazingly honest. He speaks of the rough years of his life with no bitterness and none of the usual dramatization of his sufferings. His sympathy, colored by intense hard years, is always with the underdog. His mentality is far above the average, he is a natural and keen student of life, and a genuine lover of books.

Lubitsch has directed him in some of his best work. It is strange that after thus proving his place in sophisticated drama he should be constantly cast as fireman, engineer, and such lowly heroes.

I wrote of him some years ago, and some words, though strewn with more flowers than I use at present, are still accurate:

"In the heart of this tall emotional actor is room for all the world. He is one of the few men in Hollywood that I have met whom life hurts. More could be said of no man.

Blue spent better than nine years in an Indian orphanage, the mother always close by, ever guiding and helping him in every way possible.

"When he returned recently to Indianapolis the city was decorated in his honor. His brother, a factory worker, 'laid off a half day to meet you, Kid.' A brother came from Detroit, another brother from somewhere else, and the four sons of the Cherokee Indian railroader, who never returned from his last long run, now vied with one another in making their mother happy during the week that Monte was at home.

"They quarreled at the table the same as in the old days. They did everything to make the mother recall their boyhood between smiles and tears. If there is a finer picture of American life than this, I have never seen it. It is enough to make the tired cynic believe in the homely virtues. If simple people were only tolerant, what a happy world we would have. . . .

"Blue seems to me all that is typical of the best American manhood. The suffering of years has given him the capacity to understand. He has tolerance and sympathy for the defeated and the bigoted. For well he knows by what a narrow thread his own success or failure hung.

"There are still laurels to be won in Hollywood. I venture the prediction that many of them will be gathered by boys like Blue—from the humble homes of the nation—with mothers sitting on the front porch—hands folded on their laps—ready to say in a moment to the long wandering gatherer—Tired, dear?"

Since these lines were written—Buddy Rogers has drifted in from a small Kansas town, and Gary Cooper has registered from the wilds of Montana.

It has long been my observation that the Irish are the most sensitive of peoples. As a rule, the Irish relish a joke immensely—when it is on the other fellow.

I HAVE interviewed three famous Irishmen in Hollywood. Sadly must I relate that I have not attended church with any of them since.

One of these men I have always liked. Since writing the following some years ago, we, when meeting, hum the old song, "We never speak as we pass by."

"Many film critics have coupled the names of our leading cinema clowns with those of Molière and Aristophanes. One of the clowns recently asked me in a moment when he was seemingly puzzled, 'Who's Aristophanes?'

Next Month Jim Tully will start telling NEW MOVIE readers about his adventures as an actor. Mr. Tully calls the series—

## ALMOST AN ACTOR

Mr. Tully has been playing a role with John Gilbert in "Way for a Sailor." You will be fascinated by his graphic account of his studio adventures—and his reactions to grease paint and directorial orders. Watch for this feature.

"Even Mr. Gilbert Seldes called Mr. Mack Sennett 'the Keystone the builders reject.' He also made the unwise statement that Mr. Sennett needed encouragement. Court jesters were born through the tyranny of kings. Too much encouragement made them lazy, wealthy and indifferent. They began talking of philosophy and art. The kings were forced to behead them. When clowns become serious, wise men weep. . . . Mack Sennett comes of Irish stock. His real name is Michael Sinnot. He was born in the Province of Quebec. He is a big man. His face is red, puffy and sagged. He has shrewd glints in his eyes. They are those of an Irish general who has won a great victory in Jerusalem. . . .

"Many people ridicule the idea that Sennett helped Chaplin on to fame and fortune. I do not. Sennett is elemental—of the earth. He swaggers with impudence and thumbs his nose at the stars. Born among lumber-jacks, he would have been the Paul Bunyan of the tribe. . . .

"It was Mack Sennett who first engaged Gloria Swanson, Marie Prevost, Mae Busch, Mabel Normand, Phyllis Haver, Alice Lake, Mary Thurman, and divers other beautiful girls. . . ."

MISS SWANSON has had perhaps the most diverse of screen rôles. She played in the Sennett bathing beauty brigade for several years. Cecil B. De Mille saw her in one of them. He recognized her talent. He starred her in a number of pictures. More famous as a clothes-horse than as an actress of great merit, she later discarded the elaborate hair dressing and exotic gowns and took her rightful place among the great emotional actresses. She has also succeeded as a comedienne of the first rank.

Mae Busch, who is seen too infrequently on the screen, is one of the most talented women in Hollywood. Charlie Chaplin has called her "a great actress". Her poems have considerable merit. She was a contemporary of Gloria in the bathing beauty days.

When I wrote before of Sennett, little Mabel Normand was still living. I said: "Strange and wayward, cynical with the laughter of life and the pity, missing nothing on the journey and forgiving all, happy indeed will ever be the nation that can produce two such people as Mabel Normand and Mack Sennett.

"May their gorgeous spirits never be submerged by the waves of fanaticism that ever and anon sweep over this world of ours. For they and their like are the troubadours whose life's work it is to keep its heart from breaking."

Mabel Normand once said of Sennett: "He's a fine fellow Jim—as gentle as the dew in Killarney—when you get to know him."

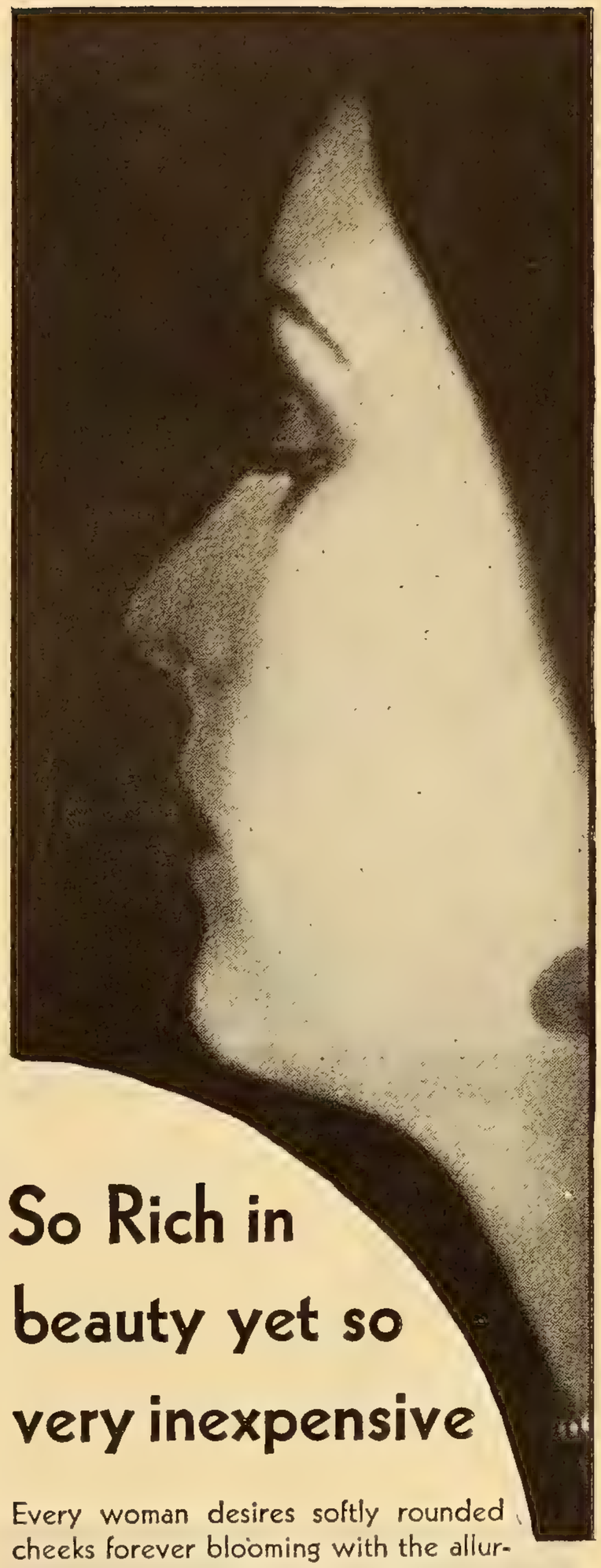
A few weeks ago I sat near him at the ringside of a famous fight. A Negro pugilist had won nine of ten rounds. He was knocked out in the tenth round by his white opponent.

A broken piece of bronze, the game Negro was dragged to his corner. The crowd went mad over the victory of the white conqueror. The applause lasted for some minutes,

I watched Mack Sennett as he gazed across the ring at the prostrated colored fighter. There was pity in the eyes of the Irish maker of comedies.

When the Negro was carried from the ring, Sennett was the only man who applauded. Remembering Mabel's words, I wondered at the complexities of humans, while Sennett's gaze followed the broken bruiser as he was carried from the ring.

Not the Unholy Three! No, indeed. Just Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy posing with their directer, James Parrott, who sends them falling from roofs into mortar beds and down chimneys covered with soot. Yet they seem to be friends.

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If you seek the loveliest complexion that can be gained only with a rouge of classic perfection, step into any 5 and 10-cent store and ask for Heather Rouge. From its numerous shades select the tint that flatters your type of beauty and use it faithfully . . . as thousands of women have used it for 25 years.

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BONCILLA CLASMIC PACK

# Dollar Thoughts

(*Continued from page* 58)

## Don't Go, Vilma

*Minneapolis, Minn.*

What's this about Vilma Banky being through? How any intellectual critic, after seeing "A Lady to Love," and the excellent performance of Miss Banky in this picture, could hold this viewpoint is beyond me. Not only was her accent perfectly audible, but it had a distinct quality and charm. I am no movie fan, but I hate to see such fine talent discarded, especially since there is not such an abundance of it in the studios.

*W. T. C.,*
3029 Knox Avenue, So.

## Save Our Clara!

*Richmond Hill, L. I., N. Y.*

Clara Bow has had a great deal of hard luck these last few months, but will come out of it unharmed if Paramount will take NEW MOVIE'S suggestion and star her in William J. Locke's "The Morals of Marcus."

*Marguerite Wood,*
118-08 Atlantic Avenue.

## From a Lila Lee Fan

*Syracuse, N. Y.*

I want to thank you especially for publishing "The Drama of Lila Lee." She is my favorite of favorites and I love to read things about her. I was so glad when I read in NEW MOVIE that she has been made a star, for she certainly deserves it. Lately I have been reading that she has been forced to take a vacation and a rest. I really do not know what I am going to do without her pictures. I hope your magazine will keep us, who are interested in her, posted as to how she gets on.

*Margery Pickard,*
451 Midland Avenue.

## Why Not an Accent?

*Orlando, Fla.*

It is a shame the way players are being eliminated from the talkies on account of broken English. Why should talent be sacrificed for so trivial a thing as an accent? For my part, I enjoy listening to a foreigner speak, as do many fans.

*F. H.*

## Talkies in a Rut?

*Chicago, Ill.*

Experts attribute the decrease in attendance at talkie theaters to various reasons. Among others they cite the miniature golf courses and hot weather. It may be presumptuous on my part to dare to give an opinion after the experts have spoken, nevertheless I shall cross my fingers and speak my piece. I believe the decline is due to the constant repetition of the same type of pictures. We have been deluged with back-stage stories, gangster stories, sumptuous reviews, et cetera. Give us variety. If more pictures like "A Devil's Holiday" and "Young Man of Manhattan" were produced there would be no decline, but rather an increase in attendance.

*Henry Goraber,*
2447 Sunnyside Avenue.

## Where, Oh, Where Is Nils?

*Mankato, Minn.*

Why do we not hear more of that Swedish actor, Nils Asther? I am a devoted admirer of his and would like to see him in more pictures. In my opinion, and several others agree with me, he and Greta Garbo are the most marvelous couple in pictures. So lets hear more of you, Nils!

*Dorothy Humn,*
323 East Vine Street.

## Silence, Please

*Brookville, Ohio*

Can't something be done to kill or cure the noisy theater fans who insist on chewing gum, eating candy, rattling paper bags and whispering through a very interesting picture? It is astonishing the number of people who take a picnic lunch with them to a show, intending to eat it. Another disturbing thing is the fellow who tries to help the star by accompanying him in the theme song.

*Dorothy Wise,*
R. R. 3.

## Likes Our Record Department

*Putnam, Conn.*

I think the "Music of the Sound Screen" department of NEW MOVIE is worth the price of the magazine. I am a phonograph record fan and have saved several dollars by having the best records of the movies picked out for me. Many of those who admired John Barrymore's recitation of Gloucester's Soliloquy from Henry VI in the "Show of Shows" will be glad to know that this has been recorded on Victor Record 6827.

*Arthur P. Bove,*
189 Main Street.

## Admires Greta's Kindness

*Hammond, La.*

I am writing this "charm" letter immediately after reading the "Heart of Greta Garbo," trusting to reach the Heart of NEW MOVIE. If this letter is printed I will know that the heart of NEW MOVIE is as considerate as the Heart of Great Garbo. From the beginning I have admired Greta. Often I thought that her heart was cold and unsympathetic. Her kind consideration for Gavin Gordon reveals something more than mere sympathetic understanding. Of course, Gordon is an exception—so is Greta Garbo. Had she condescended to an ordinary extra it would have smacked of a publicity stunt. Gordon deserves respect and esteem for his perseverance and indefatigability.

*Robert E. Starnes,*
Route No. 3, Box 123.

# Sally Gets Married

(*Continued from page* 110)

silver-gray hair is the most distinguished thing I know. The ushers lined up behind the altar, and there was a little pause, so that we all turned back to the big doors.

First came little Marian Nixon, in the softest pale yellow chiffon. The frocks were cut with winged capes and long, flowing skirts with softly twined ruffles. She wore a hat to match in maline, turned back from her face.

Then Marie Prevost, in a deep powder blue that was just the perfect shade for her. She has the loveliest figure, anyway, and it never looked prettier. Her arms were full of blushing pink roses.

Third was Mae Sunday, in a very delicate pink that set off her dark eyes and hair. I don't know that you'd call Mae really beautiful, but her coloring is so wonderful and her face is so full of charm and feeling that she seems beautiful to everyone out here and they do all love her so dearly.

Then—the maid of honor, dear little Carmen Pantages. There are lots of people who think Carmen the prettiest girl in Hollywood, and I think they are right. She always reminds me of Byron's "Maid of Athens." She was in green, her favorite color. And she was so nervous that you could see her tremble and her hands shook under the big bouquet of roses. Somehow it just struck the right note. Everything shouldn't be just perfect at a wedding, because you feel too emotional.

They all ranged themselves before the altar and made a lovely picture, but really I didn't have time to look at them, because I wanted to get the very first glimpse of Sally.

WELL, darling, brides will come and brides will go, but I doubt if anyone will ever be prettier than Sally was. She wore a tight gown of white satin, with the longest, laciest veil you ever saw, in a tight little cap over her brown hair. And carried a mass of gardenias. She came down the aisle on the arm of her father, and you could see the happy tears in her eyes, but she was smiling right at Hoot, just as though there wasn't anyone else in the room. And Hoot was looking at her with such love in his eyes that really, I'm not ashamed either, I had to get out my handkerchief.

Afterwards we all had supper and danced, and everyone surrounded Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Pearson Gibson—one forgets Hoot has a real name, he's been so popular as Hoot—and wished them joy and many years of happiness.

No one knew just when they slipped away, but suddenly they were gone and so—we all went home, too.

Wasn't it a lovely evening, darling? I knew you'd want to hear all about it, because I've told you so much about Sally. And Sally's mother was there, very stunning in black and white chiffon, and Hoot's mother, in black and silver lace, and Ben's mother, in pale lavender. I wish you'd been there, too.

*Your most loving daughter.*

Ford Sterling, the veteran screen comedian, talks things over with Otis Skinner the veteran stage star, between scenes of First National's talkie version of the Oriental spectacle, "Kismet." Mr. Skinner is over seventy, but you never would guess it by watching him at work at the studio.

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# "I Want to Be Happy"

(*Continued from page* 30)

We had started out with a very serious discussion about life. About love. About marriage.

By the time you read this issue of NEW MOVIE Miss Del Rio may be married to Cedric Gibbons. Miss Del Rio had often said that she would never marry again. She qualified that to me. "I have always said to myself that I would marry again only in case I found a man who agrees with my ideas of freedom and progress," she said, moving her small dark hands so that the enormous emeralds glittered. "I have felt that marriage is not for the woman who makes her own living. It is too great a demand. I have believed that marriage of its very self does something to people. Once in love, I realized that I would be like every other woman and expect my marriage to be the one shining exception." Then she met Mr. Gibbons.

Miss Del Rio went on:

"I will show you how marriage affects people. I was married to Jamie Del Rio when I am—just fifteen. Pretty young. I did not know him. I did not love him. I was very, very unhappy. We came to Hollywood, just to travel and make a visit. And for fun, to tell my friends in the City of Mexico, I make a scene. It happened that I looked very nice. So—I make up my mind I would stay and have a career.

"I wanted to do something. Perhaps if my marriage had been happy I would not have wanted it. But I was so miserable. Nobody knew it, for I do not think it is—well bred, so long as you live with a man, to speak ill of him or to discuss your personal affairs. In the end, after much unhappiness, we separate.

"Later, when we are divorced, we met in Paris. And we had a wonderful time. We enjoyed each other every day. We laughed. We were good friends. But when you are married, that seems difficult.

"Do you not think from this—progress we have made, something must be evolved that will solve marriage? This present state is very bad. I, for myself, have been afraid of marriage. More and more women are like that and it is bad. But I believe in progress. We have cast off many things that barred us from full living, from injustice. Now we must learn to adjust freedom to the higher ideals of life. We have overcome fear and stupidity. Now we must build up new and more splendid ideals on that advanced plane we now occupy.

"The mistake is in disregarding all standards, all ideals. That is not only immoral. It is stupid. It leads to boredom—to slovenliness. Bad manners, for instance, merely remove the beauty and delicacy from life. They are senseless.

"I love nice manners. I think I even love a little formality—in its place. Freedom is giving too much of a sameness to life. One loses all the kick. If one behaves the same at an evening party as at a beach picnic, the color and drama are soon gone from both kinds of festivity.

"Yes, I think we are being very stupid. It would be more fun if we were not so loose and so careless."

THEN we got to talking about what a funny party you could give in Hollywood—an "Ex" party. Everyone is writing books about Ex something or other. So we thought an Ex party would be grand. We didn't spare anyone there. We thought it would be in keeping to invite Leatrice and Jack Gilbert and Ina Claire and Gene Markey and Greta Garbo. And we kidded Colleen to death about the party to which she invited Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels and Jack Pickford and Marilyn Miller.

"That was quite all right," said Dolores. "They are all ladies and gentlemen. I am sure they had fun."

"You see," she said, "the law of life is movement. Life moves. Every seven years our whole body is renewed. Why not the mind? How can one tell what one will be like seven years from now? It may be that certain things are immortal. They will remain seven times seventy. But they will take care of themselves. We must not worry because we change. That is wonderful. Only the dull and the stolid are changeless. Consistency is not always admirable. I do not worry that I change. I am happy. That is life. Now I have a good time. Later, maybe I will not. But—I live."

As we left the table Colleen said: "That is a swell person."

Yes. A woman of charm. A lady of quality. Unconfused, poised, sophisticated, warm toward life but regarding it with steady eyes. Unafraid, but wisely cautious. Well educated, well read, widely traveled, adaptable to any situation. Perfectly at ease always, perfectly natural, disdaining affectation as she disdains dishonesty, but not throwing her knowledge in your face.

The more I think of her, the more I am inclined to heave a long sigh of relief. We can use a lot like her in Hollywood.

## J. P. McEVOY IS BACK AGAIN!

The famous humorist, author of "Show Girl" and other popular bits of fun, returns to NEW MOVIE'S galaxy of brilliant writers next month. He is going to tell you how to sell a scenario—and his conclusions will be found to be hilarious. Watch for this feature!

# The Third Musketeer

(*Continued from page* 81)

Arlen had commanded. He sought Charlie Eyton, then one of the heads of Paramount. He told Eyton what had happened. Eyton laughed.

"Go back," said Eyton, "and ask him how it is that an Armenian, which Mike Arlen is, happens to *have* a name like Arlen."

Dick did not take Charlie Eyton's advice but he did keep his name. I asked him not long ago what he would do if Author Arlen appeared and said the same thing to him now. I'm afraid I'd tell him what Charlie advised," he said and laughed.

FOR that confidence in himself I think that Dick Arlen can thank Joby Ralston as much as he can the experience of advanced years. He and Joby married just after both had finished "Wings." And Joby is one of those girls who fool you, like Mary Pickford and Colleen Moore. Looks soft and delicate and very young and you would think she was the last person in the world to be tough. You probably remember Jobyna Ralston best when she was with Harold Lloyd in comedies and when she played the good little sweetheart in "Wings."

But no matter how she looks, Joby is tough—the right kind of tough to cope with life. Behind that pretty face is a brain clicking twenty-four hours a day and encased in her slim body is a stiff backbone. Where Dick Arlen would say, "Oh, if he wants it that bad, let him have it," Joby will think a moment and say, "Nix! We worked for it, we're entitled to it, and I'll give you the reasons."

Over and over she was the motivating power that made Dick Arlen stick when he was a little too easy going. She bolstered up his too slight sense of himself and made him see his own worth—a thing every man must know if he expects to keep his chin up and well protected. When he depreciated himself or his work she scolded him, when he didn't get what was coming to him the first time she made him go back.

In the end she overcame for him what was his worst fault, his idea that it was silly to demand his rights and immodest to have a true estimate of his ability. Now, Dick Arlen is regular, quiet, but with a clean sense of his rights and his abilities. No man can succeed in this present-day world without those things. You hear much of Hollywood's superiority complexes but very little of their inferiority ones. Arlen had a good case of the latter. It's just as bad as the former. He's licked it, thanks to Joby.

I SAID in a story on Dick Arlen some time ago that he was what the average American boy wants to be. I can now go further.

Coming out of a star's dressing-room the other day I ran into Dick Arlen, who had just turned the corner. For one hour I'd been listening to a series of squawks—or one long one—on everything from the director who made the star's last picture to the writer who wrote his next one. In between yelping at his valet and crabbing about the food and service of his lunch, he registered kicks about the way his wife treated him, the income tax experts, and the carburetor on his new $15,000 auto.

LIFE, he declared was hardly worth living. In that hour he almost convinced me. I was looking through dark-blue glasses when I left.

Said I to Arlen, "Well, and what have you got to kick about?"

"Who, me?" he grinned. "Not a thing. Come on over while I change my clothes."

As I sat down and watched him pull a shirt over his head which he could have slipped off by unbuttoning one button, I said, "Why do it that way? All you had to do——"

"Say," he interrupted, "what are you

(*Continued on page* 124)


Have Movie Stars a Right to a Private Life?

Adela Rogers St. Johns discusses this question most entertainingly in next month's NEW MOVIE.

Are Nancy Carroll and Gloria Swanson right in shielding their children from publicity? Read Mrs. St. Johns in the next NEW MOVIE.



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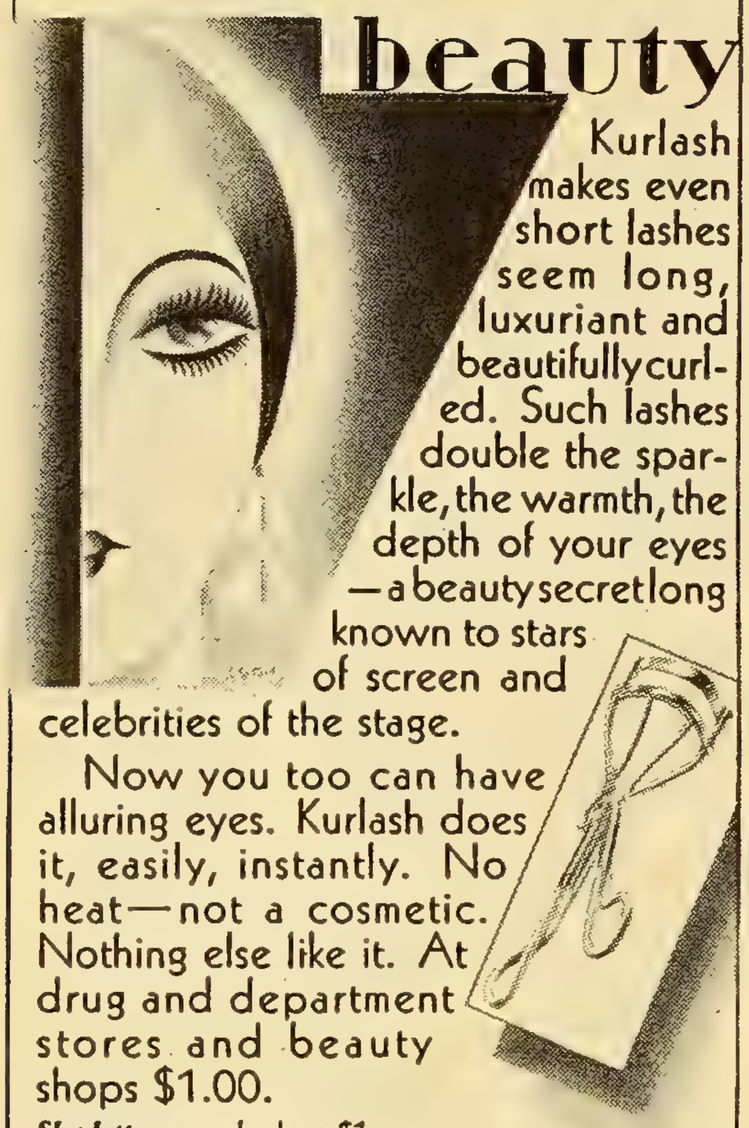

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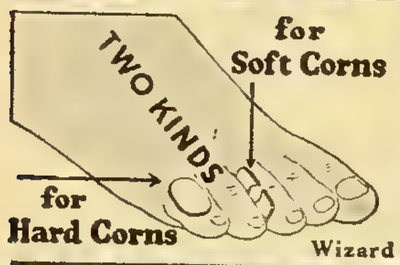


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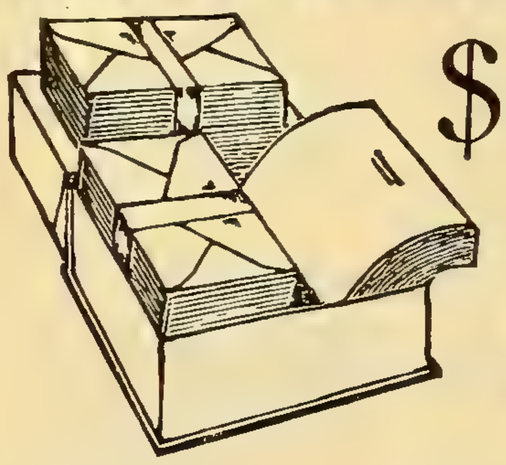

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# The Third Musketeer

(*Continued from page* 123)

Dick Arlen's yacht, where Dick and his wife, Jobyna Ralston, love to spend their spare time away from the studios.

kicking about? You didn't have to do the work. I like getting my shirt off that way. If I like it and it don't hurt anybody else, why—that's that."

"All right, then you do the kicking. I've heard nothing else all day."

"But I've got nothing to kick about. Told you that already. I meant it."

"Absolutely nothing?"

"Right."

I thought that one out. It didn't seem possible after all I'd heard that anyone could be in that frame of mind.

"What have you got that's so wonderful?" I asked.

He looked to see if I was kidding him, decided I wasn't and played me straight.

"I've still got Joby," he said, "and that isn't all, though it would be enough. I've got a good job, a fine new boat—I'll park it in your front yard at Malibu some one of these week ends soon—I feel pretty healthy and can still play golf. Say, do you remember one day about three years ago when we lay flat on our backs on the beach and—hoped?"

"Yes. We hoped plenty."

"Sure. We talked about what we'd do if we could just pick and choose, how we'd live if we had all the money in the world. Well, I've found out a lot since then, boy. I've found out plenty.

"I haven't got all the money in the world by a darn sight. I can't pick and choose. But all my hopes have

## Miss Tower Wins National Beauty Contest of the Columbia Pictures

The New Movie Magazine is pleased to announce that Miss Lesley Beth Storey of Brooklyn—its entry in the National Beauty Contest of the Columbia Pictures—was awarded first prize among thousands of contestants. Watch for the detailed story in the November Issue of The New Movie Magazine, on sale in Woolworth Stores, October 15th.

come true just the same. I'm doing all those things without money. It's an art but you can do 'em."

I remembered how we had planned to buy an old schooner we'd heard of and travel around the world and see-sigh.

"Your greatest ambition was to join a good golf club and have a yacht," I said.

"Yeah," said Dick. "Well, it's not what you'd call a yacht; but it's a boat. Joby and I have more fun on it than a cageful of monkeys. Trying to cook in that dinky little galley, studying the stars so that we know whether we are going North or West without looking at the compass. We went away for a week just before this picture. It's a dinky little boat I guess, but we've learned the art of being alone, and we've learned what companions two folks can be, and we've found out how much fun you can have without all the entertainment devices."

"It must be admitted," I said, "that you live a fairly nice life."

"IT'S perfect," said Arlen with conviction. "But don't forget I've made seven pictures in seven months. That's no picnic. It's hard work. I'm a punk study. But pictures are all right. Any man's work is all right, if it's decent and honest and gives him a living. Say, I work day and night for a month, don't get any sleep, hardly see Joby—but then I get two weeks off, maybe. I can play a little bum golf or go out on the dinky little boat or drive around and pester my friends. I find you can do all those things on very little money and very little wasted time. I know there are better cars and better boats than ours. It don't worry me. Getting fun out of what you have is what counts."

"You're pretty young to have learned that, my boy," said I. "I'm approaching it slowly and thirty is upon me."

"Say," said Arlen, "Joby knew it when she was born. Some women are like that. Joby knows what's real and what isn't and she steers me around. I hear people crabbing, too, just like you do. Nobody is any good. Nothing is any fun. They just want to earn enough to retire to some place where there are interesting people and good conversation. You heard that?"

"Nothing else but," said I.

"LET me tell you," said Arlen, "they're cuckoo. They don't find that place nor those people nor them conversations! What's wrong with them is themselves and they'll take that right along when they go. Gee, I don't care if I never retire. I like working. Joby approves of working. I'll probably be like Sarah Bernhardt with only one leg when I quit. I can have fun and work, too. Better fun."

"Which do you get the most fun out of?" I asked.

"Mrs. Dick Arlen," said Mrs. Arlen's husband.

So you see I can say now that Dick Arlen lives the normal, healthy, happy life which every American boy would like to live, without fancies, foibles or temperaments.

Popularity and success have merely opened for him the doors to development. At heart he's the same kid who knocked at the door of the world with "Wings."

They say that that kind of fellow makes rotten "copy." Maybe. But they make great pals.


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# How My Wife Learned to Play the Piano In 90 Days

**A husband's story of the fulfillment of a life-long wish.**

*By James W. Taylor*

"BETH," I said to my wife, "I'd give anything if you could play something—piano violin, banjo, ukulele—*anything.*" Beth looked so hurt I was ashamed of myself, so I said no more.

But about three months later I got home early one night, and heard the old piano come to life—first a little jazzy piece, then a sweet plantation melody. And there at the piano was Beth, playing, and the two kiddies beating time! She saw me and stopped. "Oh," she cried, "I'm so sorry!" "Believe me, I'm not," I shouted, and I grabbed the whole family up in my arms.

"But, Jim, I wanted to wait and surprise you when I could really play. I'm learning fast, but it's only three months since I found this wonderful easy way to learn music."

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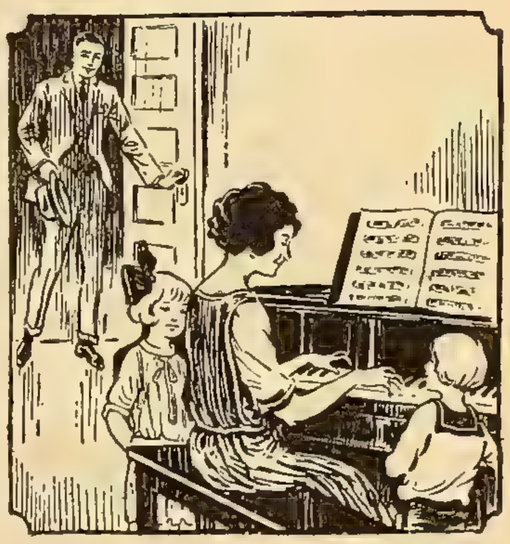

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# The Hollywood Boulevardier

(*Continued from page* 56)

Some of Irene's sadness may have been due to the races. She had lost.

"I bet on three horses and zay all fall down in ze water," she said sadly. "I know I know nossings about horses so I look at ze jockeys. One he has the name Gin. Good, I bet on ze Gin, and then Gin he too falls in ze water."

Just a Hollywood boy, someone said, watered Gin. But Irene ignored the remark, her thoughts being on swimming pools and flowers.

MARIE DRESSLER also proclaimed to Paris her love for Hollywood. In Paris stars love Hollywood; back in Hollywood they announce they have purchased chateaux in France to which they expect to retire. Perversity, thy name is human nature.

**Meets Mal McGregor:** It's surprising how temperate one becomes in Paris. In Hollywood there are people who drink to pass out, but in Paris no one wants to for fear of missing something. At six o'clock in the morning I met Malcolm McGregor in the U. S. Bar in Montmartre, drinking a lemonade. Mal as leading man in Hollywood earned fifteen hundred a week. He inherited a million dollars from his father and now lives in little hotels over here because he likes them better than the de luxe places. He says he wants only an income of five thousand a year. He is happier with a little money. But he had to inherit a million to find that out. Most people are temperate if given a choice.

I VISITED the Arab Mosque in Paris with Wynn, the caricaturist, who designed numbers for Universal's "The King of Jazz."

Regarding the Mosque, he said, "These things are spoiled for me. They do them so much better in Hollywood."

If you want to see Europe go to the Hollywood studios.

# Almost a Missionary

(*Continued from page* 69)

make up my mind definitely as to what I really wanted to do with my life. The world was at war. Everything and everyone was in chaos. So was my mind. I wanted to do something big, something really worth while. What it was I did not know.

The studies at the school had awakened in me a new desire for music. The longing for a life of service in far-off China grew weaker and weaker as the months passed.

Finally, a short time after the signing of the Armistice, I ran away from the school to New York. I had one friend there and together we started on the rounds of the booking agents.

We knew nothing whatsoever about the ways of the theatrical world. We went from agency to agency, sometimes bluffing our way in with prima donna airs, sometimes being shoved unceremoniously before managers as the easiest way of getting rid of us.

It was very embarrassing, when we were finally admitted to the inner sanctums, to have to admit that we had had no previous theatrical experience. Nothing daunted our high hopes, however, even when we found the chorus work the only thing offered to us.

Then, one day, I found a manager who sent me to a well-known Broadway producer. I knew that a confession of my utter lack of experience would be fatal to my hopes. So I spoke vaguely of former theatrical engagements on the distant West Coast. I was given my first job, the part of the ingenue lead in a play which was touring the one-night-stand route through the Middle West.

THE company might have reached Broadway eventually, if the manager had not gambled away the receipts and salaries. After three months of hard work and no pay, we were given only our train fares and sent back to New York. There we were left, huddled together at the corner of Broadway and Forty-second street. We were more than a little sad and discouraged, but we were still able to laugh and to wonder where the next job was coming from.

In the months which followed I laughed my way through many similar experiences, some more interesting and exciting than others. Then I landed a job with Irving Berlin's "Music Box Revue of 1923."

The opening night of the Revue was one of the most thrilling hours of my life. The people out in front liked me. They applauded. They called me back again and again. I had crashed the gates of Broadway and was tasting my first real success.

I was happy with the blind joy of youth. I didn't know where it was all leading. I didn't stop to think. I didn't care. The happiness of the present was sufficient. I followed destiny blindly, questioning neither its rhyme nor its reason.

But, little by little, this success in musical comedy awakened the first stirrings of ambition to try the greater field of grand opera. At the end of my third season with the Music Box, I was granted an audition at the Metropolitan Opera House.

That audition was a failure. I was dismissed courteously but firmly and was told that to dream of a debut at the Metropolitan could mean only heartbreak and disappointment to me.

I WALKED out through the stage door, blinded with tears. Forgotten were all the thrills and joys of my three seasons in musical comedy. I felt only the grief of the crushing defeat of my cherished hopes.

I realized that the failure of this audition was forcing me to make some sort of a decision as to my future plans. All night long I lay awake, trying to

find the light which I knew must be shining somewhere in the darkness of my despair. Just before dawn I made up my mind.

The next day at noon I sailed for Paris, leaving behind me the glamour of a musical comedy career to become a student once more. The Metropolitan Opera House became my dream temple. The difficulties of entering its doors merely served to add fire to my ambition. From that moment in the darkness, when I made my decision, until the hour when I stepped upon the stage of the little Teatro Lirico in Milano to sing again at the auditions, I did not waver for one second in my unfaltering ambition to reach my goal.

For the second time in my life I stood behind the curtain, awaiting my turn to sing for Mr. Gatti-Casazza of the Metropolitan. I suffered with the others, who went out there before me, their agonies of fear and trembling. When my turn came, I was more frightened than any of the others.

As I stepped on the stage Mr. Gatti-Casazza looked at me, remembering perhaps that other audition, wondering probably. "Is there no end to this one?"

But, when I had finished my song, he smiled at me and said, "Bene, cara." Golden words. Words which meant that I had reached the first milestone in my march towards the goal.

The next day I signed my contract. That night, after a gala celebration with friends, a spaghetti dinner in the "galleria" in Milano, we went on and on, singing through the streets until dawn.

For two whole days and nights I could not sleep. Finally I went to Venice for a few days' holiday. It was only then that I was able to realize what the signing of that contract meant to me.

If that second audition had failed, I think that I should have immediately married a young man whom I thought I loved very much and who offered me a beautiful and sincere devotion.

But the audition had not failed. Here was I in Venice, with the most coveted contract in the world, a cause for delirious happiness, something for which I had worked and sacrificed and dreamed.

Yet I was not happy, I couldn't quite "grow up" to it. I knew it meant the sacrifice of love and marriage. Like all other young people I wanted all things—life, gaiety, friends, marriage, children, everything as well as success.

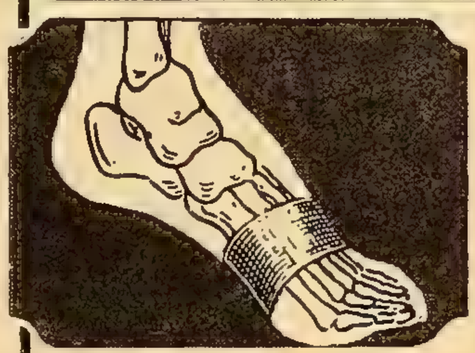
Suddenly I realized that work, and work alone, could pull me out of this confusion and depression.

So, with an almost overwhelming sadness, I said good-bye to the man I loved and to our dreams of a home and happiness together. I went away to Cannes, to a charming little villa in the hills of Mougins, a villa which I have since bought for a home. There I settled down to weeks of serious and all-absorbing study.

On the night of February seventh, nineteen hundred and twenty-seven, when I stepped on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House to make my début in "La Bohème," I knew that I had been right in following where destiny had led. When I heard the applause which followed my singing in the first aria on that night, not quite two years after my first heartbroken exit from the stage door, I knew that

(*Continued on page* 128)

ACHING FEET RELIEVED AT ONCE



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WATCH FOR THE NOVEMBER

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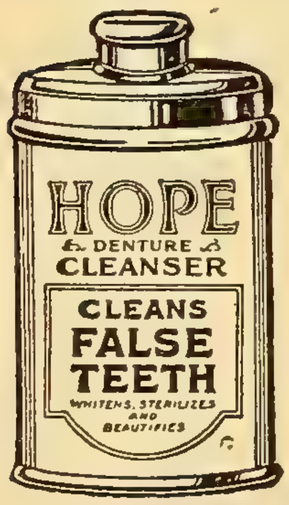


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## Almost a Missionary

(*Continued from page* 127)

my work and sacrifices had not been in vain.

There was no happier girl in all the world during those first triumphant moments. I "grew up," as I realized the nobility of the mission of song, I was inspired just as I think I might have been inspired by the nobility of a career of religion or of home-making. The beauty of song was uplifting me. Was it not, therefore, uplifting others? Was I not, after all, a missionary in another field?

Last spring I went to Paris to sing my second season at the Opera Comique and to prepare for my debut in "Louise," an opera which my very good friend, Mary Garden, had always advised me to study. I spent weeks of hard work with Charpentier, the composer, and with the great Maître de Mise en Scene, Albert Carre, who had launched Mary Garden upon a career. The weeks of careful study and preparation with these two masters opened new channels of expression within me, and developed a deeper maturity.

When I heard the applause and "Bravos" which followed my singing of the aria, "Depuis Le Jour," I knew that nothing could stop me, that nothing could blind me to the complete joy and satisfaction of fulfilling my mission in life, regardless of hard work and sacrifices.

I RETURNED to the Metropolitan for my third season, happier than I had ever been before in my life.

As my opening opera I sang "Manon." Always before I had suffered an agonizing attack of nerves before each performance, a nervous tension which almost stifled me and which prevented the giving of my very best efforts to the role.

But, with the singing of "Manon," something happened. I wasn't scared any more. I felt a new ease and confidence. Perhaps it was the result of my months of study in Paris and of my experience in the Opera Comique.

I sang "Manon" as I have never sung before. I tasted the glories of a new and greater success than I had ever known. My cup of happiness was brimming.

But with each new success comes a clearer realization of the long, hard road which leads to perfection, a goal which can never be completely reached by mere human beings. There is so much hard work before me. There is so little time for the gracious things of life, for a home and friends and play. On every side there is sacrifice. But the mere striving for the goal is worth everything.

And here I am in California, just three years after my Metropolitan debut. I have come to sing in the most spectacular, the most thrilling medium of this awe-inspiring generation, the talking, singing pictures. I am looking forward to this new work with the same enthusiasm and eagerness which I have had for every step of my career.

I HOPE with all my heart that I shall continue to grow and develop to meet its demands, to find success in the limitless field which the pictures hold open to us who have known the boundaries of the four walls of theaters, and audiences which numbered hundreds instead of millions.


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Herb Howe cables that he has just interviewed Pola Negri.

Probably he will tell us all about why the glorious Pola deserted Hollywood. Certainly he will have interesting news of her European plans. Anyway, his account of the interview is on its way home. We will print it in our next issue.

This is by way of a reminder that Herb is now Boulevardiering in Paris for The New Movie.

. . . WATCH FOR HIS FIRST LETTER—IN THE NOVEMBER ISSUE, ON SALE OCTOBER 15th.

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MOVIE NEWS
WHILE IT IS NEWS

Gossip of the studios, reviews of the best films, news of the latest musical hits and the best records to buy . . .

IN EVERY ISSUE OF THE
NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE

# Evangeline Adams Reads the Stars

(*Continued from page* 26)

stars indicating that Miss Joyce's emotional life would be more intense and perhaps more thrilling than Miss Gaynor's. Yet, in spite of these many differences, the two young women have many aspects in common, and these are reflected in their lives. Both are beautiful. Both are successful in entertaining the public. Both appeal strongly to men.

JACKIE COOGAN is different, especially as to beauty and sex appeal! But his horoscope is strangely like Miss Gaynor's *so far as it goes.* I mean just what I say. For Jackie's horoscope is of the juvenile variety. It indicates what we all know to be the truth: that his success would in no way be delayed by the disciplinary Saturn, but that it would come to him in his early life. There is nothing in Jackie's chart to show that he will be destitute in his old age, but, on the other hand, there is little to indicate that he will make money as a picture actor in such large quantities after he is nineteen years old. The aspects which brought him his early success have already waned, but conditions remain good for appearances on the stage; and it is wholly possible that he may develop in later life some latent gift for writing or directing. Jackie has a very good Mercury, ruling the intellect, and he should use it. A good deal depends on what may happen in 1931 and 1932, which are likely to be as significant years in Jackie's life as 1930 is in Miss Gaynor's.

The lesson for all of us in these strangely similar and strangely different charts is that no two people, no matter what sign they are born under, are exactly alike. We are individuals. We were born under individual stars. Unless I know the year and month and day—and preferably the hour and place—that a person was born, I cannot draw a complete horoscope. But if I do know these facts, I can make predictions for you in far greater detail than I have done for Miss Gaynor.

I *have* done it, not once but a thousand times, by letter and interview, for all kinds of people, all over the world!

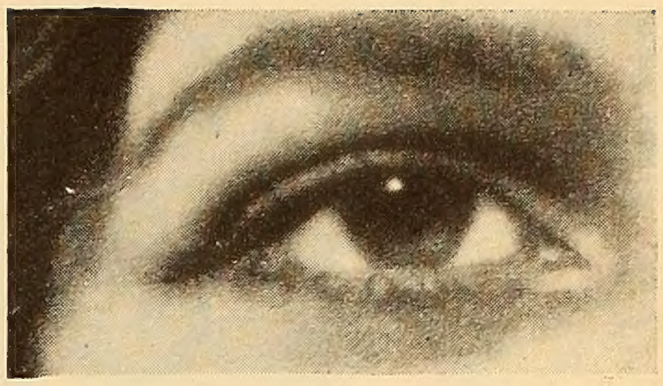
Be Sure to Read

Evangeline Adams

in

THE NEW MOVIE NEXT MONTH

The famous astrologer will talk about the month of November and she will discuss the motion picture favorites born during that month — and how they have been influenced by the stars.

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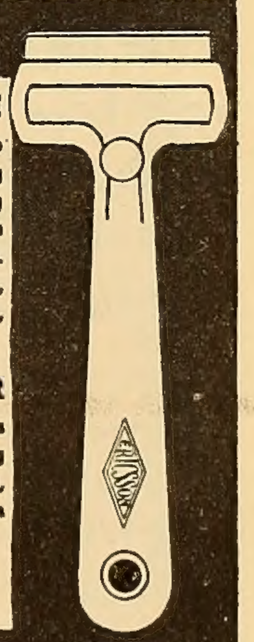

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